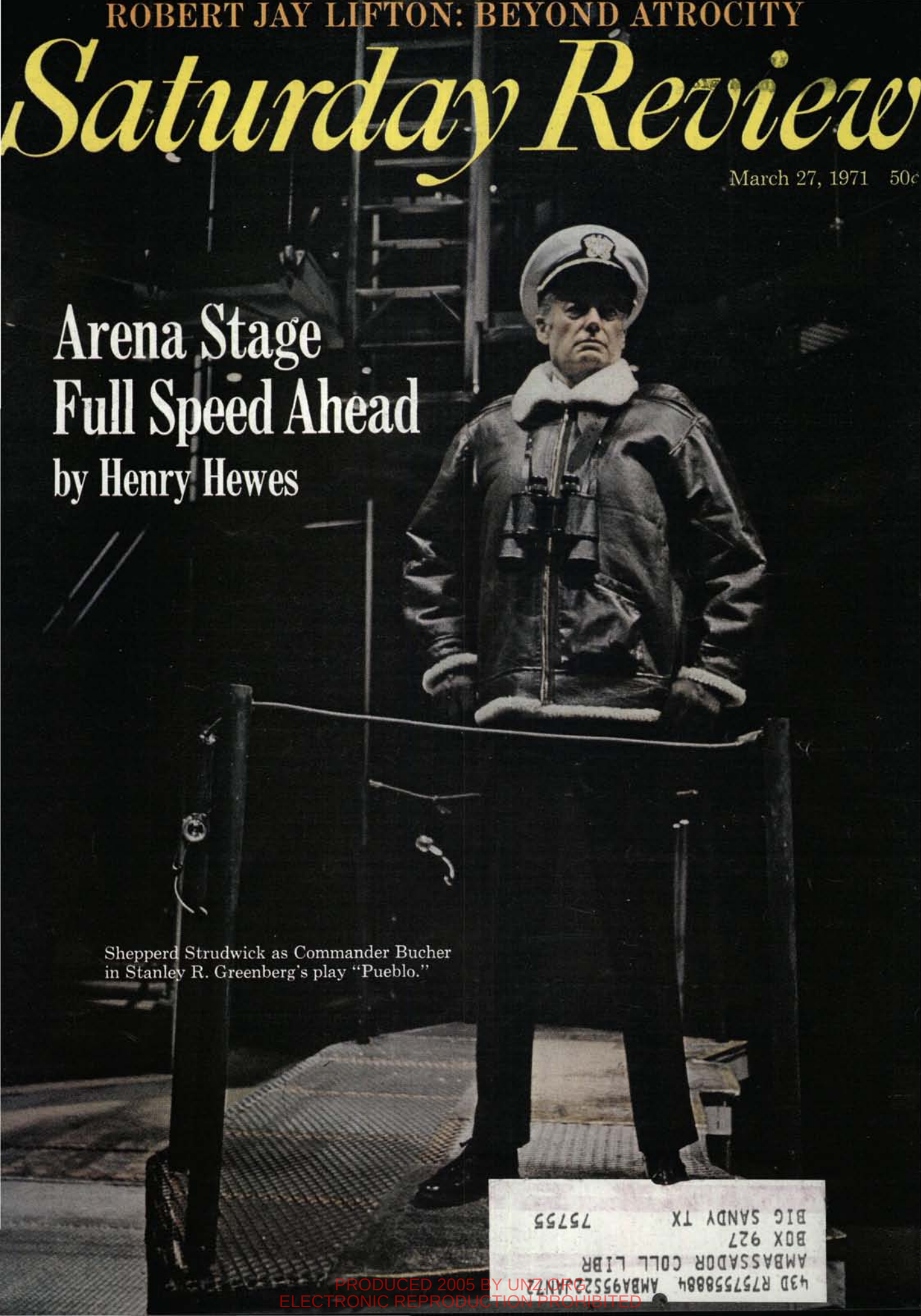
ROBERT JAY LIFTON: BEYOND ATROCITY

Saturday Review

March 27, 1971 50¢

Arena Stage Full Speed Ahead

by Henry Hewes



Shepperd Strudwick as Commander Bucher in Stanley R. Greenberg's play "Pueblo."

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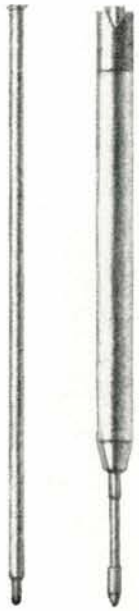

Not this. This.

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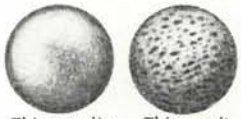

This can slip. This won't.

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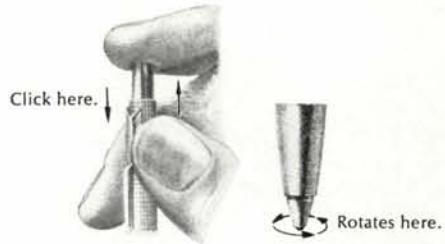

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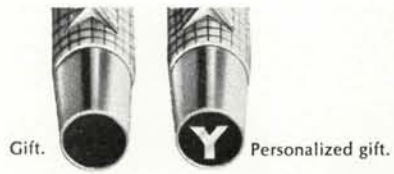

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March 27, 1971

Saturday Review

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by Henry Hewes

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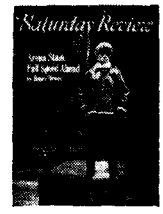

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Another leaf from our 125-year history

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She had a will of steel which matched the rims of her spectacles. Frances Elizabeth Willard. A Women's Temperance leader and president of Northwestern Female College in Evanston, Illinois about a century ago.

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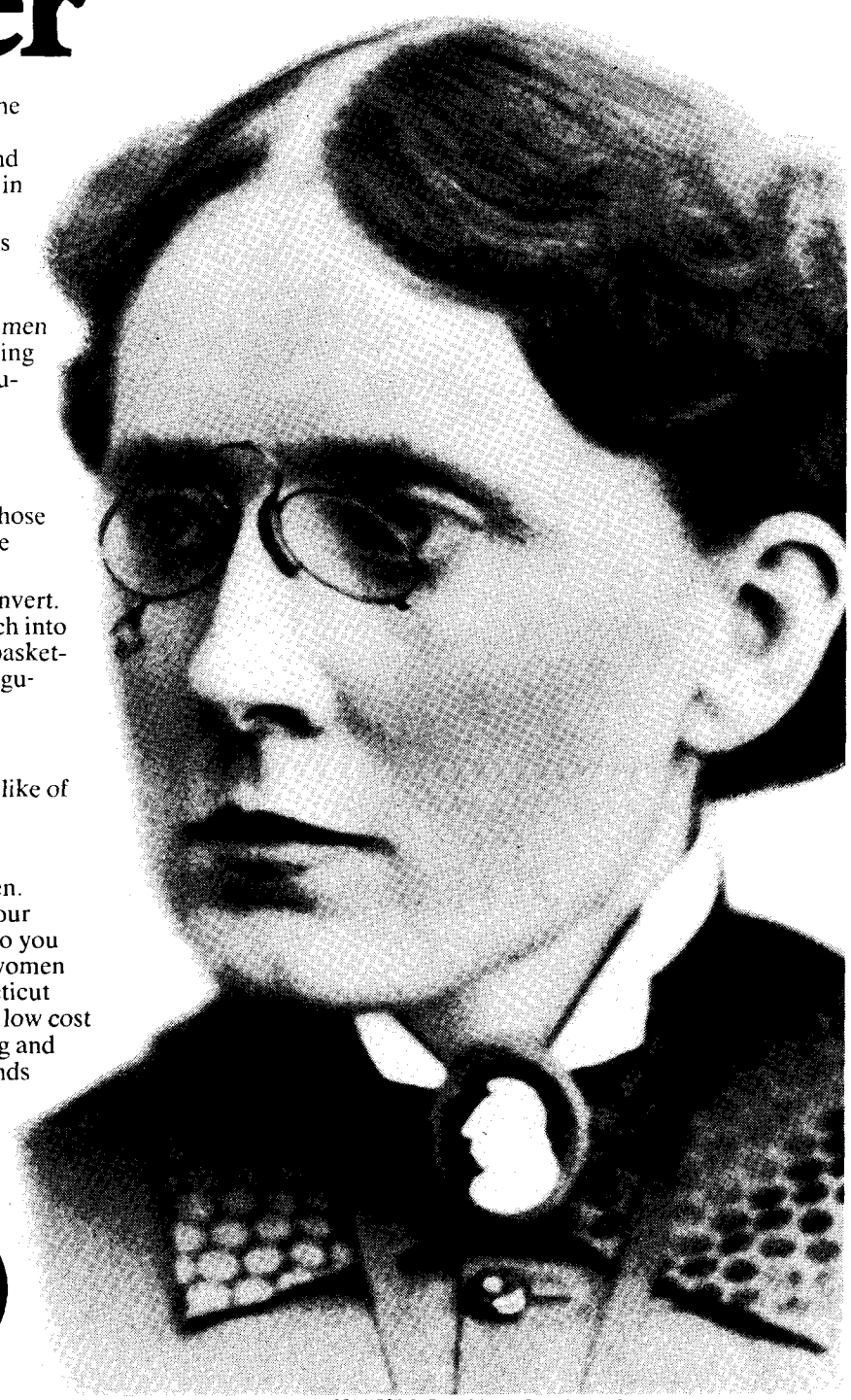

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Talk Is Not Cheap

PERHAPS this column belongs in *SR*'s MultiMedia section. But I've been wondering: Suppose Alexander Graham Bell, instead of inventing the upright phone with its receiver clinging to the side, had invented the dial phone, complete with cradled receiver.

It's the evening of March 10, 1876, a historic date (which would, in later years, be celebrated on the second Monday in November). Mr. Bell is about to speak the first words ever heard over a telephone (which would, in later years, become known as telephonitis). Mr. Bell, with the receiver at his ear, his finger poised on the dial, is about to make the first call. Quiet! Quiet on the set!

"Hello, hello? . . . What's the matter with this thing? I can't get a dial tone. I heard it last night. Now the line's gone dead. . . . Mr. Watson, come here. I need you."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Bell. Here I am. I could hear you through the wall, but not through the telephone."

"You been fooling with this dial?"

"No, I've been in the next room all this time, waiting for the phone to ring like you said it would."

"I can't dial you till I hear the dial tone. Wait a minute. I've got it now. Hear it? Go back, Watson. I'll dial you. When the phone rings, you answer it."

"Right, Mr. Bell." He goes.

"Ok, PLaza 1-1111. . . . What's that buzzing? Busy signal! He can't be talking to anybody. I told him I was going to call right back. I'll dial again. Drat it, now I've lost the dial tone again. I wonder if—Ma Bell, come here."

"What is it now, Alex?"

"Did you touch any of these wires?"

"I did not. And do you realize your supper has gotten cold, and we promised to visit our neighbors Edna and her husband tonight? Come on."

"I have to wait here till I get this dial tone back."

"That'll take weeks."

"It has to work. Something broke down. I have to find what it is."

"Why don't you get somebody over here to repair it?"

"That'd take months. Hello . . . hello. . . . No dial tone."

"What's the use? I'm going to tell Edna I'll be over by myself. Hello, Edna, are you there?"

"I'm here. Aren't you coming over?"

"I'm coming alone. My husband is busy trying to get a dial tone."

"A dial tone? What's that?"

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe it. I'll be right over. Good-by."

Mr. Bell, who has watched in stony silence, stops her.

"Just a minute, Ma Bell. What is that contraption you have there?"

"This? It's a tin can, with a cord through it, and Edna has one just like it at the other end. It's the way we talk to each other."

"A can with a cord attached?"

"That's right. And we don't have to wait for any dial tone. If you want to invent something that'll help people talk to each other, why do you complicate it with that dial thing? Just pick up the phone and call."

"That's ridiculous. It's all right if only two people call each other. But I expect the whole world to be calling each other. How would I get connected to the right person?"

"They'll all have numbers. You speak into that thing, tell the woman the number you want, and she'll operate the wires and connect you to the right person."

"A woman working at a man's job? Women would never consent to be telephone operators."

"Why not? Why shouldn't women be part of this great invention you think is so big? What are we—second-class citizens?"

"Do you think they would?"

"No question. Alex, you want to make a big deal out of a simple gadget where people can communicate. Well, get rid of that dial monstrosity. Sitting around waiting for a dial tone! You surely have something better to do with your time. I'm going."

She goes. And Mr. Bell decides to dismantle the dial.

"Mr. Watson," he shouts, "come here. I need you."

No reply. He hollers for Watson again. Watson is gone. The first telephone strike.

Undaunted, Mr. Bell tears out the dial and invents the vertical phone with the receiver hanging on its side, at the ready. Good work.

But not good enough for AT&T. Some years later, they invented the dial without the tone, and are now seeking a 29 per cent raise in rates. The Post Office is raising first-class mail by 25 per cent. Taxi rides are up in New York City by 50 per cent. At those prices we will soon all be incommunicado.

And, come to think of it, what's the matter with that?

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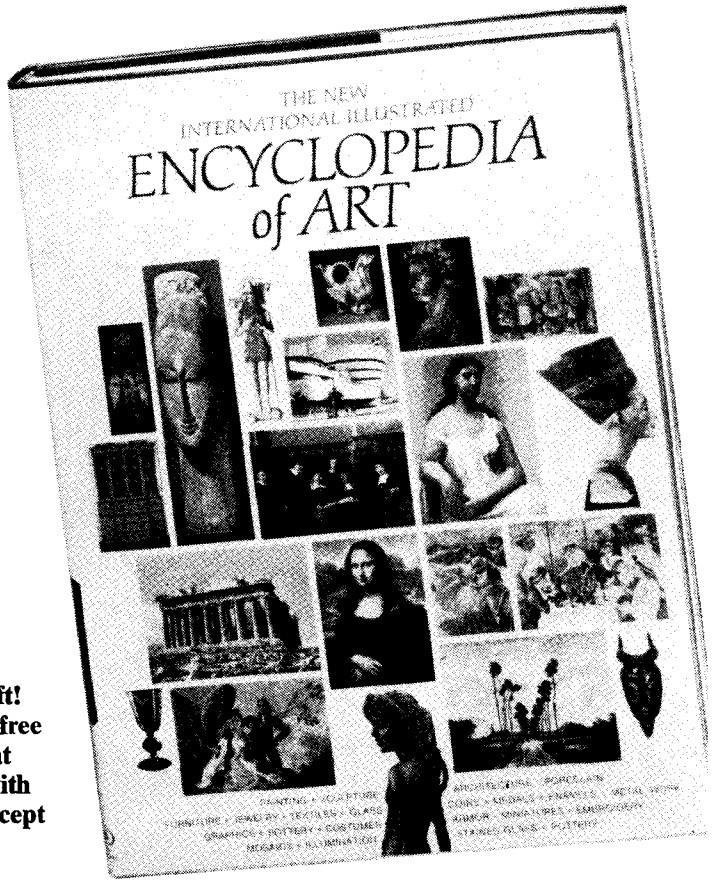

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Sign of the Times—Re: the Capitol bombing, from the New York *Post*:

> A powerful bomb ripped through the Senate wing of the Capitol early today, causing extensive damage but no injuries.
>
> No group stepped forward immediately to claim credit. . . .

Well, we say, these days you can't have everything. Meanwhile, Mrs. Robert Woodyard of Picayune, Mississippi, found, in the *Times-Picayune* of New Orleans, an attack by Representative Butch Lambert of Tupelo upon the statewide system of public defenders:

> "If this is set up to give somebody justice who maybe doesn't deserve it, this legislation is crazy," he said.

But remember, folks, it was a Mississippian who sent it in—there's at least crazy hope. Elsewhere, our favorite "Personal" in many a moon came from Mrs. G. A. Rutledge of Warwick, New York, who found it in the *Warwick Valley Dispatch*:

> DEAR MARY, please take me back. I love you and it was only a passing fanny.
>
> JOHN

Tell me, John, where is fancy fled? Finally, Nancy Steele of Philadelphia favored us with a travel item from the Philadelphia *Inquirer*:

> For visitors, French St. Martin is a bit like the Côte d'Azur of bygone days—unhurried, uncrowded, and largely undiscovered. There are only a handful of hotels and guest houses at the moment with a total room count of less than 100, but they have an ambulance that combines West Indian drowsy charm with casual French chic.

There's nothing, we always say, like the sick chic.

In this column we have attemped to bring you all shades of opinion—ours editorially and ours personally. (Yes, Virginia, the *we's* won—you remember our poll—in a walk). But now we ask your indulgence in something that *really* seems beyond the pale. Two authors, who go by the names of Christopher Wren and Jack Shepherd, have come up with a satire on youth. No, we aren't making it up—they have made *fun* of youth. It didn't seem possible in this day and young age, but there it was, the evidence of their crime, a new novel, *The Super Summer of Jamie McBride* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95).

Needless to say, we arranged to meet both men in a dark place—one which

we had previously cased as containing no one under thirty.

We peered at the men. Unquestionably their names were pseudonyms. Who, we demanded, were they?

"We're both," said the one who purported to be Mr. Shepherd, "editors at *Look*."

Ah, we smiled, at *Look*. Obviously their cover.

"I'm the Washington editor," said Mr. Wren, "and Jack is a senior editor."

A *senior* editor! At this we exploded. A senior editor. Clearly they expected us to believe anything.

"Actually, I'm Mr. Wren," Mr. Shepherd said. "He's Mr. Shepherd."

We held up our hand. We reminded them they were both in this heinous offense together. And then we asked a crucial question. How old, we whispered, are you? "I was thirty-three in December," Mr. Shepherd whispered. "I have just turned," Mr. Wren whispered, "thirty-*five*."

Shh, we whispered. Why, we also whispered, were there no biographies of them on the jacket of the book?

"There wasn't any room," they both said together.

It was entirely too pat an answer, of course. We decided for the safety of

(*Continued on page* 14)

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ALVAH BESSIE:
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The time came when there was . . . nothing in the house to eat . . . and there were no jobs to be had. . . . Aside from writing, there was very little that I was qualified to do. Hollywood was a . . . company town and I was not a factory worker . . . in fact, I did not have a single useful trade.

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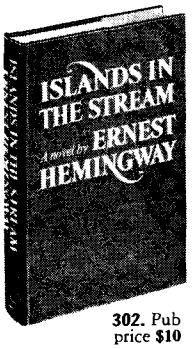

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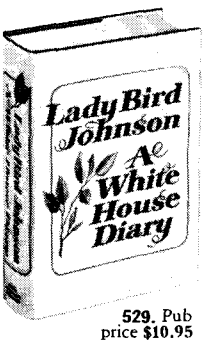

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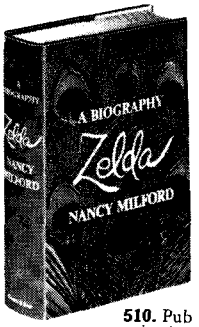

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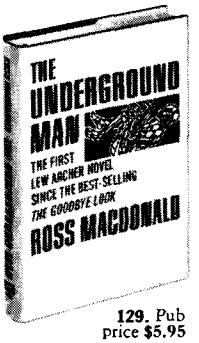

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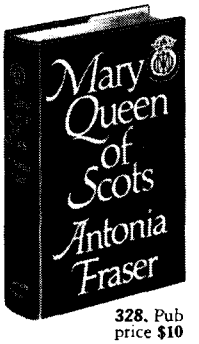

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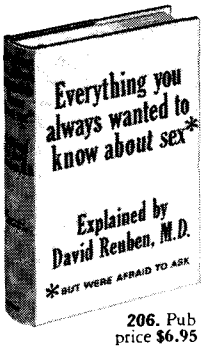

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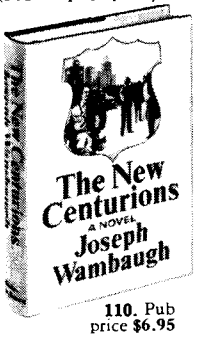

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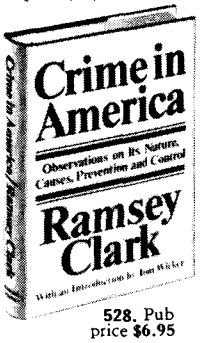

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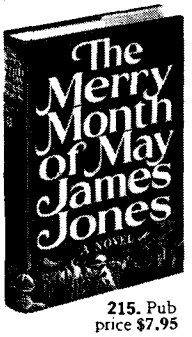

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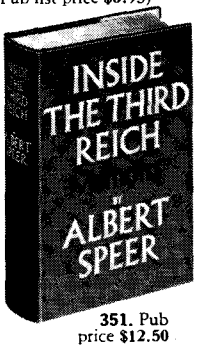

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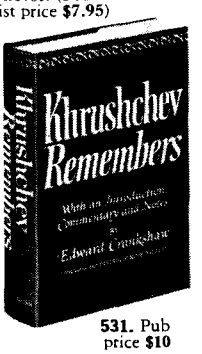

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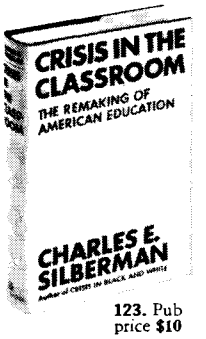

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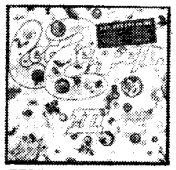

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Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

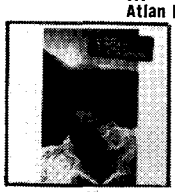
42784 STEPHEN STILLS
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

42782 DEREK & THE DOMINOS Layla
(2 records) Atco LP

43872 SPANKY & OUR GANG Live
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

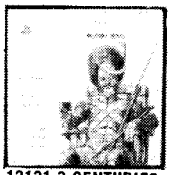
42779 ALLMAN BROS. BAND Idlewild South
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

66625 LENA & GA
Watch What Happe
Budda LP, 8TR, CA



42770 IRON BUTTERFLY Metamorphosis
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

67511 STEPPENWOLF 7
Dunhi LP, 8 TR, CASS



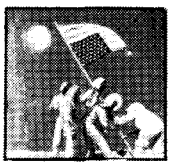
12121 3 CENTURIES OF MILITARY MUSIC
Pirou LP, 8 TR, CASS

66671 RARE EARTH Ecology
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS

44753 TRAFFIC John Barleycorn Must Die
UniAr LP, 8 TR, CASS

67512 EMITT RHODES
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

65784 MELANIE
Leftover Wine
Budda LP, 8TR, CA



38364 CANNED HEAT
Future Blues
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

38358 VIKI CARR
Nashville By Carr
Liber LP, 8 TR, CASS

67510 THREE DOG NIGHT Naturally
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

12286 DUSCHENES RECORDER QUARTET
Baroq LP, 8 TR, CASS

44378 PAUL MAURIAT
Gone is Love
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

44745 BOBBY GOLDSBORO Greatest Hits
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

21537 TCHAIKOVS
1812 Overture
Vox LP

39095 BUDDY RICH
Buddy & Soul
WorPa LP, 8TR, CASS

42745 WOODSTOCK
Soundtrack
(3 records) Cotil LP

30622 TEMPTATIONS
Greatest Hits Vol. 2
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS

65779 MELANIE
Candles In The Rain
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS

21513 DVORAK
New World Symphony
Vox LP

31787 MAMAS & PAPAS
16 Greatest Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

44381 MYSTIC MO
ORCH. English Mu
Phili LP, 8TR, CAS

44712 MIDNIGHT COWBOY Soundtrack
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

33077 JOAN BAEZ
One Day at A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

42769 KING CRIMSON
Wake of Poseidon
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

66703 CURTIS MAYFIELD Curtis
Curto LP, 8TR, CASS

39071 5TH DIMENSION
Age of Aquarius
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS

38367 SUGARLOAF
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

28082 TREASURY GREGORIAN CHANT
Turna LP

42765 ROBERTA FLACK
Chapter Two
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

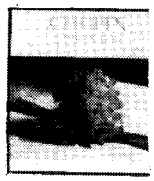
30628 JACKSON 5
Third Album
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

65775 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS

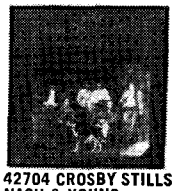
31494 BOOTS RANDOLPH Boots With Brass
Monum LP, 8TR, CASS

39089 5th DIMENSION
Greatest Hits
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS

44758 FERRANTE & TEICHER Love Is A Soft Touch
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



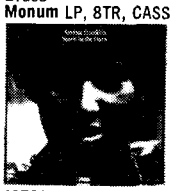
21571 CHOPIN
Polanaises
VOX LP



42704 CROSBY STILLS NASH & YOUNG
Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

38373 IKE & TINA TURNER Workin' Together
Liber LP, 8 TR, CASS

48794 BEVERLY SILLS
Sings Mozart & Strauss
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS



42768 ARETHA FRANKLIN Spirit In The Dark
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

30635 DIANA ROSS
Everything Is Everything
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

38773 DENNIS YOST & CLASSICS IV
Golden Greats
Imper LP, 8TR, CASS

44746 DUKE ELLINGTON 70th Birthday Concert
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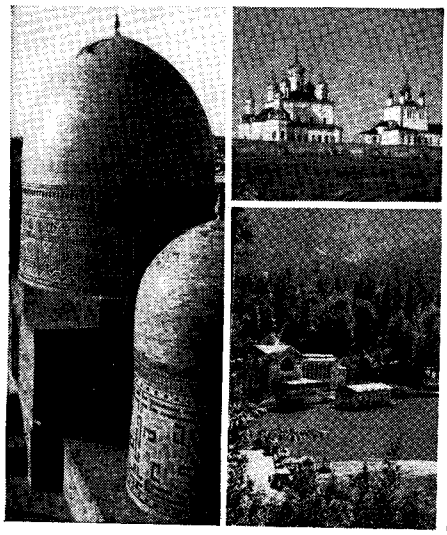


our children not to explore the matter further—except to ask if *they* had children.

"We each," said Mr. Wren, "have a boy and a girl."

Are you, we persisted, married?

"We both," said Mr. Shepherd, "have beautiful, over-educated wives."

"I believe in Women's Lib," Mr. Wren said quickly. "Jack doesn't."

"That's not true," Mr. Shepherd said quickly. "I believe, honest, I believe."

Aha, we smiled again, what about *children's* lib? We had them there, of course. They didn't even answer. Had they, we asked, written any other—we phrased it delicately—subversive material?

"Mr. Shepherd wrote a book about LBJ," Mr. Wren said, "entitled *Quotations from Chairman LBJ*. I didn't write a word of it, I swear."

"Chris," said Mr. Shepherd quietly. "Chris. It's me. You're among friends." He turned to me. "We wrote it," he said firmly, "together."

Just as we had imagined—offended the President of the United States, too. Obviously, *nothing* was sacred to these men. How many copies, we asked, did it sell?

"It sold half a million," Mr. Wren said, "in '68."

Mr. Shepherd looked at the ceiling. "Where are you, LBJ," he said, "now that we need you?"

We ignored that. How, we asked, did they work together?

"With great pain," Mr. Wren said.

"And difficulty," said Mr. Shepherd.

"I write a chapter," continued Mr. Wren, "and send it to Jack."

"And then I rewrite it completely," said Mr. Shepherd, "and send it to Chris."

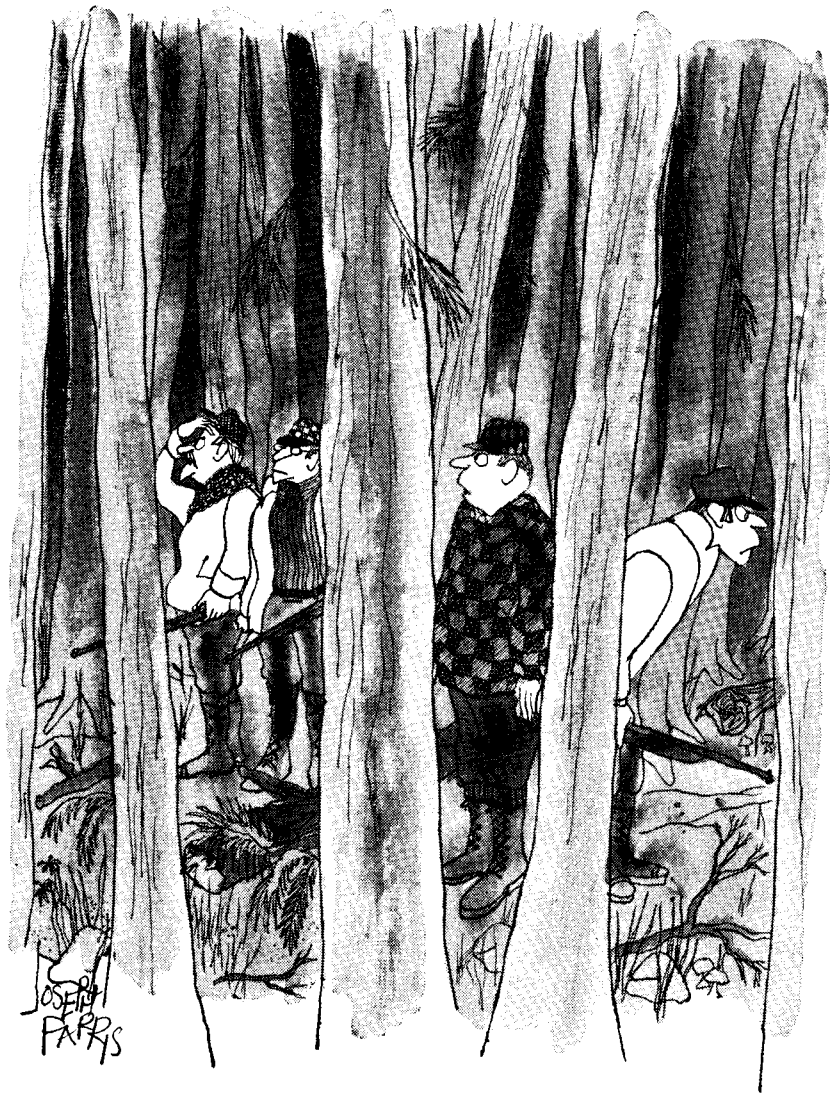
"You do not," said Mr. Wren.

"I do too," said Mr. Shepherd.

Gentlemen, we said, gentlemen. We asked them if they had anything they wished to say before we pronounced sentence. For the first time they spoke in unison.

"Only this," they said. "You forgot to give us our rights."

Elderly writers, we said sternly, have no rights.



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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

An Opera to Forget and a Tenor to Remember

LIKE MANY other operas in the repertory of which it aspires to become a part, Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Most Important Man* ends unhappily. Like practically none other, it also begins unhappily. This is not merely because its principal character finally dies ignominiously like a beast at bay, but also because the beginning idea of wringing lyric sentiment from the subject of a Negro scientist at war with the apartheid society of which he is a part wrung no more meaningful music from Menotti than it does sympathetic attention from the State Theater audiences that are currently viewing its first performances anywhere.

It has long been a part of Menotti's procedure that a central subject motivate him on his way. In *The Medium* it was spiritualism, real and phony; in *The Consul*, displaced persons; in the gay *Globolinks* of recent memory, visitors from outer space. But if these were reasonably successful, religious fanaticism did not serve so well in *The Saint of Bleecker Street*, nor prisoners of society in *Maria Golovin*. What he has thought to do with racial prejudice in *The Most Important Man* is not only skimpy playwriting, but insufficiently productive of musical impulse.

We are asked to believe that Toimó Ukamba, brilliant black student of scientist Dr. Otto Arnek, will survive a postgraduate course in worldly disillusion and drug addiction to become his "master's" most trusted assistant; conclude the researches that would make the country the most powerful in the world and himself its "most important man"; rebel in rage when the white rulers of his land refuse to meet the conditions he has set upon sharing his research; and turn against his benefactor because he believes Arnek is motivated by prejudice when he takes Ukamba to task for having a covert affair with his daughter rather than speaking openly of their love. One violent action begets another, and Ukamba is finally killed in a kind of stakeout.

Only one thing could justify all this intrigue and involvement: a surge of fiery music, a torch of burning melody, a swell of harmonic affection for the underdog (such as Kurt Weill partially managed for *Lost in the Stars*, a 1949 view of a not dissimilar subject). An opera lover listening unaware to *The Most Important Man* could not, for the most part, tell whether it related to blacks and whites in South Africa or unhappy artisans in north Italy. Its method has more to do with *Tosca* than with the veldt, and leaves us hoping in vain for new tones, new tunes, new turns of Menottian invention.

As the love-torn embodiment of proscribed passion, Eugene Holmes (a brilliant survivor of the unfortunately deceased Metropolitan National Company) is first-class, with an order of impulse accessible only to one born with the same black skin as Ukamba. Joanna Bruno is a well-sounding, semi-skilled actress as his paramour, Cora; Harry Theyard performs Arnek with the same kind of bumbling authenticity he brought to Albert Gregor in *The Makropoulos Affair*, and Beverly Wolff is consistently wearisome as his overaggressive, self-righteous wife. By much the most expert achievement of the evening was Oliver Smith's evocation of the scene, followed closely by Menotti's staging of his own work and young Christopher Keene's productive music direction. Too bad they were not all involved with a less unhappy problem.

Along with an opera to forget, the week produced a tenor to remember with the latest appearance of Luciano Pavarotti in a Metropolitan sequence that began in November 1968. At that time Pavarotti was fresh from Italy by way of San Francisco, where he had contracted a laryngitis that made singing difficult. Indeed, he decided after a few Met performances that he would be better off in Italy and left without completing his planned appearances.

He wasn't heard again in New York until a few months ago (Edgardo in *Lucia* and Alfredo in *Traviata*) and not at his best until a recent sequence of Rodolfos in *La Bohème*. That any of these did, indeed, represent the best of which he is capable is mere supposition. But the quality of the sound, pure, forward, easily produced, was uncommon enough to make any tenor proud to call it his best. Purely as malleable material, it was something unheard from a newcomer since the first exciting days of Giuseppe Di Stefano.

Mention of Di Stefano is, of course, the surest way to return any aspirant to reality, for these gifts hardly earned their owner the returns they should have. The weight Pavarotti has added since 1968 suggests that the appetite

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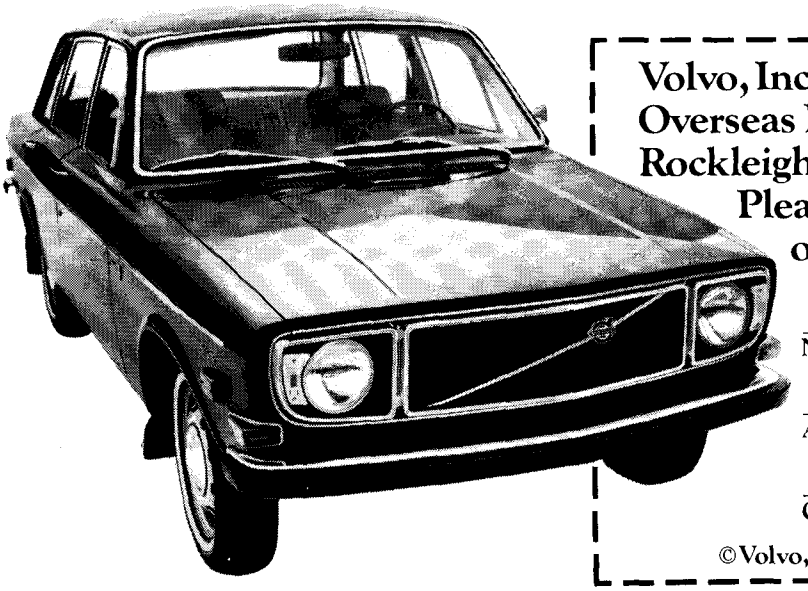

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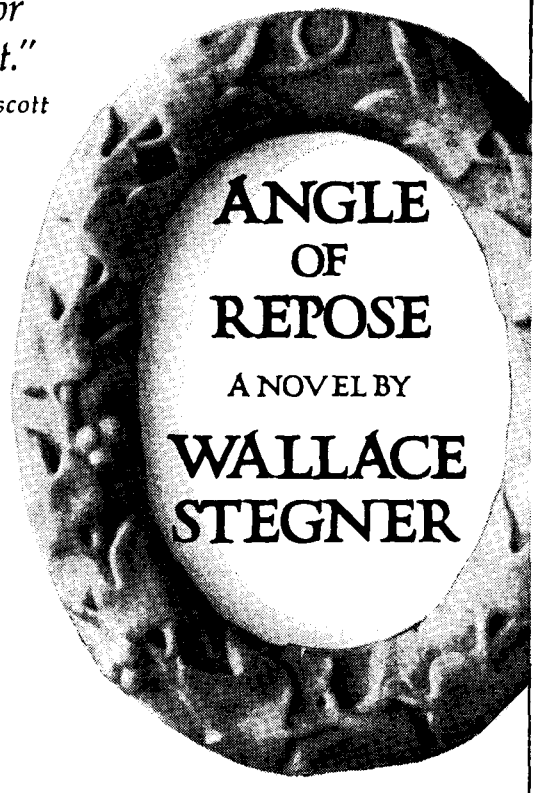

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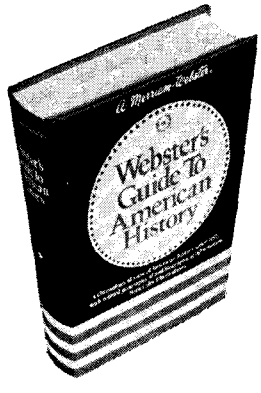

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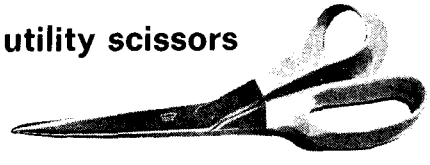

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for eating and drinking demonstrated by the starving poet Rodolfo may be something more than a stage passion. Should he master this inclination before it costs him breath support and sustaining power, the resonance he showed in his "Racconto" as well as the sunburst of a C he produced at the end of the first act duet could qualify him for the kind of popularity the Metropolitan can sorely use in a lyric tenor.

The first of these *Bohèmes* was, in all, much above average, with Dorothy Kirsten impersonating Mimi as well as the voice of experience; Mario Sereni, Robert Goodloe, and Jerome Hines completing a quartet of Pavarotti-worthy Bohemians; and Andrij Dobriansky making more of Benoit than most performers of this part do. Judith De Paul replaced Colette Boky, who was indisposed, as Musetta. Fausto Cleva captained the much-traveled craft with a sure hand.

It was an axiom among orchestral musicians that however the late Wilhelm Furtwängler gave a downbeat, the time to come in was when his right wrist passed the first button on his dress coat. With Karl Böhm, currently guest conducting the New York Philharmonic, the downbeat might be said to occur when his arms fall and his knees bend simultaneously. No matter. The art of command consists of making musicians pay attention, and the Philharmonic's response to Böhm's beat, however wayward, produced a great performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 8.

More than a few New York seasons pass without even one hearing of this lengthy work, which has been thrice-blessed since last fall. Georg Solti's with the Chicago Symphony was a model of sophisticated orchestral execution, meticulous yet fervent. Zubin Mehta's with The Philadelphia Orchestra was plasticity itself, beautifully turned on the lathe of this superb symphonic machine. Böhm's was, of the three, perhaps the most intensely Brucknerian, dark-hued and sumptuous in its tonal grandeur, stately yet flowing, on the order of what Bruno Walter used to make of it. Nobody now casts quite the spell over this ensemble that Walter did, but Böhm comes closer than anyone else to evoking from it the swelling string sound and deep brass color of the Vienna Philharmonic. Within his tonal compass there was a place not only for the great climax of the Adagio but also for the faint pulsation of the timpani, controlled with superb artistry by Saul Goodman, near the end of the Scherzo. The Mozart Symphony No. 33 began the well-planned program.

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Outfox the Fellow in the Bright Nightgown

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He was an insomniac of such proportions that sometimes he could only achieve sleep under a beach umbrella on which a garden hose sprinkled imitation rain. Yet he referred to death (mysteriously, but without real aversion) as "the fellow in the bright nightgown."

He was unforgettably, incomparably, uniquely W. C. Fields, and his lesson was that style, style, style is all. Rhetorical style. Theatrical style. Psychological style. *Style, the surest outward sign of substance, of a special and original inward view.*

And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found — brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something else again:

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THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month — a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising — a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers — an unheard-of coup first time out.

Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

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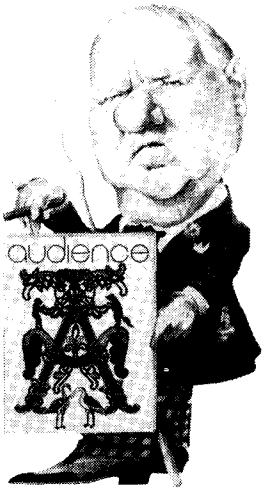
Volume I, Number One is now on the press, and as much as we'd like to accept all comers, the print order for this first edition has now been set — an accommodation to collectors.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"



Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us" Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set . . ."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Love That Hate

ARCHIE BUNKER, the ethnocentric, lower-middle-class American WASP (*All in the Family*, CBS-TV, Tuesday nights), doesn't know that he is a bigot and a sinner who sits in judgment on others. If Archie did know—if he were, even in the smallest degree, self-critical and willing to engage in dialogue about his hostility to all groups but his own (he is also idolatrous, fiercely nationalistic, "My country, right or wrong!")—he would be not only the protagonist of a very funny, smash television situation comedy hit but also a powerful vehicle toward the remedying of prejudice. But Archie doesn't know. Apparently, he is unaware of his ethnocentrism, and it is this blindness to his sin, this supreme confidence in his in-group belief-system, that renders him less socially useful than he might be.

Norman Lear and Bud Yorkin, the program's producers (who modeled their comedy after the tougher-minded BBC occasional series *Till Death Do Us Part*), might well argue that to diminish Archie's extremism would be to rob him of his dramatic interest. Furthermore, their primary job is to entertain; they cannot be expected, in a half-hour television comedy, to erode deep prejudices that have withstood the assaults, over the centuries, of moralists and ethical teachers. The issue is debatable, at least. And yet, it is ever a part of television's fascination that when a potentially instructive piece of amusement appears like a tiny sail on television's vast, silent ocean of reinforcement of ingrained attitudes, speculation cannot be resisted. How would Archie react if someone said to him, "Archie, you're a monolith of ethnocentrism"? Experiments in the alleviation of prejudice have suggested that therapy is most effective in group situations, where prejudices can surface in a non-moralistic context, where no one loses status by admitting prejudice, but where, nevertheless, prejudice is seriously condemned.

This is not Archie's context in *All in the Family*. Archie is loved by his wife, his daughter, and his mod son-in-law. He is a blowhard, but he is never mean. He would not, according to Norman Lear, "throw rocks or join the Ku Klux Klan, but he would ask for signatures on a petition to buy back a house on his block that has been sold to a black family." Some victims of bias might reply that Archie's lovable prejudice is the more insidious, dangerous kind. Each week, Archie is involved harmlessly in a situation that permits him to verbalize freely an abundance of in-group hostilities, using words hitherto forbidden by the Television Code: hebe, coon, spade, wop, kike, polack, etc. Archie wins, Archie loses, but his ethnocentrism is never breached. He awaits next week's lovable encounter with Catholics, Jews, blacks, hippies, commies, et al., with unredeemed lovable hatred.

The novelty is exhilarating. Not since *Laugh-In* or the Smothers brothers' show have people who generally avoid television taken to looking in regularly on a particular program. The fact that the show is done live and is not taped or filmed, before a studio audience whose laughter, though often embarrassed, is natural and not canned; that it has the small-set, small-cast "feel" of television; that its lead time from shooting to airing is only two weeks, thus affording some sense of topicality—all work to make it a unique experience in television viewing. The humor is direct, frank, and explicit (bathroom allusions are common), and most people find it funny (intellectual hardhats laugh, in spite of themselves). Carroll O'Connor (Archie) and Jean Stapleton (his dumb but truth-telling wife) remind many viewers of Jackie Gleason's ménage or of George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Viewer response, too, has been unusual. Most critics have waved banners for the series; mail response has been 75 to 80 per cent favorable. Nevertheless, as this is written, CBS has still not decided to renew the series for the fall. Teachers in schools have asked for study guides to help in analyzing the program in class. There, discussion may take up where *All in the Family* leaves off; the dimension of non-accusatory self-critique may be introduced. I would guess that people with hard-core prejudices would not expose themselves to Archie either on or off the air (unfavorable mail bears this conjecture out). CBS cowcatches the show with a statement that the program is designed to demonstrate the absurdity of prejudice. This in itself is a rejection of Archie and his belief-system. Archie himself, listening in real life, would tune out, because, to himself, Archie is not funny but threatening. The belief-systems of most watchers will be congruent with that of the network, and for these viewers the series will serve as attitude reinforcement—not a small service. But if only Archie could reply to the CBS disclaimer, and if only CBS might admit that it too . . . . That would be a dialogue of a higher order, in a more significant family.

"It's not serious; just cut down on talk shows."

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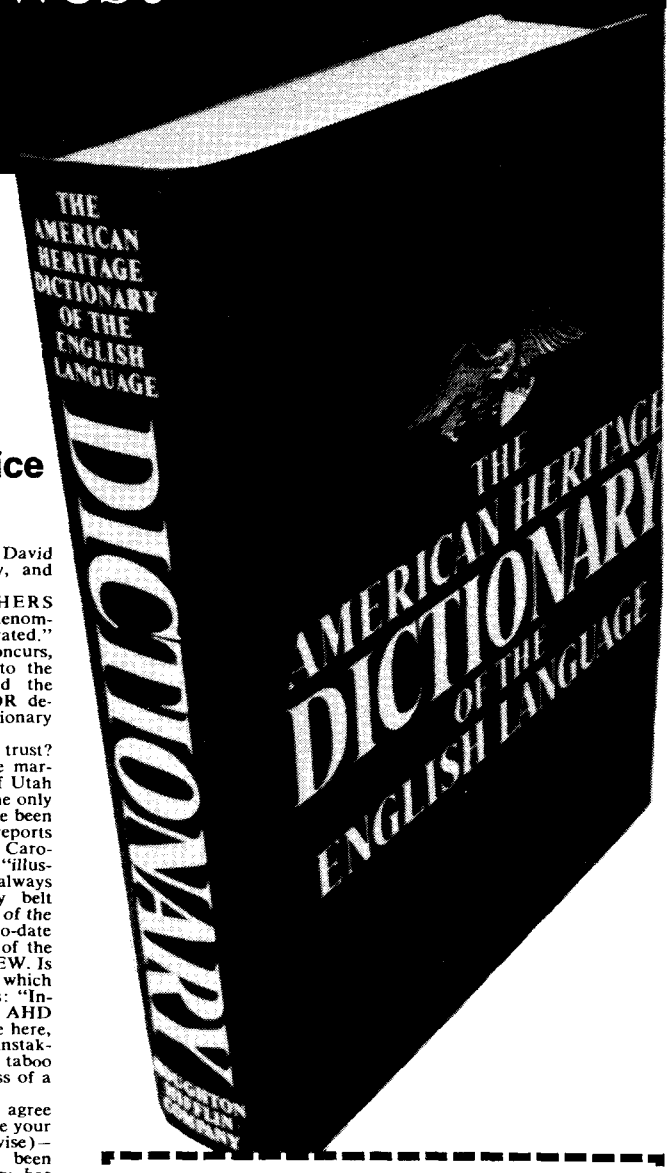

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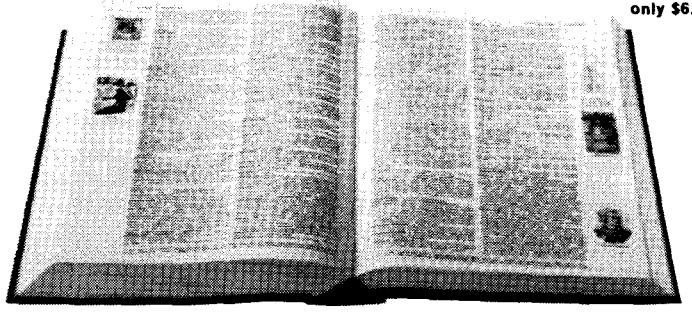

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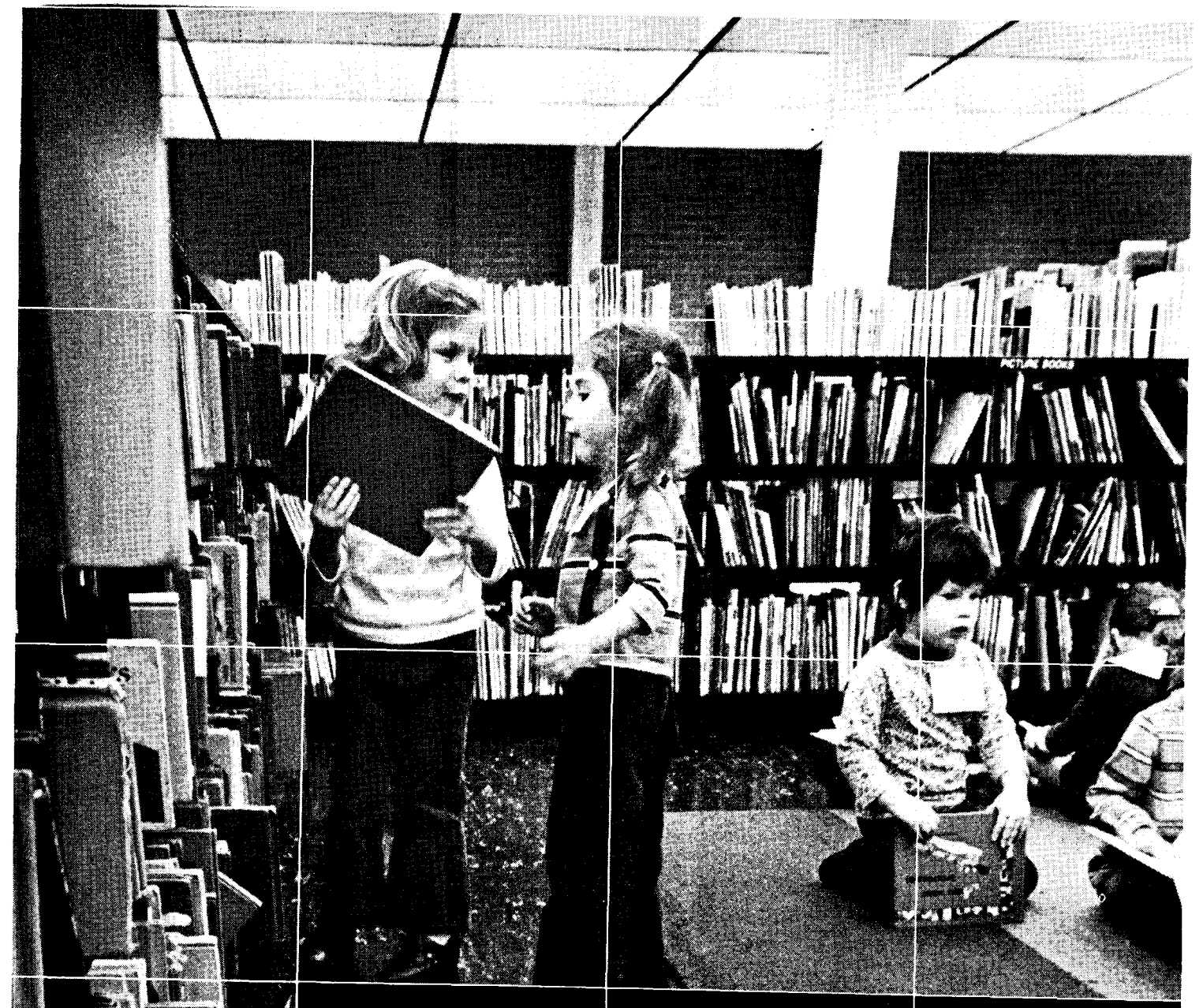

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Saturday Review

March 27, 1971

Beyond Atrocity

"In the starkness of its murders and the extreme dehumanization experienced by victimizers and imposed on victims, Mylai reveals to us how far America has gone along the path of deadly illusion."

by ROBERT JAY LIFTON

The landscape doesn't change much. For days and days you see just about nothing. It's unfamiliar—always unfamiliar. Even when you go back to the same place, it's unfamiliar. And it makes you feel as though, well, there's nothing left in the world but this. . . . You have the illusion of going great distances and traveling, like hundreds of miles . . . and you end up in the same place because you're only a couple of miles away. . . . But you feel like it's not all real. It couldn't possibly be. We couldn't still be in this country. We've been walking for days. You're in Vietnam and they're using real bullets. . . . Here in Vietnam they're actually shooting people for no reason. Any other time you think. It's such an extreme. Here you can go ahead and shoot them for nothing. As a matter of fact it's even . . . smiled upon, you know. Good for you. Everything is backwards. That's part of the kind of unreality of the thing. To the "grunt" [infantryman] this isn't backwards. He doesn't understand. . . . But something [at Mylai 4] was missing. Something you thought was real that would accompany this. It wasn't there. . . . There was something missing in the whole business that made it seem like it really wasn't happening. . . . —American GI's recollections of Mylai.

When asked to speak on recent occasions, I have announced my title as "On Living in Atrocity." To be sure, neither I nor anyone else lives there all or even most of the time. But at this moment, in early 1971, an American investigator of atrocity finds himself dealing with something that has become, for his countrymen in general, a terrible subterranean image that can be neither fully faced nor wished away. There is virtue in bringing that image to the surface.

In one sense, no matter what happens in the external world, personal atrocity, for everyone, begins at birth. It can also be said that some of us have a special nose for atrocity. Yet I can remember very well, during the early stirrings of the academic peace movement taking place around Harvard University during the mid- and late 1950s—about two hundred years ago, it now seems—how hard it was for us to *feel* what might happen at the other end of a nuclear weapon. Whatever one's nose for atrocities, there are difficulties surrounding the imaginative act of coming to grips with them.

After six months of living and working in Hiroshima, studying the human effects of the first atomic bomb, I found that these difficulties were partly overcome and partly exacerbated. On the one hand, I learned all too well to feel what happened at the other end of an atomic bomb. But on the other hand, I became impressed with the increasing gap we face between our technological capacity for perpetrating atrocities and our imaginative ability to confront their full actuality. Yet the attempt to narrow that gap can be enlightening, even liberating. For me, Hiroshima was a profoundly "radicalizing" experience —not in any strict ideological sense but in terms of fundamental issues of living and dying, of how one lives, of how one may die.

Whatever the contributing wartime pressures, Hiroshima looms as a paradigm of technological atrocity. Each of the major psychological themes discernible in Hiroshima survivors—death immersion, psychic numbing, residual guilt—has direct relationship to the atrocity's hideously cool and vast technological character. The specific technology of the bomb converted the brief moment of exposure into a lifelong encounter with death—through the sequence of the survivor's early immersion in massive and grotesque death

ROBERT JAY LIFTON is author of *Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima* and many other books. The above is adapted from Mr. Lifton's introduction to *Crimes of War*, an anthology he edited with Richard Falk and Gabriel Kolko, to be published next month by Random House.

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and dying, his experiencing or witnessing bizarre and frequently fatal acute radiation effects during the following weeks and months, his knowledge of the increased incidence over the years of various forms (always fatal) of leukemia and cancer, and finally his acquisition of a death-tainted group identity, an "identity of the dead" or shared sense of feeling emotionally bound both to those killed by the bomb and to the continuing worldwide specter of nuclear genocide.

The experience of psychic numbing, or emotional desensitization—what some survivors called "paralysis of the mind"—was a necessary defense against feeling what they clearly knew to be happening. But when one looks further into the matter he discovers that those who made and planned the use of that first nuclear weapon—and those who today make its successors and plan their use—require their own form of psychic numbing. They too cannot afford to feel what they cognitively know would happen.

Victims and victimizers also shared a sense of guilt, expressed partly in a conspiracy of silence, a prolonged absence of any systematic attempt to learn about the combined physical and psychic assaults of the bomb on human beings. Survivors felt guilty about remaining alive while others died, and also experienced an amorphous sense of having been part of, having imbibed, the overall evil of the atrocity. The perpetrators of Hiroshima (and those in various ways associated with them)—American scientists, military and political leaders, and ordinary people—felt their own forms of guilt, though, ironically, in less tangible ways than the victims. Yet one cannot but wonder to what extent Hiroshima produced in Americans (and others) a guilt-associated sense that if we could do this we could do anything, and that anyone could do anything to us—in other words, an anticipatory sense of unlimited atrocity.

If these are lessons of Hiroshima, one has to learn them personally. My own immersion in massive death during investigations in that city, though much more privileged and infinitely less brutal, will nonetheless be as permanent as that of Hiroshima survivors themselves. As in their case, it has profoundly changed my relationship to my own death as well as to all collective forms of death that stalk us. I had a similarly personal lesson regarding psychic numbing. During my first few interviews in Hiroshima I felt overwhelmed by the grotesque horrors described to me, but within the short space of a week or so this feeling gave way to a much more comfortable sense of myself as a psychological investigator, still deeply troubled by what he heard but undeterred from his investigative commitment. This kind of partial, task-oriented numbing now strikes me as inevitable and, in this situation, useful—yet at the same time potentially malignant in its implications.

By "becoming" a Hiroshima survivor (as anyone who opens himself to the experience must), while at the same time remaining an American, I shared something of both victims' and victimizers' sense of guilt. This kind of guilt by identification has its pitfalls, but I believe it to be one of the few genuine psychological avenues to confrontation of atrocity. For these three psychological themes are hardly confined to Hiroshima: Death immersion, psychic numbing, and guilt are a psychic trinity found in all atrocity.

Hiroshima also taught me the value and appropriateness of what I would call the apocalyptic imagination. The term offends our notions of steadiness and balance. But the technological dimensions of contemporary atrocity seem to me to require that we attune our imaginations to processes that are apocalyptic in the full dictionary meaning of the word—processes that are "wildly unrestrained" and "ultimately decisive," that involve "forecasting or predicting the ultimate destiny of the world in the shape of future events" and "foreboding imminent disaster or final doom."

In the past this kind of imagination has been viewed as no more than the "world-ending" delusion of the psychotic patient. But for the people of Hiroshima the "end of the world"—or something very close to it—became part of the actuality of their experience. Thus one survivor recalled: "My body seemed all black; everything seemed dark, dark all over . . . then I thought, 'The world is ending.'" And another: "The feeling I had was that everyone was dead. . . . I thought this was the end of Hiroshima—of Japan—of humankind." Those witnessing Nazi mass murder—the greatest of all man's atrocities to date—called forth similar images, though they could usually perceive that the annihilating process was in some way selective (affecting mainly Jews or anti-Nazis or other specific groups). As Hiroshima took me to Auschwitz and Treblinka, however, I was struck mostly by the similarities and parallels in the overall psychology of atrocity.

Yet similar end-of-the-world impressions have been recorded in connection with "God-made" atrocities, as in the case of survivors' accounts of the plagues of the Middle Ages:

> How will posterity believe that there has been a time when without the lightings of heaven or the fires of earth, without wars or other visible slaughter, not this or that part of the earth, but well-nigh the whole globe, has remained without inhabitants. . . . We should think we were dreaming if we did not with our eyes, when we walk abroad, see the city in mourning with funerals, and returning to our home, find it empty, and thus know that what we lament is real.

The plagues were God-made not only in the sense of being a mysterious and deadly form of illness outside of man's initiation or control but also because they could be comprehended as part of a God-centered cosmology. To be sure, scenes like the above strained people's belief in an ordered universe and a just God, but their cosmology contained enough devils, enough flexibility, and enough depth of imprint to provide, if not a full "explanation" of holocaust, at least a continuing psychic framework within which to go on living. In contrast, Hiroshima and Auschwitz were carried out by men upon men, and at a time when old cosmologies had already lost much of their hold and could provide little explanatory power. Survivors were left with an overwhelming sense of dislocation and absurdity: Like the GI quoted earlier in relationship to Mylai, something for them was "missing"—namely, meaning, or a sense of reality. With Hiroshima and Auschwitz now part of man's historical experience, it is perilously naïve to insist that our imaginative relationship to world-destruction can remain unchanged—that we can continue to make a simple-minded distinction between psychotic proclivity for, and "normal" avoidance of, that image.

Yet, whatever the force of external events, there is a subjective, imaginative component to the perceived "end of the world." Hiroshima survivors had to call forth early inner images of separation and helplessness, of stasis and annihilation, images available from everyone's infancy and childhood, but with greater force to some than to others. There is, therefore, a danger, not just for Hiroshima survivors but for all of us, of being trapped in such images, bound by a psychic sense of doom to the point of being immobilized and totally unable or unwilling to participate in essential day-by-day struggles to counter atrocity and prevent the collective annihilation imagined.

Psychological wisdom, then, seems to lie in neither wallowing in, nor numbing ourselves to, our imaginings of apocalypse. A simple example of the constructive use of the apocalyptic imagination is recorded by Eugene Rabinowitch, from the beginning an articulate leader in scientists' anti-atomic bomb movements. Rabinowitch de-

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scribes how, when walking down the streets of Chicago during the summer of 1945, he looked up at the city's great buildings and suddenly imagined a holocaust in which skyscrapers crumbled. He then vowed to redouble his efforts to prevent that kind of event from happening by means of the scientists' petition he and others were drawing up to head off the dropping of an atomic bomb, without warning, on a populated area. The effort, of course, failed, but this kind of apocalyptic imagination—on the part of Rabinowitch, Leo Szilard, and Bertrand Russell, among others—has made it possible for at least a small minority of men and women to name and face the true conditions of our existence. (Bertrand Russell had earlier exhibited the dangers of the apocalyptic imagination when he advocated that we threaten to drop atomic bombs on Russia in order to compel it to agree to a system of international control of nuclear weapons.) For we live in the shadow of the ultimate atrocity, of the potentially terminal revolution — and if that term is itself a contradiction, the same contradiction is the central fact of our relationship to death and life.

We perpetrate and experience the American atrocity at Mylai in the context of these apocalyptic absurdities and dislocations. The GI's quoted description suggests not only that atrocity can be a dreamlike affair (in this sense, resembling the quoted passage about the plaque) but that it is committed by men living outside of ordinary human connection, outside of both society and history. Mylai was acted out by men who had lost their bearings, men wandering about in both a military and psychic no man's land. The atrocity itself can be seen as a grotesquely paradoxical effort to put straight this crooked landscape, to find order and significance in disorder and absurdity. There is at the same time an impulse to carry existing absurdity and disorder to their logical extremes as if both to transcend and demonstrate that aberrant existential state.

Atrocities are committed by desperate men—in the case of Mylai, men victimized by the absolute contradictions of the war they were asked to fight, by the murderous illusions of their country's policy. Atrocity, then, is a perverse quest for meaning, the end result of a spurious sense of mission, the product of false witness.

To say that American military involvement in Vietnam is itself a crime is also to say that it is an atrocity-producing situation. Or to put the matter another way, Mylai illuminates, as nothing else has, the essential nature of America's war in Vietnam. The elements of this atrocity-producing situation include an advanced industrial nation engaged in a counter-insurgency action, in an underdeveloped area, against guerrillas who merge with the people—precisely the elements that Jean Paul Sartre has described as inevitably genocidal. In the starkness of its murders and the extreme dehumanization experienced by victimizers and imposed on victims, Mylai reveals to us how far America has gone along the path of deadly illusion.

Associated with this deadly illusion are three psychological patterns as painful to the sensitized American critic of the war as they are self-evident. The first is the principle of atrocity building upon atrocity, because of the need to deny the atrocity-producing situation. In this sense, Mylai itself was a product of earlier, smaller Mylais; and it was followed not by an ending of the war but by the American extension of the war into Laos and Cambodia.

The second principle involves the system of non-responsibility. One searches in vain for a man or group of men who will come forward to take the blame or even identify a human source or responsibility for what took place—from those who fired the bullets at Mylai (who must bear some responsibility, but were essentially pawns and victims of the atrocity-producing situation, and are now being made scapegoats as well); to the junior-grade officers who gave orders to do the firing and apparently did some of it themselves; to the senior-grade officers who seemed to have ordered the operation; to the highest military and civilian planners in Vietnam, the Pentagon, and the White House who created such things as a "*permanent free-fire zone*" (which, according to Richard Hammer, means "in essence . . . that any Americans operating within it had, basically, a license to kill and any Vietnamese living within it had a license to be killed"), planners who made even more basic decisions about continuing and even extending the war; to the amorphous conglomerate of the American people who, presumably, chose, or at least now tolerate, the aforementioned as their representatives. The atrocity-producing situation, at least in this case, depends upon what Masao Maruyama has called a "system of non-responsibility." Situation and system alike are characterized by a technology and a technicized bureaucracy not checked by sentient human minds.

The third and perhaps most terrible pattern is the psychology of nothing

(*Continued on page* 54)

"It all began when I decided to work within the system. I got a job with a big firm, got married and had four kids, bought three cars, two homes, vacationed in Europe in the summer and in the Bahamas in the winter, padded my expense account, went into debt, cheated on my income tax, devised a foolproof system for embezzling. . . ."

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Toward a Military Welfare State?

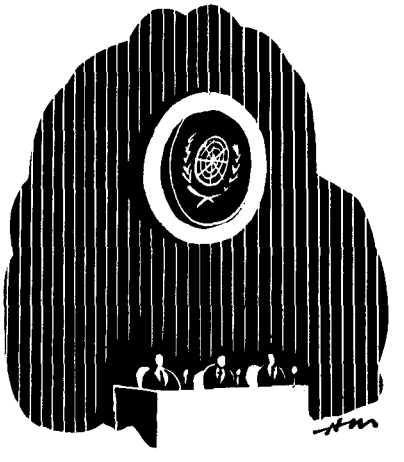
It was a small piece of pipe but big enough to stun a nation. What happened was that the Department of Defense had a briefing session for newsmen on Laos. The importance of the briefing was underlined by the presence of Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird. In sober, matter-of-fact tones, a briefing officer conveyed the good news that a vital part of the pipeline supplying oil to North Vietnam forces on the Ho Chi Minh trail had been captured. As direct evidence, the officer exhibited a small section of pipe taken from the cut line.

It was all very impressive—except that George C. Wilson, a resourceful reporter of *The Washington Post*, pursued a hunch and was able to ascertain that the evidence was false. Confronted by the facts, Secretary Laird admitted that the piece of pipe shown had nothing to do with the operation described in the briefing. He also admitted that he had known that this was the case at the time it was presented. He said he realized he was open to criticism for having permitted the deception.

Inevitably, other incidents come to mind. Far back, there were the initial denials about the use of crop-killing poison chemicals in South Vietnam. Then there were denials about the burnings of South Vietnam villages, as at Camne, denials that collapsed under the weight of correspondents' eyewitness reports.

These lies ignite a sense of outrage. The American people are not paying the most extravagant bills incurred by their government in history only to be lied to and manipulated. But what produces the fiercest feelings of indignation of all is the fact that the officials who are doing the lying are the same ones who now presume to pass on the good character and loyalty of the American people by setting up a spying system that presently has more than seven million American names placed in computers for instant use—and one shudders to think what is happening to due process in such use. The Constitutional system of government and the principal institutions of this nation are being twisted and undermined by the very branch of government established to protect them.

It all seemed so easy, twenty or so years ago, when extraordinary powers were provided to deal with enemies outside the country. There was the notion that in order to deal with intrigue and subversion we had to play



the game ourselves. So we set up our own special undercover apparatus, using unvouchered funds, and got into the business of secret, subversive operations and political assassination—the very undertakings we had said were abhorrent when done by others. But all of it was done in the name of our security, or so we allowed ourselves to be persuaded. The surprise is not that the monster is now operating at home, but that its advent should not have been anticipated.

The idea that we have to invoke the worst in ourselves in order to protect ourselves is one of history's greatest absurdities and untruths. And so now we discover that the military has taken it upon itself not just to lie to the American people but to keep secret files on American citizens and their elected representatives. We discover that the military is spending billions of dollars for activities that have little or nothing to do with the security of the nation and that, indeed, may run counter to it. We discover that the military can control or reshape a large segment of the American economy, that it has the equivalent of a State Department in its own foreign policy-assessments branch, with representatives in capitals throughout the world. Is there now also a *domestic* assessments branch in the Pentagon? Does such a branch equate loyalty to America with loyalty to the military establishment?

Few things say more about the problem of runaway military expenditures than the reaction of a Pentagon spokesman to reports of progress in the SALT negotiations at Helsinki. The official was quoted as saying that, even though the talks on arms reduction between the United States and the Soviet Union might lead to consequential agreements, this did not mean there would by any reduction in the American military budget. Other things were waiting to be done, he said, that would more than take up any savings. In short, the American people have been put on notice that even though the reasons for colossal military spending may be reduced or removed, there is no intention to alter the size of the military establishment. We thus are confronted with the prospect of a military welfare state in which the bulk of the nation's taxes go to the support of a vast institution that may exist independently of original need and that has a life of its own not necessarily consistent with the traditions it was set up to protect.

Every society has the obligation to protect itself. The American people are paying far more per capita for the protection of their society than any people on earth. What they are getting in return, however, is a vast apparatus

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that, according to one of the nation's most illustrious generals, has become a threat to the society it is supposed to serve. The Army, the Navy, and the Air Force have never really completed the unification required by Congress; each branch of the service vies with the others for maximum budgets and for primacy; the overlapping in weapons, services, personnel, and facilities costs the American taxpayers billions of dollars a year. Overspending or misspending has reached the point where the alarming disclosures of Congressional investigating committees have almost lost their power to surprise.

Ideologically, the free enterprise system and a strong national military capability are regarded as highly compatible concepts. Yet the irony today is that the greatest danger confronting free enterprise in America comes not from revolutionaries but from the intrusion of the military into the economic life of the country. Hundreds of industrial firms take their orders from the military in the most literal sense. Nominalism in competitive bidding on military contracts further weakens the national industrial structure. Inflation is regarded as the number one problem of the economy. Yet this inflation is only secondarily the result of the wage-price spiral; fundamentally, it is the result of a vast infusion of dollars in military spending. The flight of gold from the United States and the dollar deficit are not caused by vacationing Americans but by the maintenance of vast military establishments abroad. Even excluding Vietnam, these establishments involve the support of hundreds of thousands of military personnel.

For the President to end the war in Vietnam and Indochina it will not be enough to withdraw troops from South Vietnam. The fundamental change that is necessary is a full and unambiguous restoration of civilian control over the military. Until that time, initiatives taken by the military will make it difficult for the President not to fall in behind an already committed American flag. Direction of foreign policy must revert unequivocally to the Executive branch of government. Surveillance operations by the military against American officials and citizens must be summarily ended and the records impounded by Congress.

In an even more fundamental sense, the quest for national security must be updated. Security in the modern world depends less on the pursuit of force than on the control of force. And this means, inevitably, a strong world organization. No effort to promote true American security makes sense unless it begins with the concept of a fully developed U.N. —N.C.

Letters to the Editor

Kuznetsov and "Babi Yar"

IN HIS LONDON LETTER column of December 12, Herbert R. Mayes indulges in a little game of character assassination directed against A. Anatoli (Kuznetsov), the former Soviet writer now living in Britain, accusing him of inventions and lies. Yet in the course of his disgraceful attack, Mr. Mayes cannot help revealing that he offered Kuznetsov $50,000 for the American rights to his novel *Babi Yar*. In vain does he try to conceal this awkward fact by saying that he withdrew the offer "when suspicions about Kuznetsov began to accumulate," because all his "suspicions" refer, in fact, to information available to him *before* he made his offer. The "last straw" for him, he says, was Kuznetsov's scheme for swimming to Turkey. But Kuznetsov described this escape plan in the very first series of articles he wrote, long before Mayes began to negotiate to secure the American rights for Kuznetsov's writings. It is clearly apparent that Mayes's arguments are self-contradictory and that his cocktail of false accusations and malicious innuendo is based on sour grapes.

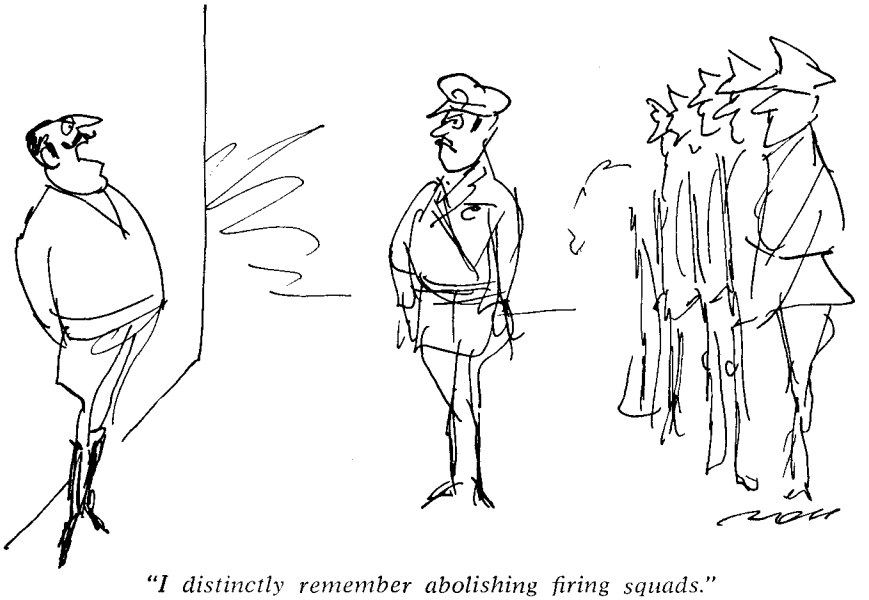
As the person with whom Kuznetsov first made contact when he decided to stay in London, who has got to know him very well in the last sixteen months, and who translated the complete version of *Babi Yar*, I would be grateful for the space to correct the false impressions that Mayes's comments may have left in readers' minds. *Babi Yar* is now available in America—not, of course, under the imprint of the publishing house on whose behalf Mayes offered $50,000.

1) Mayes recognizes that Kuznetsov freely admitted the "treachery" by means of which he tricked the Soviet authorities into allowing him out of Russia, but he adds that "it would have been impossible to conceal the facts." Not true. The facts were known only to the KGB (secret police), and they were certainly not going to admit they had been tricked. But Kuznetsov took the initiative so that there could be no question of his colleagues in Russia suffering. Had he remained silent about what appears on the surface to be a discreditable episode but is not, those "unbiased" critics who have seized so eagerly on it would have known nothing about it at all.

2) "What happened to his colleagues, nobody knows," says Mayes. Not true. There is no secret about the fact that all the writers whom Kuznetsov included in his imaginary "plot" have not suffered in any way.

3) "Nor does anybody know what happened to the mother and wife and nine-year-old son that Kuznetsov left behind." Not true. Anatoli's mother still lives in Kiev and is no longer being forced by the authorities to send him letters appealing for his return. He sends her a post card every day, and she manages occasionally to get a letter to him. She is well and unmolested. His former wife, from whom he was divorced two years before he left Russia, is still living with the man for whom she left Kuznetsov and with the son whose custody she was awarded. She is also no longer bothered by the authorities. But we are not sure whether the boy has received the toys dispatched from London.

4) Mayes—or the unnamed "skeptics" he knows—finds it "odd" that Kuznetsov was able to take the films on which he had photographed his manuscripts through the Soviet and British customs concealed in the lining of his coat. If Mayes and his skeptical friends will stop to think, they will see that there is nothing odd in it at all. There are between thirty and forty exposures on an ordinary 35-mm film, and each exposure takes six pages of quarto manuscript, or about 200 pages per film. Two or three films will thus take a 500-page manuscript. A dozen films take four



"I distinctly remember abolishing firing squads."

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such manuscripts, and a dozen films, tightly rolled, take up very little space. Kuznetsov was fortunate not to be searched by Soviet customs officials when he left Moscow (but, after all, he was on an officially sponsored trip and thought the risk worth taking); it was not at all surprising that he was not searched by British officials in London.

It is, in any case, not a matter of conjecture. Mayes is at liberty to inspect the films and the prints made from them and, if he wishes (since he does not understand Russian), submit them to a truly unbiased expert for examination. He can also have the opinion of the photographic experts in Kodak's London laboratories, where the films have been processed.

Contrary to Mayes's insinuations, the truth is that Kuznetsov *did* write the complete version of *Babi Yar* while he was in Russia, that it *was* drastically cut by the censor, that he *did* transfer the censored writings to film, and that he *did* bring those films with him to London. It is disgraceful for Mayes to make serious accusations without a shred of evidence, when facts can be checked.

5) Mayes's credulity was stretched to the limit, he says, when he read Kuznetsov's account of his plan to escape from the Soviet Union by swimming across the Black Sea to Turkey. It is a "fantasy," he says. Again, not true. Not a fantasy, but a reality, because it has been done already.

In 1961, Peter Patrushev, a Soviet citizen, did exactly that: He swam from the Soviet port of Batumi to the Turkish coast. He is now in Australia and available for interview.

In 1968, another Soviet citizen, Oleg Sokhanevich and a friend made an even more remarkable (and, doubtless, even less credible to Mayes) escape across the Black Sea. One night they leapt overboard from the Soviet ship *Rossiya* in the northeast corner of the Black Sea, between the Crimea and Novorossiysk, and with the aid of an inflatable rubber dinghy managed to reach a Turkish lighthouse after nine days. Mr. Sokhanevich is an artist, with a studio in the United States, and if Mayes wishes to strain his credulity again, he could hear from him that he first planned to escape by swimming but was forced to change his mind when he discovered that, however long he stayed underwater, he was bound to be picked up by searchlights when surfacing. Other examples of such escapes could be given.

6) Finally, Mayes quotes a passage from *Babi Yar* in which a workman is described as piling twelve grand pianos one on top of the other. Here I think that few readers could take this to mean that the man made a pile twelve pianos high. But if it seems to mean that, then it is my translation which is at fault and not the author's words.

Mayes finds the articles I wrote about Kuznetsov "childishly disingenuous." I do not find anything "childishly disingenuous" about his slanderous description of *Babi Yar* and its author. I find instead a deliberate attempt to destroy a person's character—similar to the smear campaign organized by the Soviet secret police after Anatoli's defection to the West.

DAVID FLOYD,
London.

Mr. Mayes replies:

DAVID FLOYD errs. My offer of $50,000 (on behalf of the McCall Publishing Company) was for North American book rights to Kuznetsov's still-to-be-written autobiography, *not* for *Babi Yar*. The written offer is in Mr. Floyd's files.

As Floyd's reports and translations of his interviews with Kuznetsov continued to appear in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph*, the credibility factor became paramount. I recommended that the McCall offer be withdrawn. It was. Independently, other publishers withdrew *their* offers.

When he was safely out of Russia with the visa for a two-week stay in London (presumably to do research for a treatise on Lenin's tenure there before the Revolution), and then announced his defection, Kuznetsov confessed he had fabricated entirely his story to the Russian secret police of a plot on the part of his colleagues to publish an underground anti-Soviet magazine. Floyd (on what evidence?) says the facts were known only to the KGB, who would not have admitted they had been tricked, and that thus nobody would have heard anything at all and so would have been in no position (as, for example, Lillian Hellman was) to criticize Kuznetsov for his betrayal. I say, on the contrary, that the facts would have been known, immediately when the investigation and interrogations began, by the colleagues Kuznetsov had implicated, including Yevtushenko, Gladilin, Arkady, Raidin, Aksyonov, Yefremov, and Tabakov, and by their families and friends. The investigation hardly would not be known to Frank Taylor, Floyd's *Telegraph* associate stationed in Moscow, and to other local and foreign correspondents. There is enough of an underground in the Soviet Union to have made this information known to the whole world.

Can Floyd be serious when he refers to "what appears on the surface to be a discreditable episode but is not"? A man turns on his friends, falsely accuses them of what in Russia is a major crime subject to extreme penalties, and that's something nice maybe? Perhaps Floyd believes there is something nice, ten years after the event, in Kuznetsov's confession, though voluntary, of his fraud in the suit he brought against his original publishers in France? Maybe Floyd considers it nice that Kuznetsov was the one writer who refused to sign Solzhenitsyn's letter attacking the Soviet censorship? "I could not find in myself the courage, and I probably fully deserved Solzhenitsyn's contempt," said Kuznetsov. "I signed no protests then or later. I saved my skin and kept out of things."

Naturally, I am happy to learn from Floyd that the "plotters" named by Kuznetsov have not suffered in any way. (Where *does* he get all this inside information—from the KGB, which he says can keep everybody else in the dark?) But Robin Milner-Gulland, lecturer in Russian at the University of Sussex, was *in* Russia last September and spoke with one of the accused who said, "So Kuznetsov retracted his denunciation of us. But what if—perfectly possible—this denunciation *hadn't* got him a visa? Would he *then* have retracted it?" Ten years later, maybe? "So far as I know," Milner-Gulland wrote, "Kuznetsov, for all his breast-beating, hasn't tried to answer this one."

Also I am happy to learn from Floyd that all is well with members of Kuznetsov's family. At the same time I am astonished to hear that Floyd has even more information; for example, that Kuznetsov was divorced two years ago. Kuznetsov, in fact, was not and is not divorced; he still is married and to the same first wife.

I found it odd indeed that Kuznetsov was able to get his film out of Russia without being detected. (Actually there were about sixteen rolls.) Floyd wrote originally—an early factor involving credibility—that Kuznetsov *smuggled* the films out *by sewing them into the lining of his coat*. Following an interview with Kuznetsov, Theo Richmond, perhaps influenced by Floyd's imagination, also reported in the press that the film "was smuggled into Britain in the author's coat lining." Then, following a press conference held by Kuznetsov, Jonathan Steele said in *The Manchester Guardian* that Kuznetsov "displayed the film of his manuscript which he smuggled out of Russia." Then, in a television interview with Morley Safer, CBS news correspondent, Kuznetsov said, according to the interpreter, that he "squeezed" the film, "wound it up really tight, and I hid it inside my jacket." Next, a full page advertisement, inserted in *The Bookseller* by the publishers Jonathan Cape, said "the film was hidden in the lining of his jacket."

Now Kuznetsov contradicts himself and Floyd's original story, and all the ensuing reports, and denies altogether that he smuggled the films. He tells me now that there was no need at all to conceal them, that in fact he had a "certificate" from the Russian authorities indicating he was on a proper mission, which, in effect, granted him immunity from search. He says now that he simply had all the films in an envelope in the inside breast pocket of his jacket!

Of course I wanted to inspect the films. Promptly on receiving a copy of Floyd's letter, I called him. He said it was possible I might have to wait six months before seeing the films. I told him he was ridiculous. Immediately thereafter I received a telephone call from Lionel Bloch, Kuznetsov's attorney, indicating that the films could be seen at any time. The first appointment was made for February 12th.

Several of the 35-mm films, with four to six pages of manuscript on each frame, were projected on a wall. Kuznetsov began by saying, "I am a poor photographer." The films are indeed bad, apparently illegible to everybody but Kuznetsov. When I asked permission to borrow the films for detailed inspection, Kuznetsov declined, saying they would be useless unless he was present to explain them. He then proceeded to read from several of the films—"with difficulty," he said. Some of

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them represent copies of full pages of manuscript; others, however, contain only portions of manuscript that Kuznetsov says were censored. He read from the films; my two interpreters checked the corresponding prints and the heavy-type passages in the book. One had to take for granted that the prints were made from the film. Between what Kuznetsov read from the film, and what the interpreters checked on the prints and in the heavy-type (censored) passages in the book, there were no discrepancies. Because of the problem of deciphering, we examined only brief sections of three films, covering altogether no more than 700 words.

Is it true that the original, complete version of *Babi Yar*, presumably written in Russia, was submitted by Kuznetsov for publication in Russia? In his preface to the book, Kuznetsov says yes. The declaration is untenable. I quote Floyd himself, quoting Kuznetsov in an interview: "From the first I did not offer the full text to anyone, because it clearly suggested there was no difference between Hitler's fascism and Soviet fascism. I submitted an inoffensive text in which, it seemed to me, the censorship could not find the slightest thing to object to." Kuznetsov further said that the original manuscript was so "seditious" that he filmed it and then buried it in the ground, "where, for all I know, it may be to this very day." On February 15th, in one of our meetings, Kuznetsov said he didn't remember making the statement quoted by Floyd. He said Floyd may have misunderstood him. In the next meeting, on February 17th, I was stunned by a brand-new statement made by Kuznetsov: that he really *did* say he *hadn't* submitted the "seditious" text to anyone, *but only because he wanted to protect the Russian editor involved* (Boris Polevoi).

What *was* the full, the "seditious" text? The current "true version" of *Babi Yar*, published in London by Jonathan Cape and in the United States by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, which all Americans and Britons had been led to believe is based on the censored book version published in Russia, *is based instead on a condensed magazine version published earlier in Russia* (1966). A report in *The Manchester Guardian* observes that various defects in *Babi Yar* are minor "compared with the author's suppression of all mention of the book's hard-cover Soviet edition of 1967, which appeared in no less than 150,000 copies. This, surely, should be taken as the work's basic text, rather than the *Yunost* [magazine] publication, which actually prints the words 'Magazine Variant' on the first page. More than half the material indicated in the present (Jonathan Cape) volume as 'censored,' in fact appeared in the hard-cover first [Soviet] edition, in spite of the author's claim that these sections are 'here published for the first time.'"

In response, Kuznetsov wrote a letter to the *Guardian*, admitted his use of the magazine condensation, and said, "I think it should be clear that the limited hard-book edition does not reveal the intention of the censor as clearly as the *Yunost* edition does. That is why I decided to show everything cut out of that edition as being censored, even though it was later restored." He added, "I should have mentioned the Soviet hard-cover edition in my [Jonathan Cape] preface, but if I failed to do so, it was not a matter of suppressing facts."

Not a matter of *suppressing* facts? *What* fact could be more *vital*? Could any admission be more *extraordinary*?

So to other matters. Kuznetsov still insists to me he conceived a plan of escape "by swimming to Turkey, under water, at night, with the aid of an aqualung and a compass, and pushing ahead of me an underwater raft with spare oxygen containers."

"Maybe it was something of a fantasy," he says now, "but I was desperate to get out."

Kuznetsov also continues to insist there was a tale of a Russian workman who, during the looting in Kiev and under the noses of the Nazi troops, did collect twelve grand pianos in the room of a flat. But he says now that they were not piled one on top of the other, as Floyd translated the story, but instead were in two rows of six each, with each of the six grand pianos having one more grand piano on top of it. I am not sure which would be more fascinating: to investigate the credibility of the story—either version—or wonder how much more of Floyd's translating may be at fault.

During his interviews and in his writing for the London press, innumerable absurd and conflicting statements have been made by Kuznetsov. It is possible some of the inconsistencies developed because of Kuznetsov's ignorance of the English language; some perhaps because he was being exploited by people who thought of him as good copy rather than as a human being who had gotten himself into a mess. I feel Kuznetsov has been foolish, and ill-advised by people who, sincerely or not, sought to "help" him.

During my recent meetings with him (altogether between eight and nine hours), Kuznetsov was so extremely nervous and ill at ease, and at the same time seeking to be conciliatory and friendly, that despite all I know about him I felt genuinely, deeply sorry for him. Over this current controversy it is apparent that he is suffering dreadfully. I regret, as I believe he does, that he wrote so much for the press and permitted himself to be interviewed so often; that he was so voluble, unfortunately always trying to correct one misunderstanding and inconsistency by providing another.

On one occasion, with promises from myself and my interpreter that his confidence would be respected, Kuznetsov described details of his personal life. The confidence has been respected. On another occasion, the last, Kuznetsov telephoned (he is able now to make himself fairly well understood) to apologize for the behavior toward me of two men who were with him.

I am fully aware of Kuznetsov's hope that I would make no response to Floyd's letter. I suggested that if Floyd withdrew his letter, no response would be required. I hoped Floyd *would* withdraw his letter, for no response *could* be made without involving Kuznetsov all over again.

Finally, whatever Kuznetsov's record, he says with what seems earnestness and conviction that he regrets and is ashamed of his record and behavior in Russia; that he is not now the man he was then; that the A. Anatoli of today is not the Kuznetsov of yesterday; that all he wishes now is the opportunity to speak and write honestly and to function as a free citizen in a free society.

(Note: All of my meetings with Kuznetsov were attended by one or more interpreters.)

HERBERT R. MAYES,
London.

"If they had crowned George Washington king, none of this would be happening now."

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Remember? The Mecca and the Guild

TWO GREAT OLD New York City theaters, which provided a haven for dance when dance in America was very definitely the stepchild of the arts, have presided over the triumphs of a new dance day this winter. Oh yes, we have the glorious State Theater at Lincoln Center, designed especially for dance, the new Metropolitan Opera House, and the elegant Brooklyn Academy of Music, which (under Harvey Lichtenstein, director) has turned itself into an off-Broadway dance oasis.

But with all these marvelous new dance centers, we must not forget those theaters that took in the stepchild. One was the old Mecca Temple, now the City Center, where dancers from Israel, Siberia, Mexico, and West 57th Street (the American Ballet Theatre) are welcomed, and where the City Center Joffrey Ballet is now the resident dance troupe, successor to the New York City Ballet, which now reigns at the State Theater. Nearly forty years ago, Hanya Holm, fresh from Europe, from Mary Wigman, and from the Bennington (Vermont) Dance Festival that launched her great career, took the Mecca Temple, shut off the orchestra (the floor was flat in those days), and held the audience to mezzanine and balconies for her monumental *Trend*, one of the great dances of social comment. *Trend* had two performances there. The Joffrey Ballet plays for twelve weeks.

The second old dance theater is now the ANTA. Once it was the Guild, and forty years ago, give or take a year, it was the home of American modern dance on Sunday nights when the house would otherwise have been dark. Graham, Humphrey, Weidman, Tamiris, and other dance rebels played there to cheers from their followers, hisses from others. In 1971, the house held an American Dance Season (or "marathon") from January 18 through March 13, with Alvin Ailey, Louis Falco, Pearl Lang, Eleo Pomare, Paul Taylor, Alwin Nikolais, Arthur Mitchell, Erick Hawkins, and Don Redlich with their companies. Nine companies.

The City Center Joffrey Ballet [*SR*, March 13], with Robert Joffrey as its demanding boss and Gerald Arpino as chief choreographer, has been growing steadily into a really first-rate company. For a while, it seemed adolescent; today, it is still young in spirit but more mature in theatrical matters —not everyone behaves virginally nowadays. As a matter of fact, in Stuart Hodes's *Abyss* (music of Marga Richter), once in the repertory of the Harkness Ballet, we are faced with not only rape but the conclusion that loss of innocence invites promiscuities.

Dennis Wayne, a Harkness alumnus and a most valuable addition to the Joffrey troupe, is brilliant as the gentle, protective young man who later permits ardor to replace tenderness; Lili Cockerille is most appealing as the girl who is wrenched from her beau and assaulted by three ruffians; and Tony Catanzaro, Gary Chryst, and Christian Holder are appropriately terrifying as the assailants. I think it interesting to note that all four men in this ballet are products of New York City's unique High School of Performing Arts.

The new Arpino work, *Valentine* (to music of Jacob Druckman and with lighting by Jennifer Tipton), is an adorable joke. It is a *pas de deux* for Mr. Holder (a versatile and gifted young dancer) and the piquant Rebecca Wright. Or is it a *pas de trois*? For on stage is the sole accompanist, Alvin Brehm on the contrabass. The whole affair is a choreographed boxing match—much antic play—but I shall not divulge who wins other than to say that, as with all good jokes, verbal or muscular, there is a surprise ending.

At the ANTA, the final week of the "marathon" saw the Dance Theater of Harlem, directed by Arthur Mitchell and Karel Shook [*SR*, Feb. 27], the Erick Hawkins Dance Company, and the Don Redlich Dance Company. (The last two I will report on later.)

The Mitchell-Shook dancers, representing classical ballet, opened their first Broadway program with George Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* (Bach's Double Violin Concerto), and they were absolutely beautiful: lovely legs, lovely bodies, lovely grooming, and very correct *pointes*. It is a difficult work, all dancing and no plot, and these Harlem artists do honor not only to Mr. Mitchell but also to the company of which he is a star (the New York City Ballet), and to Balanchine. The program also included Jerome Robbins's hauntingly beautiful, narcissistic duet *Afternoon of a Faun* (Debussy), danced with a shining sensuousness by Lydia Abarca and Clover Mathis.

Two Mitchell-choreographed works were on the bill that opened (there were subsequent repertory changes). One was the exuberant primitive ritual in modern jazz form, *Rhythmetron* (Marlos Nobre); and the second was the new *Fun and Games* (music of Piero Piccioni), a bitter, violent bit (not unlike *Abyss*) in which an innocent, loving couple are torn apart—rape and murder are committed—by a gang. The core of it all is a lynching, and the gang is the KKK, but the work itself is so frantic, so busy, that the message gets lost and the impact is almost destroyed. Yet, this was but one miss by a company that has, in less than two years, become an important institution on the American dance scene. It is, indeed, worthy of the great and innovative dance traditions of the old Guild Theater.

—Photos: Herbert Migdoll

Lili Cockerille and Dennis Wayne in "Abyss"—She is "appealing"; he is "brilliant."

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God's Plenty in a Flood of Proper and Improper Nouns

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

MF

by Anthony Burgess

Knopf, 320 pp., $5.95

A smash on the contemporary lecture circuit, Anthony Burgess sometimes wows his audiences by reading an account of an eating contest from one of his novels. The scene is a cruise ship (Adriatic Sea, next stop Yarylyuk), the contestants are figures in an international thriller plot, and the meal is a daisy. It starts, naturally, with fish dishes—lobster medallions in sauce cardinale ("poached in white wine and a court-bouillon made with the shells, then set alight in warm pernod"), mullet and artichoke hearts with a '53 Bollinger, filets of sole Queen Elizabeth and soufflé au foie gras, shellfish tart with a Newburg sauce and avocado halves heaped with red caviar under a cold chiffon sauce. Detailing these opening tidbits, the novelist's manner is calm, but with the meats (filet mignon à la romana, butterfly pasta, zucchini; lamb persillée, onion and gruyère casserole, green beans, celery julienne; '55 Lafite Rothschild), his voice quickens a little.

And once into the game course (pheasant with pecan stuffing, bread sauce, game chips, broccoli blossoms; poussin with barley, sauce béchamel velouté, spinach, minced mushrooms, potatoes with sausage stuffing; '49 Chambertin), the performer becomes downright excited. One of the contestants in his story is faltering; will the £1,000 bet be lost? Swept up by his own animation, Burgess launches into the desserts on the double, rushes through Harlequin sherbet (a bottle of Blanquette de Limoux *avec*), and positively rattles the dessert cart with the French phrases that hiss and jump from his mouth—

> Peach mousse with sirop framboise. Cream dessert ring Chantilly with zabaglione sauce. Poires Hélène with cold chocolate sauce. Cold Grand Marnier pudding. Strawberry marlow. Marrons panaché vicomte. . . .

—and races onward, chuckling, swift-voiced, toward the peaks: "Chocolate rum dessert garnished with whipped cream and Kahlua," "orange marmalade crème bavaroise, loud with Cointreau." For one instant here he hangs fire—the moment of truth is just ahead for the contestants ("apple tart normande with Calvados"). He looks up from his page with a wide, freaky grin, half-breathless, perspiring—a large, laughing, loosely made Englishman in his early fifties with a likable, somewhat blowsy face—and lifts his shoulders in a shrug, as if in reluctant admiration of his own nutty game. And, although the question "Who won?" hasn't yet been answered, although there's still a page left in the passage he's reading, the gesture wakes a cheer somewhere in the suspended hall, a spatter of eager, enthusiastic, anticipatory applause, a hint of the ovation to come.

As might be guessed, the turn described isn't merely winning, it's symptomatic: the materials, when examined attentively, are revealed as the basic stuff of virtually every Burgessian literary performance. Nor is this simply because of the profusion of circumstantial likenesses between the eating-contest novel, *Tremor of Intent* (1966), and the author's other books. The resemblances aren't negligible, of course. Nothing is more commonplace in a Burgess story than escape from the commonplace—whether to a cruise

(*Continued on page* 39)

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which, *Surviving the Seventies*, has just been published.

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ROOTS OF INVOLVEMENT: The U.S. in Asia 1784-1971

by Marvin Kalb and Elie Abel

Norton, 336 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Richard Halloran

■ There are no devils in this lucid book on the American entanglement in Vietnam, and no heroes, either, save perhaps "those young Americans who have fallen in Asia," to whom it is gracefully dedicated. The work is a dispassionate and carefully interpretive account of how the U.S. stumbled into the quagmire that is Vietnam and of its strained, almost desperate efforts to extricate itself.

Roots of Involvement may be the best book yet about that long, sorry tale. It has the marks of scholarly research, the clarity and lively writing of good journalism, and offers blessed relief from the polemics or apologetics that mar so much writing about America in Vietnam.

The authorship suggests that Macy's does tell Gimbel's, after all. Marvin Kalb is the respected diplomatic correspondent for CBS News in Washington, and the originator of the book. He asked his equally respected competitor, Elie Abel of NBC News, to collaborate. (Abel is now head of the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia.) Sometimes they conducted their interviews and research together, sometimes separately. Each wrote parts of the book and then edited his colleague's work. The result is so skillfully blended that the reader cannot tell where one left off and the other began.

The authors note that some observers consider the war in Vietnam to be an aberration in the history of America in Asia. Their thesis, however, is "that the Vietnam War was no aberration but a logical consequence—however regrettable—of certain long-held American attitudes and assumptions, some of them plainly mistaken."

Kalb and Abel quickly dismiss the arguments of the New Left:

> We found no substantial evidence that the United States was driven by imperialist motives—as the neo-Marxists would have us believe—to search for markets and raw materials—*i.e.*, profits—in Vietnam. Instead, we found a rich, generous, and powerful nation stumbling, step by downward step, into the longest, most costly, and most disruptive war Americans have ever fought, in the misguided belief that when things go wrong anywhere in the world the commitment of sufficient American dollars and—if need be—of American soldiers, must surely put them right.

—From "War Without Heroes"

They conclude:

> The inexorable progression—from Yankee Clipper to Yangtse gunboat to helicopter gunship—suggests that Vietnam was but a terrible moment in America's swashbuckling adventures in Asia. If we are to break that progression and avoid blundering into new Vietnams, Americans will have to re-examine many of their attitudes and assumptions about Asia—and the rest of the world, never forgetting that even the most powerful of nations can exhaust and discredit themselves by overspending their resources in a dubious cause.

Kalb and Abel trace the expansion of American influence across the Pacific, through Hawaii, Samoa, and Alaska to Japan, Korea, the Philippines, and China. Then they concentrate on Vietnam in the first decade following World War II, during the administrations of Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. "Ironically," the authors note, "it was Eisenhower, the peace President, having once refused to intervene militarily at the time of Dienbienphu [in 1954], who reached the conclusion five years later that the national interests of the United States were somehow at stake in South Vietnam. It remained for Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon to expand and then contract the limits of America's involvement."

The book presents ample evidence to show that what is now known as Vietnamization first took form at the urging of Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford in the waning days of the Johnson administration. But it also credits President Nixon with "winching down the war." The authors assert, correctly I believe, that "it is possible to see Vietnam today for the small, not very important, divided country in Southeast Asia that it is. The American people have been allowed to take a deep breath and to draw back from their narrow concentration on Vietnam, widening their view sufficiently to perceive and appreciate other national responsibilities."

Among the better passages of the book are those that shed new light on the months of February and March 1968, when the North Vietnamese Tet offensive led the Johnson administration to consider a quantum leap in the escalation of the war. Kalb and Abel cite the words and actions of General Earle G. Wheeler, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to show that the initiative for a proposed 206,000-man increase in American forces in Vietnam came from Washington, not from General William C. Westmoreland in Saigon. "It was a clear case of the Joint Chiefs using a popular commander to help them sell the President and the incoming Secretary of Defense [Clifford] on a new strategic posture for the United States—one that would go far beyond the predicted needs in Vietnam alone."

That intensely controversial proposal brought the doves in Washington flapping from their cotes, and set off a reaction which induced President Johnson to order a stand-down in the bombing of North Vietnam and, in effect, to abdicate from the Presidency.

Excellent as *Roots of Involvement* is, it has its faults. The subtitle is misleading, since the book is primarily about U.S. actions in Vietnam. Secondly, the authors disconcertingly fail to identify many of the persons named in the text, leaving the reader to wonder, "Who he?" Lastly, some errors in Asian history have crept in, but they would bother only the Asia buff.

None of these shortcomings, however, detract from the book's message. Kalb and Abel "feel that the United States will not turn its back on Asia even if it should manage in the near future to extricate itself from Vietnam. Those politicians, historians, and journalists who predict a retreat into isolation, in recoil from the agonies of Vietnam, seem to us mistaken. The United States, in our judgment, cannot be expected to abandon its interests in Asia and retreat to Waikiki. Too much American blood has been spilled, too much American treasure squandered, too many American dreams blasted."

As one whose own roots of involvement with Asia go back twenty years, and who deeply believes that America's best interests are served by an intelligent, sensitive, and constructive role in Asia, I fervently hope they are right.

Richard Halloran, a Washington correspondent for The New York Times, reported from Asia for five years. He is the author of "Japan: Images and Realities," published in 1969.

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From "Roots of Involvement"

Covering a European Investment

IT SEEMS CURIOUS that certain left-of-center critics (who showed little admiration for Dwight Eisenhower during his two-term Presidency) should now, in retrospect, credit him with a stubborn, enlightened refusal to take up the French colonial burden in Indochina. In fact, the United States started to pick up that burden more or less piecemeal during the predecessor administration of Harry Truman—a process that Eisenhower greatly expanded. The figures are instructive. As far back as 1951, when Truman sat in the White House and Dean Acheson presided over the Department of State, American aid to the French forces fighting in Indochina already exceeded a half-billion dollars a year. By the spring of 1954, with Eisenhower in office and John Foster Dulles in charge of the State Department, American aid for Indochina was running at $1,133,000,000, almost exactly one third of the total foreign-aid budget.

At that early stage there was no talk in Washington of a national commitment to Vietnam. The commitment was to France. Its prime justification was that the billions expended for European reconstruction through the Marshall Plan might be jeopardized if the French were left to pay the full cost of their own doomed war. In short, it was to protect a European investment amounting to many billions of dollars that the United States took its first steps toward military involvement in Southeast Asia. . . .

It was General Eisenhower, the peace President, who five years after the French defeat at Dienbienphu declared that the survival of an anti-communist régime in Saigon had become a matter affecting "our own national interests." His speech at Gettysburg College on April 4, 1959, was widely ignored at the time. More than anything said by his successors in later years, the Gettysburg speech fits the description of a national commitment, openly declared.

Raising the Ante

BY AN ACT OF OMISSION, Truman had not opposed, or questioned, the French return to Indochina; later, he helped them fight the Viet Minh with arms and money. . . . Kennedy appears to have acted out of a complex of factors: First, historical necessity, as he saw it. There was Khrushchev's threat to support all wars of national liberation, which in Kennedy's view required a tough, unflinching response. Second, as a Democrat, his party already saddled with the "loss of China," Kennedy felt the need to prevent, if he could, the loss of Vietnam and, should the domino theory prove valid, the loss of all Southeast Asia. (Oddly, no Democrat ever accused Eisenhower of having lost Cuba to communism. Eisenhower was a national hero; his reputation perhaps conferred a kind of immunity.) Third, the grip of the past was not easily broken. The United States had for fifteen years funneled increasing amounts of military assistance, economic succor, and blasts of high-powered official rhetoric into the effort to defeat communism in Indochina. It would have taken a supreme act of conviction for any new President to shut off the flow at a moment when the Viet Cong threat was rising. There is no solid unpartisan evidence that Kennedy ever considered a reversal of policy toward South Vietnam. Instead he raised the ante by ordering several thousand American advisers into Vietnam. Before the new President had completed his first year in office, one of the advisers had been killed. The spilling of American blood made it harder than ever to turn back.

Picking Up Political Chips

BY MID-JULY [1964] the rot in Saigon had gone so deep that [Roger] Hilsman's successor, William Bundy, McGeorge's elder brother, began to tinker with a draft of a Congressional resolution that would have sanctioned American military action against North Vietnam. One high official said: "The President knew he would have to take some kind of action against North Vietnam, enough to suggest that the ground rules governing the war up to that point might be changed; but he needed a reason, one he knew would be politically palatable."

The reason, or the pretext, presented itself, obligingly, on August 2. That day North Vietnamese gunboats fired on the U.S. destroyer *Maddox*, patrolling international waters in the Gulf of Tonkin. Whether the attack was premeditated—a naval Dienbienphu designed in the heat of a Presidential campaign to shatter morale in the United States—or whether it was provoked by recent South Vietnamese commando raids north of the 17th parallel, which had been carried out under the protective wing of *Maddox* and other American warships in the area, was not clear. . . .

On August 4, the North Vietnamese struck again—or, so it appeared to officials in Washington. Flash reports reached the Pentagon indicating that enemy gunboats had attacked not only *Maddox* but also *C. Turner Joy*, another destroyer which had been ordered to "cover" *Maddox* in the event of further trouble. According to senior Pentagon officials, one of the first reports said that more than twenty torpedoes had been fired at both *Maddox* and *C. Turner Joy*. This report infuriated [Lyndon Johnson], who wanted to show restraint but felt he dared not show weakness. He immediately ordered a retaliatory strike against several gunboat docks and "certain supporting facilities" in North Vietnam. His twofold purpose was to teach Ho a lesson and deprive Goldwater of a campaign issue. He also decided to explain his actions on nationwide television late that night, timing his appearance for the start of the air attacks. . . . A few hours before the broadcast, the Pentagon received late reports from the Gulf of Tonkin that cast considerable doubt upon the accuracy of the earlier reports, especially the one which had described an attack by "more than twenty torpedoes." Among these late reports was one suggesting that the skipper of *Maddox* might have exaggerated the scope of the "enemy attack." Another late report indicated that the sonar man, reading blips on the radar screen, had mistakenly assumed that some of the blips were approaching torpedoes when they might have been nothing more than the waves kicked up by the fast approaching *C. Turner Joy*. These late reports got through to McNamara and the President in time to call off the raids. But they chose to go ahead. At the time it seemed more important to retaliate against North Vietnam—and thus pick up several political chips—than to scrub the mission and double-check the facts.

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—From "War Without Heroes"

WAR WITHOUT HEROES

by David Douglas Duncan

Harper & Row, 252 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Morley Safer

■ The best thing about *War Without Heroes* is the title. David Douglas Duncan's photographs do not shock, nor do they illuminate. The text does not advance one's knowledge of Vietnam, of the war, or of the conflicts that beset the men fighting it. It is the kind of book that, had it been produced in those years of innocence before Vietnam, would have been a moving account of the United States Marine Corps fighting for the dignity of man. But here we see pictures of war without discrimination. They tell us less than the brief film excerpts included in the television newscasts. *War Without Heroes* is in fact no better and no worse than the divisional yearbooks that military units publish and sometimes pressgang the troops into buying.

I do not mean to suggest that as a photographer Mr. Duncan is not creative and courageous. His pictures from Khe Sanh, many of which appeared in *Life*, are vivid enough. But in a book one expects photographs and text to expand on the theme the title suggests. Instead, Mr. Duncan implies that every face we see is the face of a hero.

The volume will no doubt be of interest to the men who fought at Con Thien and Khe Sanh. For them it was St. Crispin's Day, but no American lies abed thinking himself accursed he was not there. The pictures — all in black and white—do not capture the feeling of Vietnam: their grittiness could reflect a foggy morning in Normandy or a bitter evening at Bastogne. Vietnam registers in the mind—or in nightmares—in a specific range of colors: dirty green body bags, red mud. They are not the muted colors of Western Europe.

Mr. Duncan seems most of all to enjoy the company of men in battle, in that state of mind which demands little from the individual but a predictable response to a particular crisis—cowardice or courage, but always fear and always the ultimate goal of survival. The particular nature of the Vietnam conflict and the hundreds of thousands of personal conflicts it has created among our troops there are ignored.

The author is an ex-Marine who feels duty-bound to chronicle the Marine Corps through all its travails. This is neither an honorable nor a dishonorable enterprise, but it does color Mr. Duncan's objectivity as reporter and photo-journalist. Thus we have a book that would perhaps have been a useful recruiting brochure in the good old days of a generation ago. Today it is a sad reminder of all our yesterdays.

Morley Safer, recipient of the Polk Overseas Press Club, Sigma Delta Chi, and Peabody awards, has been a Vietnam correspondent for CBS since 1964.

UNDER THE COLORS

by Milovan Djilas
translated from the Serbo-Croatian
by Lovett F. Edwards

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 557 pp., $9.75

Reviewed by Joseph Hitrec

■ During his recent visit to the United States as fellow of the Woodrow Wilson School of International Affairs, Milovan Djilas was presented by Freedom House with its Freedom Award. The citation read in part: "As man and writer, Djilas proves himself repeatedly to be cast in the heroic mold. . . ." The allusion was to his critique of the uses of Marxism in his own government, set out in crisp dialectical detail in the books *The New Class, Conversations with Stalin,* and *The Unperfect Society.*

For these, as the world knows, Djilas spent nearly ten years in Yugoslav jails. To have been a dedicated revolutionary, an aide and friend of Tito's, and for awhile one of the three most influential men in the postwar régime, and then to have chucked it all for a belief, seemed to indicate the kind of purity of purpose one associates with heroes. Djilas himself put it more simply in an interview with C. L. Sulzberger years later: "I was in a high position when I started to change my opinion, and I deliberately, consciously, got out of the seat of power."

Since then, Djilas has turned increasingly to fiction, producing *Montenegro, The Leper and Other Stories,* and now *Under the Colors.* In these books the connotation of "heroic mold" takes on a different dimension. Here the ideologue is notably absent, replaced by a bard—an updated *guslar* (medieval folk balladeer) celebrating the ancestral virtues of Europe's last surviving tribal society. *Under the Colors,* the author's most ambitious work of fiction, offers some fascinating clues to his excoriation of élitism and the "Mercedes complex" of the Belgrade *apparatchiki.* The novel deals with Montenegro's war of liberation against the Turks at the turn of the century, but the aspects of it that move Djilas to greatest eloquence and most engage his imagination are the simplicity, puritanical austerity, and stoic qualities of tribal life. Clearly, Djilas's heart is with his clans, and he identifies with their life-style. It takes no acuity to realize the affront that the ostentation of his colleagues back in the 1950s must have seemed to him, and to look there for the basic impulse behind *The New Class.*

Under the Colors is a prodigious book in many respects. It has something of the sweep of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* and as formidable a cast of characters. The narrative is a dense web woven from a great many individual lives and actions. It is unified, nevertheless, by the constant presence of the Radaks, an old mountain clan that exemplifies the vitality of the tribal microcosm, which for centuries has withstood history with an ethos of exclusiveness, tenacity, loyalty, and frugal self-sufficiency. Now, however, the Turkish sultan has signed a treaty with the Western powers, giving up his claim on Montenegro, and the Radaks, with their fellow clans, are caught between the authorities' foot-dragging and the local Turkish landowners who are determined to maintain the status quo. The strategy of the latter is to terrorize the clans and destroy their chieftains. Anto, prince of the Radaks, is lured to a Turkish fort, where he is tortured, castrated, and maimed for life. The grisly episode sums up the sheer horror of the situation.

Somehow, despite the odds, the Radaks go on, their continuity assured by the bedrock philosophy that as long as a single clan member is alive, all is not lost. Much the same is true of the other clans who, one after another,

(*Continued on page* 48)

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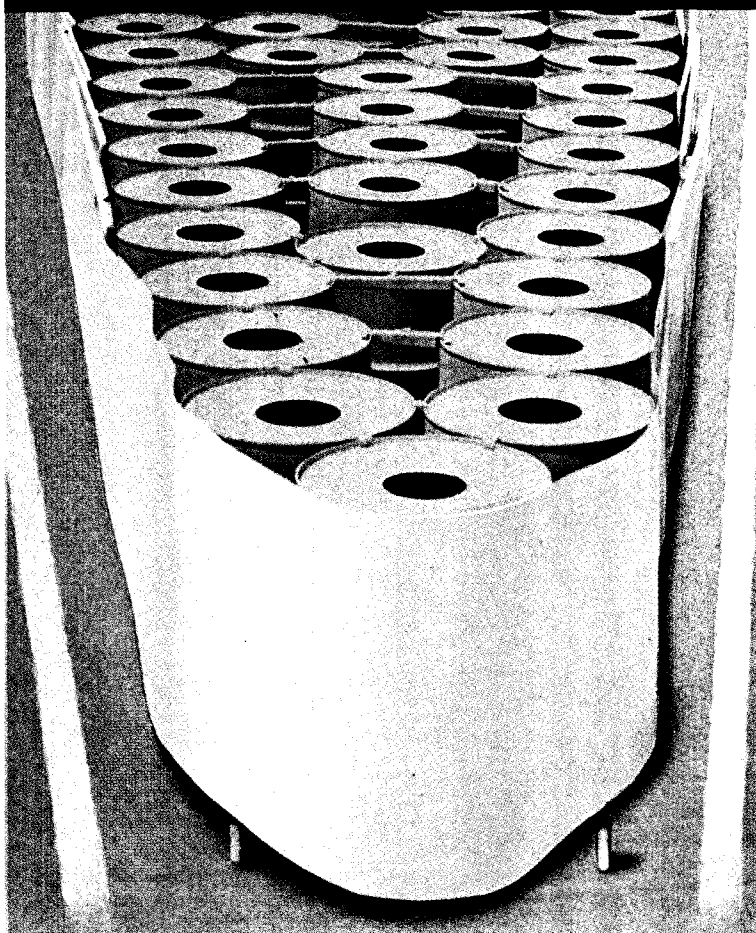

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tests, cars traveling at 60 m.p.h. were stopped with relatively little damage to the car, and none to the driver. Most of the cars, like this test car, were simply driven away.

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"Each in his own way"
Contemporary art with a common thought...flowers.
From the FTD Collection.

"Primavera" by John Clem Clarke. 1970: Oil on canvas 72" x 120". Clarke painted flowers in the tradition of mythology, and achieved an updated form of classical Renaissance style.

"Death in Treme" by Howard Kanovitz. 1970-71: Acrylic on canvas on wood 120" x 240" x 180". Kanovitz chose to combine painting, cut-outs, and space to tell his story of flowers and the color of a traditional New Orleans funeral.

Florists' Transworld Delivery Association

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"MF"

Continued from page 31

ship calling at Yarylyuk or elsewhere. Sometimes this author spurns the almighty here-and-now by voyaging into future time, as in *A Clockwork Orange* (1962) or *The Wanting Seed* (1962), sometimes by traveling into the past, as in *Nothing Like the Sun* (1964), sometimes by journeying to distant lands, as in *The Long Day Wanes* (1956-1959, Malay States) or *Honey for the Bears* (1967, Russia) or *Enderby* (1963, 1968, Morocco). Only once or twice, most notably in *The Right to an Answer* (1960), has he hung on through a whole novel to homely, familiar turf. Again, nothing is more commonplace in a Burgess book than elaborately staged confrontations of sleuth and quarry, in air that's abuzz with remembrances of Ian Fleming.

But the typicality of the eating-contest scene isn't primarily a matter either of geographical setting or "fit" with a genre. What counts about this gustatory go is that it occasions verbal fireworks—serves as a means by which the inexhaustible eccentricity, wit, brilliance, and absurdity of the human act of naming can be laid out in suggestive view. Here, as almost everywhere in the work of this comic inventor, the subject isn't creams, sauces, and liqueurs, or cops or spies or kids, but rather the endless fascination of nomenclature. A great ravager of word hoards, Burgess is forever pointing his mind toward situations of potential linguistic dazzle. He'll compose an entire novel in an invented language (*A Clockwork Orange*), or bend himself for weeks to an appreciation of the linguistic intricacies of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* (*Re Joyce*). And his preoccupation is steady, no mere affair of the once-and-again "tour de force," special "bit," or the like. The fact is that Anthony Burgess's obsession with the word seems the primary force shaping his fictional world.

The force is omnipresent in *MF*, Burgess's thirteenth and possibly wackiest novel. A first-person picaresque, *MF* tells of the trials of an incest-prone young man of vast linguistic talents. ("Oh, yes," as the publisher says, confirming what every student of subway signs must know, "MF means motherfucker.") Twenty-year-old Miles Faber is tired of college (SUNY at Stony Brook, sort of) and wants to leave the country for a remote Caribbean island, in order to pursue a vanished poet whose work intrigues him. Faber is to inherit a fortune in a month or so, if he accepts a marriage arranged for him by his dead father; the bride is an unknown Cantonese named Miss Ang.

—Mark Gerson

Anthony Burgess—"linguistic dazzle."

At length Faber brings off the trip—most of the book recounts his adventures on "Castita"—but only after learning that he is the product of an incestuous union, that he has a sister whom his guardians are terrified he'll meet and marry, and that these same guardians are ready at any moment to lay violent hands on him to prevent the latter disaster. As for the "adventures" on the Caribbean island:

> In two days in a strange country I've acquired a mother in the form of a Welsh-speaking Bird Queen who scares me. . . . I've spent some hours in prison, I've discovered the works of an unknown superlative artist in a garden shed, and I've been shot at by a riddling lionfaced expert on Bishop Berkeley. . . . Most interesting of all, I'm due tonight to be married by a circus clown to my own sister—whom I first heard of last Sunday and met in the flesh for the first time yesterday—and I have the problem of burying in this garden . . . a young man who is, was rather, my double. The only time for doing it is what the world would call my wedding night.

The reversals and astonishments of the "story" are intermittently amusing, and readers who have taken satisfaction hitherto in Burgess's power of representing a) the rock culture at its most asinine, and b) reclusive authors at their most fatuous will be gladdened by the news that this aptitude is once again on bright display. The Mick Jagger type who bore the name Yod Crewsy in *Enderby* plays the part of the narrator's double, and sounds like this: "Told my mam she ought to have her fucking eyes seen to, that's what I fucking said, man. And it's true, too, one of the fuckers anyway." The counterpart of Rawcliffe, the vanished poet in *Enderby*, is here named Sib Legeru.

But, to repeat, the chief continuity between this zany, slightly underworked novel and Burgess's previous works is the stance toward language itself—or, rather, the exploitation of language as a metaphor invaluable for illuminating human life-circumstances that otherwise never see light. At moments, it's true, Burgess's aspirations as a man of words seem conventional, powered by the traditional Conradian compulsion to "make us see." (Burgess is perfectly capable of requiring himself to show readers in a single phrase how the whiskey leaves the bottle ["Candle-lit gold belched into my glass"] or to recover a sense of place—often a place "neglected" by fictionists, as, for instance, an institutional men's john.) It's also true that the author's mockery of "solidity of specification" sometimes seems less an act of freedom than a sort of habitual incapacity to forgo exact labels—never a print dress appears without an account of its pattern ("variegated amethyst and bullock's heart fruit"). There are elements of Bondian one-upmanship in this writer's unrelenting determination to fiddle with exotic proper names—cigarettes (Dji Sam Soe, Sinjantin), whiskies (Claidheamh), cars (Harrap Inca), restaurants "The Pepeghelju").

And, it should be added, there's an emerging problem of repetition in this *oeuvre*. The Q. and A. session in *Tremor of Intent* seems functional:

> . . . he knew all the answers. Holy Cross Day? The festival of the exaltation of the Cross, September 14th. The year of the publication of *Hypatia*? 1853. The Mulready Envelope, The Morall Philosophie of Doni, the Ken-

WIT TWISTER #210

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He _ _ _ _ _ through this first draft. At last it's done!

Yet now it seems so _ _ _ _ _, he must destroy it.

He throws it on the shore, where in hot sun

The sand _ _ _ _ _ are quite welcome to enjoy it.

—MEDORA CARPENTER, Hollywood, Calif.

(Answer on page 80)

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nington Oval laid out in 1845, The White Doe of Rylstone, Markheim, Thrawn Janet, Wade's magic boat called Wingelock, Pontius Pilate's porter was named Cartaphilus the wandering Jew. When did Queen Elizabeth come to the throne? November, 1558. . . .

The counterpart in *MF* resembles filler:

> Encouraged now, louder-voiced members of the crowd put their questions: the first Morse message? (May 24, 1844); the Dunkirk evacuation? (June 3, 1940, anniversary of the death of Blood Circulation Harvey); the old name of Bulgaria's capital? (Sardica, Triaditza to the Byzantine Greeks); the twelfth wedding anniversary? (Silk and Fine Linen); the autobiographical synthesis of Che Guevara? (Born in Argentina, fought in Cuba, became a revolutionary in Guatemala); Death in the Afternoon? (champagne and pernod, well chilled), [and on and on for a page] . . .

Yet from none of this does it follow that, in the final sum, Burgess's ceaseless totting up of terms, continual verbal fidgeting, is pointless. The least that can be said for it is that it frequently offers lovely examples of human ingenuity. (If you need a word for legends about the timbre of saints' voices, you can roll out—if you're Anthony Burgess—a resonant "glossohagiographs." If you require a shorthand expression to describe *Hamlet* or Blake recited by talking birds, you can speak—if you're Burgess—of an "ornioanthology of familiar quotations.") And at its best the verbal fidgeting produces image after image of abundance. Granted, some of them are tiresome, "We passed from the world of commercial buildings—Pancarib Savebank, Yellowbird Assurance, Collembola Electrics, Springtide Sanitary Engineering, Rhabdos Housesoc and so on. . . ."). But more than a few are little triumphs of comic invention. Burgess comes up with a half-dozen titles for a collection of records: *Shove Up, The Scumsliders, Om and the Im, A Prayer to Black Hell, Stick and the Snatches*; and draws a funny magazine cover as well—"A girl screwing a complaisant kangaroo with a dildo.") At moments of comic crisis this man becomes a kind of poet of life-profusion. Witness these notes on a parade:

> . . . floats with young people's tableaux —The Jazz Age (Eton crops, Oxford bags, Noël Coward cigarette-holders, a horned gramophone), Prison Reform (lags drinking champagne with silk-stockinged wardresses on their knees), Castitan Agriculture (a papier-mâché cornucopia spilling bananas, pomelos, pineapples, corncobs, and jackfruit, with plumplimbed girls striking poses in the scanty garments of Ceres), The Fruits of Our Seas (Neptune and court with a huge netted catch, including a still-writhing octopus), Silent Movie Days (megaphoned director in knickerbockers, camera cranking, Valentino, Chaplin, etc.), God Bless His Excellency (blownup photograph of a fat handsome face with clever but insincere eyes, garnished with flags and saluting Ruritanian children) . . . a circus band ripping off a redhot march with glissading trombones . . . elephants . . . tumbling augustes and a couple of joeys banging drums . . . two lions in one cage and a tiger and tigress in another, a truck with a pair of performing seals, both balancing striped beachballs, and a lovely flight of white liberty ponies with their waving ballerina mistresses . . . a gaunt woman in a terracotta robe . . . around her head . . . fluttering birds, mynahs, parakeets, starlings . . . the Castitan football eleven [trotting] along, as in roadwork, in their orange and cream jerseys, their grinning captain bearing the silver trophy aloft like a monstrance. Cheer after cheer after . . . children with comic hats and false noses, blowing kazoos and raspberrying hooters, young guffawing men in jeans with iron crosses or swastikas dangling from their necks, giggling girls in white or yellow or duckegg blue. . . . —*MF*

But, says a critical voice, what's the use of it, pray? "An image of abundance"—what possible claim can be made for such a thing? Give us the meaning, if you can or will. Burgess warns the reader against pressing too hard for answers to such questions.

> Don't try distilling a message from it, not even an espresso cupful of meaningful epitome or a Sambuca glass of abridgment, *con la mosca*. Communication has been the whatness of the communication. For separable meaning go to the professors, whose job it is to make a meaning out of anything. . . .

And early on he teases his own "nonprofessional" audience, reminding them of their fundamental frivolity:

> . . . you the reader . . . what, incidentally, are you like? Yawning and idle, looking for a *good read*; have you picked this idly from a public library shelf or remainder table or barrowload of dogeared joblot hasbeens and followed distractedly, with an apple or a cigarette or/and casual puttings down and taking up, certainly with detachment, this dripping of the heart's blood . . .?

Implicit in his usual tone is a warning that we would be wrong to regard

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

PARTICIPIAL

Correctly completing each verse with one of the words in Column 2—such is the challenge being imposed by Mabel D. Steinle of Racine, Wis. And then how about trying for extra credit by picking the corresponding poets? For checking your answers, we suggest turning to page 62.

1. I set her on my . . . steed ( )	A. darkening	a. Coleridge
2. The . . . pines and the hemlocks ( )	B. drooping	b. Donne
3. Sounded the tread of . . . feet ( )	C. dying	c. Dryden
4. We've each a . . . hill to climb ( )	D. fading	d. T. S. Eliot
5. On the bosom of the . . . air ( )	E. falling	e. Gray
6. Brushed with the hiss of . . . wings ( )	F. glittering	f. Herrick
7. And keep my . . . eyelids open wide ( )	G. loving	g. Keats
8. . . . stars attend thee ( )	H. marching	h. Longfellow
9. Go and catch a . . . star ( )	I. moping	i. Milton
10. Under the twinkle of a . . . star ( )	J. murmuring	j. Poe
11. Bold, cautious, true, and my . . . comrade ( )	K. pacing	k. E. A. Robinson
12. He holds him with his . . . eye ( )	L. palpitating	l. Shakespeare
13. Whose dirge is whispered by the . . . lute ( )	M. rustling	m. Tennyson
14. The . . . owl does to the moon complain ( )	N. shooting	n. Whitman
15. Come from the . . . moon, and blow ( )	O. warbling	o. Whittier

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him as a master of moral intricacy, or a subtle psychological investigator, or a comprehensive imaginer of deep souls. Doubtless the self-estimate is sound.

Yet in the end a meaning does turn up. At a key moment in *MF* the hero speaks strongly for "a return to the total variousness of life against which" he and his double "are blaspheming." And for Anthony Burgess there appears no better way to touch that variousness than through the spectacle of our incredible power to put the world in words. So many names, so infinitely many names: this is the forbidden distilled "message." By means of it the novelist is telling his reader that the world is richer than our attachment to place, personal primacy, or native tongue lets us believe. Mocking our narrowness with torrential fluencies, multiplicities beyond numbering, he stands forth as a kind of literary Adam, showing us God's plenty as a flood of names. Writers with this sense of priority don't often rate with the true masters. The latter are likely to say, as Turgenev did, "Don't worry about words; if you want to know my stories, know my things." But one lesson of the words, as Burgess tells it, is that there's room here for everybody, lesser artists with the great. And about that the man is as right as rain.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1443

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1443 will be found in the next issue.

T QFE'G YRR NUL CEL DCE

NUF JRPTRMRY TE DRQRITER

NFHPQ YUL CG GUR SCTGU

IHWR.

—STEPRL XRGRW QHEER

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1442

Love pleases more than marriage, for the reason that romance is more interesting than history.

—NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Books for Oaxaca

DURING A RECENT VISIT in Mexico I was informed that children are not required to attend classes beyond the sixth grade. Consequently, schools for the youth over twelve years are not provided in quantity and quality as they are for the younger age group.

A second discovery was the absence of free public lending libraries in the towns visited. Thus, there is a lack of educational challenge and opportunity for self-improvement for the twelve-to-eighteen-year-olds outside the cities. A notable exception was found at Oaxaca with its bilingual free library founded by Marjorie Rouillon.

Originated about five years ago with a gift of 600 books from an American visitor, the library now contains over 6,500 volumes. Books in English are donated by local friends, and Spanish-language encyclopedias and reference materials are purchased with donated funds. Newspapers and magazines, including *SR*, are contributed by American residents. Subsisting without government support, staffed with an unpaid force of six women, the library is located centrally in Oaxaca and serves all residents.

The demand for additional material in either language is growing ever stronger. *SR* readers with excess books in Spanish or English, suitable for the mental improvement and development of deserving young people, might wish to send them to this library. Those interested should write to Mrs. Marjorie Rouillon, APDO Postal 105, Oaxaca, Oaxaca, Mexico.

STERLING CLEMENTS,
Cleveland, O.

Marie Antoinette's Lady-in-Waiting

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST the review by Wayne Andrews of the new translation of *Memoirs of Madame de La Tour du Pin* [*SR*, Feb. 6]. That book, originally filling two sizable volumes, which must have represented a colossal effort of memory, not to mention the actual labor of setting it down on paper, is a fascinating personal record of an exciting time in history. To my disappointment, very little of its content or color is reflected in this review.

There is no mention of the fact that in her teens Henriette-Lucie was a lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette; that she was in close touch with many of the leading figures of that day, and that she describes life at the court and the subsequent social and political upheaval of the Revolution in vivid detail. There is not a hint of what she endured during the Terror, a good deal of which time she had to be separated from her husband, nor of the courage and sheer stamina which carried her through. She bore one of her children in hiding, "practically at the foot of the scaffold," as she put it. And before she and the marquis were able to be reunited and escape in a small Boston-bound ship, she lived alone with her little son and baby daughter in a house before which the tumbrels passed daily to the guillotine, and listened in constant fear to the roll of drums that marked each execution.

LAURA E. BURDICK,
Troy, N.Y.

As-salaam Alaikum

IT APPEARS from three letters in BOOK FORUM March 6 that anti-Semitism is once again an acceptable form of racist hatred, only this time the culprits, rather than confessing outright their hatred for Jews, seek to play word-games, venting their venom not on "Jews" but "Zionists," as if anybody is fooled, or by playing around with "Semite" and "anti-Semitism," as if the thrice-thwarted and still often-proclaimed efforts of Arabs to exterminate three million Jews can be hidden behind the etymological curiosities of the word "anti-Semitism."

TZVI LANGERMANN,
Brookline, Mass.

LINDA BISER [BOOK FORUM, Mar. 6] makes the common mistake of classifying the Arabs as Semites. Even the Arabs have, in general, been miseducated into believing they are descendants of Abram (Abraham).

The Arabs are not Semites but Hamites. Racially they are of the same stock as the ancient, pyramid-building Egyptians and other early peoples.They are descendants of an old Aryan nation which, about 8,000 B.C., inhabited the extreme south of the Oranian plateau. Their descendants were later known to Herodotus and others of his time as the Ethiopians. They were, indeed, the ancient Ethiopians (not the mixture of Negro and others of today), the ancient Egyptians, and related early peoples. In sum, the Arabs are not only not Semites (if that term is confined to the Khibiru or ancient Hebrews) but Aryans. Their ancestors built Joppa and other walled cities centuries before the Khibiru, crossing the Tigris westward, appeared on the Babylonian Plain, and settled near Ur of the Aryan Chaldeans (from south Arabia).

EMIL KNUTZNER,
Germantown, Pa.

Free Press

YOUR EDITORIAL-REVIEW of the Lyle Stuart publication *The Anarchist Cookbook* [*SR*, Mar. 6] confirms my decision to renew, renew my *SR* subscription!

When I saw the publication notice of this vile mistreatment of free press I was enraged but felt powerless to take any action. Your editorial has delighted me as an example of responsible publishing; thank you for speaking out!

MICHELE MURDOCK,
New York, N.Y.

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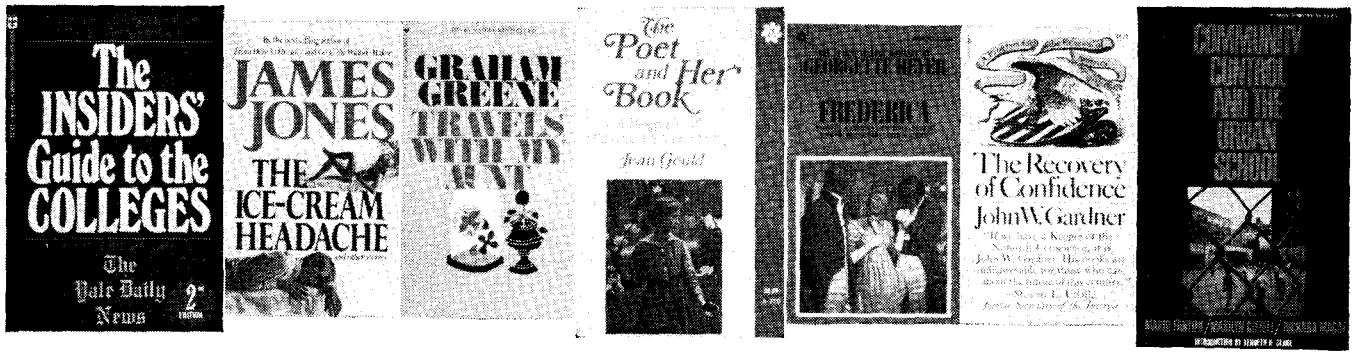

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

"It's astonishing how many people feel a loss of a sense of community," John W. Gardner remarked in his Washington office. "Whenever I travel around the country," he continued, "I meet all kinds of people—housewives, executives—who tell me how separate they feel from the institutions, both corporate and governmental, that govern their lives. People have lost control of the vast and invisible processes that govern their lives, and now they want to regain control." In answer to this widespread dissatisfaction Gardner, who is director of the new and increasingly powerful citizens' lobby called Common Cause, wrote *The Recovery of Confidence* (Pocket Books, $1.25), in which he poses some questions and answers for concerned Americans. "A nation," writes Gardner, "can die of old age, not chronological so much as psychological old age—a waning of energy, an incapacity to learn new ways."

One of the best prescriptions for the revival of a flagging national spirit seems to be Common Cause, founded six months ago. Its membership goal of 100,000 at the end of the first year has already been passed. Though some members do no more than contribute their $15 dues, others really want to participate by making their opinions felt in every group with which they deal, whether union or church. "We concern ourselves with specific battles on specific battlegrounds," explained Gardner. "Our focus is upon immediate action." However, when the issues of the citizens' lobby are seniority in Congress or campaign spending, the effects are far-reaching. "Take seniority, for instance. It is the linchpin of our Congressional structure and permits the domination of Congress by men from safe, one-party states. If we can alter this, we will change the entire power structure of Congress."

Gardner's own personal energies and enthusiasms seem limitless. He remains the quintessential public servant after a lifetime of directing and advising everything from the United Nations and the Carnegie Corporation to Presidents of the United States. A Californian by birth and education (he has a Ph.D. from the University of California and has taught psychology), a Republican by choice, he served on an educational task force for President Kennedy and, in fact, edited Kennedy's book *To Turn the Tide*. In 1963 Gardner became Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and, when he resigned five years later, editorials across the country mourned the Cabinet's loss of this extraordinarily dedicated man. He wasn't out of action long though, for he next headed the National Urban Coalition, which was trying to solve the major problems confronting the cities.

Now, nearing sixty, Mr. Gardner has undertaken a new project. "I couldn't sleep for awhile at the beginning. I knew it was the most extraordinary risk. But I sat down and wrote out the announcement for Common Cause, and it's just gone like wildfire." Why has he involved himself once more in a rigorous and demanding enterprise? "Maybe I did it for the same reason that other people want to join Common Cause. They want to be at the heart of the most exciting issues of our day. I guess everyone wants a piece of the action."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

One rather flamboyant reviewer called John Fowles's *The French Lieutenant's Woman* (Signet, $1.50) "a Victorian novel no Victorian would have written," which is surprisingly accurate, for the author, with his leisurely digressions and wonderful asides to the "gentle reader," does remarkably evoke that past century smoldering in its own hypocrisy. But beneath it all—or perhaps above it—pulses an intensely romantic story, and that, we all know, is what made the novel such a rousing best seller.

There's no surging love story in *Mr. Sammler's Planet* (Fawcett, $1.25), only Saul Bellow's philosophical speculations through the person of Artur Sammler. An aging survivor of Europe's wars, Sammler reflects on the human condition in the intellectual tranquillity of Manhattan's West Side and in the public library. No, the novel, which won for Mr. Bellow his third National Book Award, isn't romantic; only, in its fashion, brilliant.

Graham Greene, of all unlikely writers, gets plain silly in *Travels with My Aunt* (Bantam, $1.50). A lot of people liked this novel about an effete bachelor who gets dragged by his seventy-five-year-old "aunt" (who turns out to be his mother) on smuggling high jinks from Istanbul to Paraguay, but I could scarcely raise a smirk.

Richard Yates, who wrote *Revolutionary Road*, one of the best contemporary novels about the suburban scene, narrows his focus in *A Special Providence* (Dell, 95¢) onto a strong-willed woman and her only son. Unfortunately, for all its perceptions of human relationships, the book remains a shrewd character study rather than a full-bodied novel.

In *Frederica* (Avon, 75¢) the title character, one of Georgette Heyer's more adorable heroines, takes her younger sister to London for the social season, where she considers herself too long of tooth to be more than an escort (she's twenty-four, but then, this was Regency England). However, the aging chaperone has some fun, as will the reader. Though *Frederica* is a reissue, we wanted to be certain no loyal Heyer fan missed it.

Some admiring critic once called R. K. Narayan "the Jane Austen of India," a remark just odd enough to be memorable. Certainly, he is one of India's best writers and one of the few known to Westerners. Both *The Vendor of Sweets* (Avon, $1.45) and *Swami and Friends* (Fawcett, 75¢) are set in Malgudi, that mythical city in southern India where, despite all the jasmine and incense, Narayan's characters ex-

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perience the same human joys and griefs found anywhere else.

New and noted: Of three collections of short stories that are wildly diverse let's begin with Ray Bradbury's forays into outer space, *I Sing the Body Electric!* (Bantam, 95¢), which are perfectly zingy all the way. Next is E. M. Forster's *The Eternal Moment and Other Stories* (Harvest, $1.85), six tales dealing with the supernatural, science fiction, and, in the best (the title story), an Englishwoman's return to Italy. And, finally, we have James Jones's *The Ice-Cream Headache and Other Stories* (Dell, 95¢), early fictions (some from the Forties) that only serve to reinforce the conviction that Jones must surely be the most graceless writer around. Example: "At the time I believed with Hemingway that one should not point one's story points up." Get the point?

Literary Lives

"He had wanted to be so good, so shining, so flashing, such a proud exotic animal—he had had all these things, nearly had them, had his hands around them, had fondled them. . . . And then it had all begun to go." And so Michael J. Arlen's memoir of his father, author of the Twenties' best seller *The Green Hat*, portrays mostly a downhill slide, as the glories of Riviera villas, gleaming cars, and dazzling company faded into years of nonproductivity and ill health. Subtle and beautifully written, *Exiles* (Pocket Books, $1.25) is a fragile remembrance of a past and a presence.

Another glittering figure of the Twenties was Edna St. Vincent (for the hospital where she was born) Millay, a slender, delicate redhead who seemed to embody all that was poetic in her era. She began her long poem *Renascence* when she was eighteen, and went on to hold court for such admirers as Max Eastman, Witter Bynner, and Edmund Wilson, who wrote in his novel *I Remember Daisy* that she "exalted every impulse, and made dramatic every relationship" to the point where "neither happiness nor drama could endure." In *The Poet and Her Book* (Apollo, $2.50) Jean Gould captures the essence of Miss Millay's life and her work.

Olivia Coolidge's *Edith Wharton 1862-1937* (Scribners, $2.75) depicts the novelist as a woman possessed by writing, who wrote almost despite her monied, aristocratic background. She was both part of her Boston-Newport-Paris scene and its dispassionate observer, as when she once said that in Boston she was thought to be too fashionable to be intelligent, whereas New Yorkers thought her too intelligent to be fashionable. Some of the best sections of the book deal with Miss Wharton's friendship with Henry James, who referred to this imposing, tough-minded realist as "the angel of devastation."

Schooldays

Judging from the quantity and the intensity of works on the subject, Americans care profoundly these days about the improvement of education. In *Radical School Reform* (Clarion, $2.95) editors Ronald and Beatrice Gross have brought together persuasive writings by such foremost thinkers and doers on the education scene today as Paul Goodman, Sylvia Ashton-Warner, Jonathan Kozol, Kenneth Clark, and A. S. Neill. Some of the problems examined are the limits of freedom, ghetto schooling, and "the suburban school nightmare," of which Jules Henry writes: "School is indeed a training for later life not because it teaches the 3 Rs (more or less), but because it instills the essential cultural nightmare fear of failure, envy of success, and absurdity."

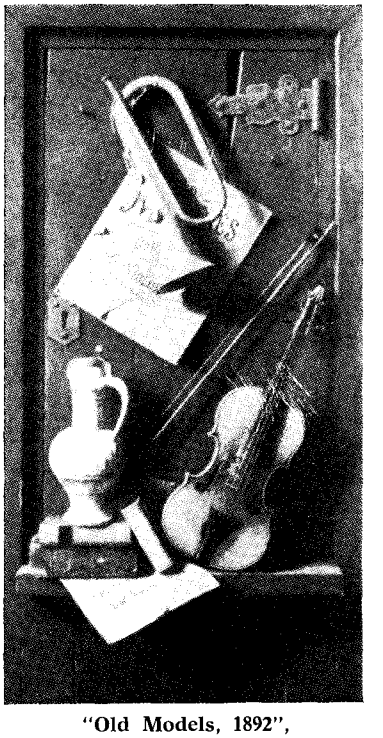
Community Control and the Urban School (Praeger, $3.45), by Mario Fantini, Marilyn Gittell, and Richard Magat, looks back to the 1960s when decentralization of schools got rolling, thus giving the neighborhood a voice in the education of its children. Though the dramatic test came in New York City, the fight is a long way from over. This tough-minded study nails both the problems and the possibilities.

A hard-core, practical guide, *How to Change the Schools* (Vintage, $2.95), by Ellen Lurie, is intended not for educators but for parents. She tells how to discover what's going on beneath the surface at school; how to find out what one's children are actually studying and why; how to evaluate teachers and what to do about it if they are found lacking; how to organize against an often unwieldy school system.

So much for the practicalities of infighting. Harold Taylor's *Students Without Teachers* (Avon, $1.45) is a theoretical, thoughtful discussion of the whys of student rebellion. For Taylor, the crisis in the university has been caused by an atmosphere of neglect, which has forced students to turn increasingly to one another for support and guidance. And unless the universities seriously re-evaluate their relationship with and relevance to today's youth, the unrest on campuses to date will be only the beginning.

It takes just a glance at the best-seller list, headed by Yale professors Erich Segal and Charles Reich, to note that New Haven is where it's at. Now John Hersey, who recently retired after five years as master of Yale's Pierson College, has written his *Letter to the Alumni* (Bantam, $1.25), which is not only a personal hail-and-farewell, but also a highly perceptive account of the climate and events that led to that momentous May Day.

The Insiders' Guide to the Colleges (Berkley, $1.95), written by some of those smart Yalies at *The Yale Daily News*, is completely likable and possibly even helpful. Ranging from Prestige Schools to Hard Playin', Hard Drinkin', Hard Lovin' Southern Schools, the compendium answers, say the editors, "everything you always wanted to ask the interviewers but didn't dare." Of Harvard: "Everyone who has a chance to go to Harvard goes anyway, so there isn't much point in saying much about it." Of Princeton: They still want "a rounded, total man (translate as vaguely smart jock with wealthy parents)." Girls' schools are not slighted: "If Sweet Briar had an SDS, it would probably campaign for Nelson Rockefeller."



"Old Models, 1892", by William Harnett

The nostalgia for the American past has aroused a fresh interest in artists of earlier times. Barbara Novak's large, handsome *American Painting of the Nineteenth Century: Realism, Idealism, and the American Experience* (Praeger, $5.95) focuses upon particular artists, such as Washington Allston, William Harnett, and Thomas Eakins. Balancing text and reproductions remarkably well, the author discusses both the painter and his works against a complex background of changing cultural history.

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HAITI:
The Politics of Squalor

by Robert I. Rotberg
with Christopher K. Clague

Houghton Mifflin, 456 pp., $10

Reviewed by Harold Lavine

■ To say that there is not much new in *Haiti: The Politics of Squalor* is in no way to detract from the book. Little ever changes in that country, and then usually for the worse—only slightly, however, since nothing in Haiti could possibly get much worse.

What Robert L. Rotberg has done, with the assistance of Christopher K. Clague and the Twentieth Century Fund, is to put the Haiti of today into the context of the Haiti of yesterday, thus making understandable the dictatorship of Dr. François Duvalier. Of the evils of that dictatorship we already know enough; countless reporters have told us about them. Professor Rotberg exposes the naïveté of the typical attitude toward "Papa Doc." He shows that Duvalier is not an aberration but the inevitable product of a tortured people and its tortured history. No one can quarrel with the author when he writes:

> Duvalier and Duvalierism, the violence, the corruption, the poverty, the hopelessness, and even the absurdity of a recurrent budget of between $33- and $40-million . . . which is devoted almost entirely to salaries and wages—40,000 of the 100,000 nominally employed in Haiti work for the government—fit securely in the framework of Haiti's past and rest upon the psychological bases of the nation.

These psychological bases were laid in the eighteenth century, when Haiti was called Saint-Domingue. It was France's richest colony and the wealthiest European outpost in the Western Hemisphere. In 1767 it exported seventy-two million pounds of raw sugar, fifty-one million pounds of white sugar, one million pounds of indigo, two million pounds of cotton, and large amounts of coffee, tobacco, cocoa, rum, molasses, and hides to France, the United States, and Jamaica. The economy was based on African slaves, who came from dozens of tribes and regions and had nothing in common, not even language. They were a fragmented people, and the French kept them not only fragmented but in abject ignorance. Some mulattoes acquired freedom and even wealth, but they were treated by the white colonials as subhuman, fit only to borrow money from.

Eventually the blacks and the mulattoes revolted. In the wars that followed they repaid bestiality with bestiality. They wiped out the French and devastated the countryside, and when Saint-Domingue finally became Haiti in 1804, the once-rich colony was a wasteland.

No one remained who had the knowledge or the ability to rebuild the country. There was no sense of nationhood or even of community: the Haitians were the ultimate individualists, each family an island unto itself. Geography was a further barrier; Haiti is a jumble of mountains and, since the roads had fallen into disrepair, people lived in isolated pockets, unable to communicate with each other. The ex-slaves carved up the great estates into small farms. Production dwindled to a subsistence level, and has remained there ever since.

Some of the early dictators attempted to restore the economy, notably Henri Christophe, who committed suicide in 1820 when faced with revolt. But Haiti soon slipped into the pattern of stagnation that conditioned its politics until the rise of Duvalier. Essentially, it was the politics of predators who ruled by terror, with power and plunder as their only objects.

Dictator followed dictator with nothing changing but the name. Duvalier scarcely differs from his predecessors except in one respect: he has a fuller understanding of how to use terror, realizing the necessity for intimidating one's friends as well as one's enemies.

Rotberg will not concede that the situation is hopeless, but the conclusion is almost impossible to avoid. Haiti cannot have a decent government until her people raise their standards of living and literacy and develop a sense of social responsibility. And they cannot do this without a decent government. Thus the odds are overwhelming that the Haiti of today and yesterday will be the Haiti of tomorrow.

Harold Lavine, who covered the Cuban revolution for Newsweek, has reported extensively on the West Indies.

THE QUEST FOR CHANGE IN LATIN AMERICA:
Sources for a Twentieth-Century Analysis

edited by W. Raymond Duncan and James Nelson Goodsell

Oxford, 562 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Dan Kurzman

■ In few areas of the world is feudalism so deeply entrenched as in Latin America, with its caudillos, oligarchs, and semi-serfs. Yet few regions have bred more political and cultural leaders devoted to revolution. The trouble is, perhaps, that there have been too many such leaders, all in conflict with each other over the true path of revolution. Also, too many have attempted to superimpose their revolutionary concepts, often demagogically populist in nature, on the anachronistic political and social traditions they have claimed to oppose. In other words, the revolutionaries have simply tried to "modernize" the intrinsic evils of their society rather than to stamp them out.

As a result, until recently the spirit of revolution has seldom reached down to the grass roots; and when it has, as in Mexico and Bolivia, many people have become disillusioned, finding themselves not much better off than in prerevolutionary days.

Still, the present ferment in Latin America has its source in decades of revolutionary ideas espoused by men who were far ahead of their time, by Latin standards, despite their often limited vision. *The Quest for Change in Latin America,* therefore, is a most valuable background book for readers who wish to understand the roots of the current unrest. The editors, W. Raymond Duncan and James Nelson Goodsell, present the views of the various revolutionaries, from José Martí to Eduardo Frei in their own words, prefaced by notes analyzing the various doctrines with profound insight.

The passionate, sometimes flowery phrases of the revolutionary leaders give a new dimension to the troubles that beset Latin America and threaten to explode into new violence and political chaos. This is a book for thoughtful people, for people willing to face the fact that traditional United States policy in Latin America, imperialistic at worst, paternalistic at best, has helped to drive the Latin people to the brink of desperation, and in at least two countries—Cuba and Chile—has pushed them over the edge.

Dan Kurzman is the author of "Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned" and "Genesis 1948."

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Criminal Record

Fact

A Percentage of the Take. *By Walter Goodman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* $6.95. "I didn't know the rules" was the comment of James L. Marcus, New York City's Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, on the events that sent him to prison in 1968. It is a fascinating and frightening statement, with the implication of sorrow at failing in a game so many play successfully rather than regret for criminal activity. This is the tone that infuses Mr. Goodman's story of the rise and fall of Marcus, whose only credentials for appointment seem to have been his marriage to a daughter of John Davis Lodge, former governor of Connecticut, and his friendship with John Vliet Lindsay, mayor of New York City. The most interesting member of the huge cast is Herbert Itkin, who called himself a labor lawyer and claimed connections with both the CIA and FBI. He was Marcus's partner in the stock-market adventures that ultimately undid Marcus.

The Alvin Karpis Story. *By Alvin Karpis with Bill Trent. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan.* $6.95. Robbing banks and kidnaping were his specialties, and in his prime time—the 1930s—Alvin "Old Creepy" Karpis was Public Enemy Number One and knew many of the underworld élite of the day. All things considered, his first-person story should keep you glued to your seat. It doesn't, and one can only guess at the reason. I suspect it is more fun to read third-person accounts of criminals and what they did than to have them tell you about it.

Fiction

The Underground Man. *By Ross Macdonald. Knopf.* $5.95. Detective Lew Archer is back, and if you have ever read one of Mr. Macdonald's books about him you know what joyous news that is. This time the marvelously tantalizing pieces of the puzzle include a man who has been searching the past for the father who deserted him, a boy who is taken away on a yacht by two troubled teen-agers, and a forest fire that threatens a California town. As both mystery and novel the book succeeds at a level to make any author proud.

The Fools in Town Are on Our Side. *By Ross Thomas. Morrow.* $6.95. Fresh out of an American intelligence agency,

(*Continued on page* 51)

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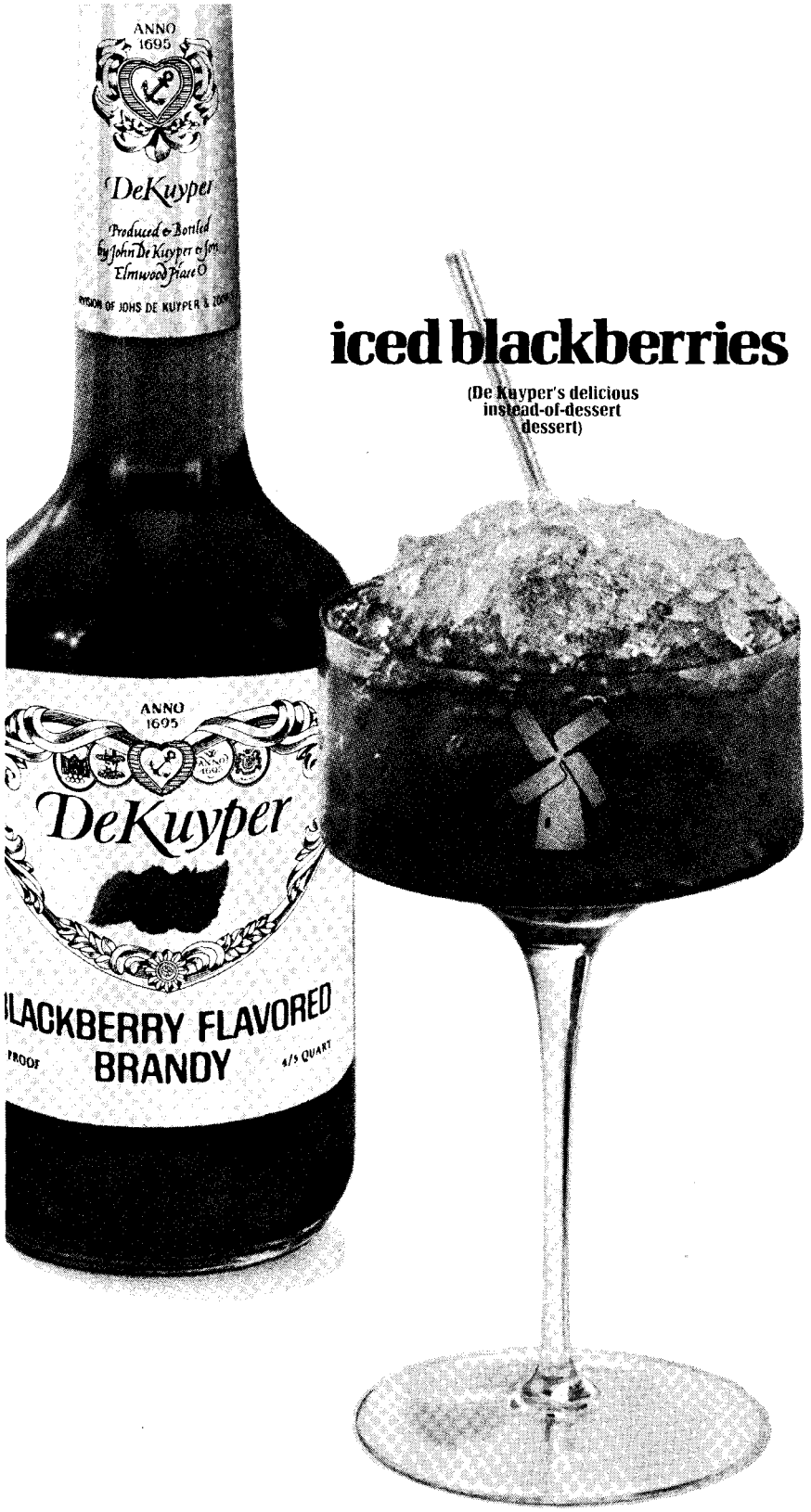

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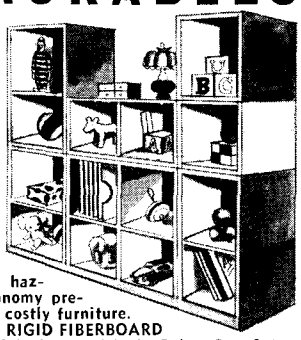

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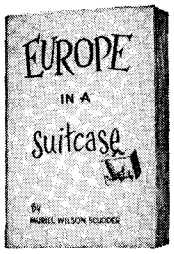

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"Under the Colors"

Continued from page 34

mobilize against the berserk enemy. Soon the villages are deserted and an army of irregulars is massing in the woods for the final confrontation. The battle is fought in the valley of Plav; the Turks are defeated, and Montenegro joins other Balkan countries that have won independence from the Ottoman Empire. This is the historical framework of Djilas's story, the background of his canvas.

For the foreground he stays close to the Radaks and their in-laws and friends from other clans. He also crosses into the Turkish camp and there looks at the reverse of the picture. He does so in human terms, through the minds and emotions of particular individuals. The result is a field of vision crowded with action and character insight that again prompts one to describe Djilas as a writer of natural epic breadth. Partisan though he is, he does not romanticize. The heroic Radaks are also killers, adulterers, and impetuous breakers of their own taboos: honor often takes second place to an impromptu tumble in the hay. The love triangle between Obrad, Radusa, and young Rade Radak captures both the abandon of youthful passion and the glory of a fragrant mountain summer. Scenes such as these exude a sensuous power one would not expect from the author of *Conversations with Stalin*—proving, among other things, that the artist and the dialectician need not be mutually exclusive.

Lovett Edwards's fine translation, which reproduces the ample rhythms of Djilas's language and the brooding spirit of the narrative, is an achievement in its own right. To the reader who has come to feel that the world has grown too complex for the writer and that ambiguity is the only possible approach to it, *Under the Colors* may be an occasion for re-examining that assumption. The novel is about the basics of existence; it turns the eye inward, restoring our appreciation of what is unique and irreducible in the human experience. It is also a reminder of how far our humanistic imagination has contracted since the death of the epic tradition in the West.

Joseph Hitrec is a prize-winning novelist and short-story writer.

THE BUSHWHACKED PIANO

by Thomas McGuane

Simon & Schuster, 220 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by J. D. O'Hara

■ Here's another novel about a crazy young man who leaves home, woos his girl away from her conventional parents, and sets off with enormous energy and an oddball job, only to end up all alone. The novelistic status quo, in short. Given all those predecessors, what can you say about a twenty-five-year-old boy who survives?

Lots, as it turns out—most of it funny, some of it eloquent, and all of it fast-moving and inventive. In our

"Oh my gosh! Now they too can walk upright."

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time all young men's biographies, real or feigned, derive mainly from Joyce and Hemingway. Thomas McGuane's is feigned and mainly far from plain. In this, his second novel (*The Sporting Club* was first), a quondam duck hunter and wanderer named Nick Payne (aha, Papa!) fights shy of his family and his society, tells his mother, "I have to keep on the *qui vive* for spiritual opportunity," and takes as his motto *non serviam* ("my coat-of-arms shows a snake dragging his heels"). Aha, *ancora!*

Okay, so Nick's the conventional Ernestly reJoycing rebel against the stereotyped Establishment who runs off with his girl and a weirdo, amid an almost cricketlike creaking of coincidence. That's fine; you won't mind it at all; the writing is delightful. Nick's conventionally conventional father demonstrates the predictable generation gaposis, for instance, but what grand lines he's given, as when he sums up his son's "absurd voyages around the country in motorcycles and trash automobiles" as "the Rand McNally approach to self-discovery." And Nick's girl's father's (try it again, slowly) Nick's girl's father's an equally tough old buzzard. At one point his fierce ranch foreman snarls at him, "No one talks to me that way," only to get the rather absent-minded reply, "Oh, of course they do. Now saddle the horse."

Beside such solid characters McGuane's main weirdo looks kind of pale, though he has some fine qualities. Named C. J. Clovis, he is a former fat man, slimmed down by diet and amputation, who is the batty founding father of Savonarola Batworks, Inc. With his sagging flesh and his mechanical limb he looks "like a corncrib under a tarpaulin"—or, though McGuane is too delicate to say so, like one of his own pet bats. Clovis and Payne and Payne's girl Ann (a fine character until sandbagged by the exigencies of the plot) take us on the customary whirlwind tour of America and lead us to the customary conclusion. Early on, Payne drops a briefcase through a bank skylight. "A file clerk looked up at him through the hole. And Payne saw that it was better to be looked up at through the hole, crazy as you were, than to be the file clerk looking." The rest of the novel is devoted to supporting that thesis, and because McGuane has a superb eye and ear for the world's crazies and file clerks, it supports that thesis very well indeed.

But remember when a happy ending meant money, a job, family recognition, marriage, and a secure place in society? Ah, the good old days.

J. D. O'Hara teaches English at the University of Connecticut.

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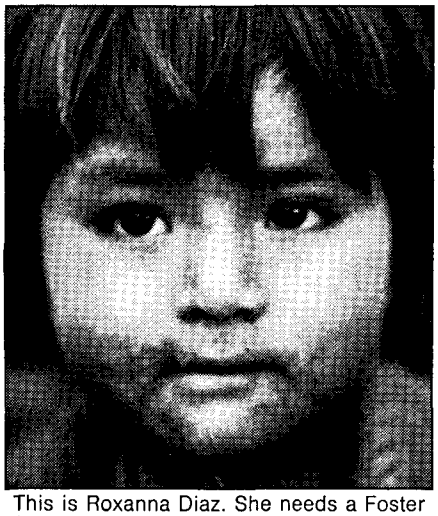

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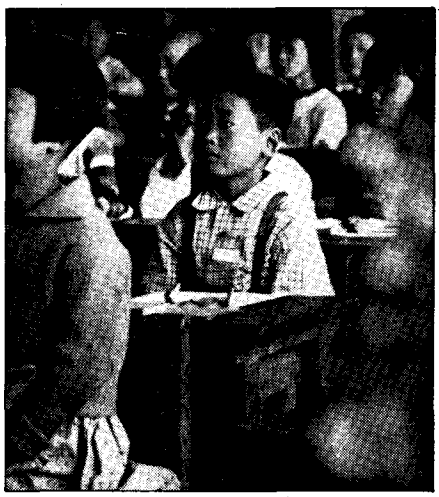
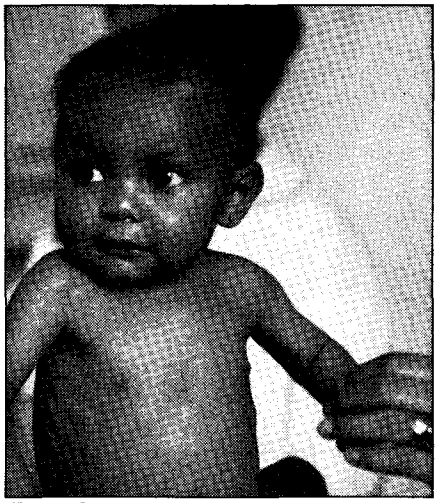


The Foster Parents of this child know that without their contribution of $16 a month Kang Choong, his brothers and sisters might never have gone to school.

This child's Foster Parents have given her mother someone to turn to for guidance, to teach her a trade and help her escape the endless trap of poverty.



Elana Castilla and her family would probably never see a doctor. Never receive the medical care, health counseling and vitamins they need to survive.

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When someone somewhere cares, someone somewhere survives.

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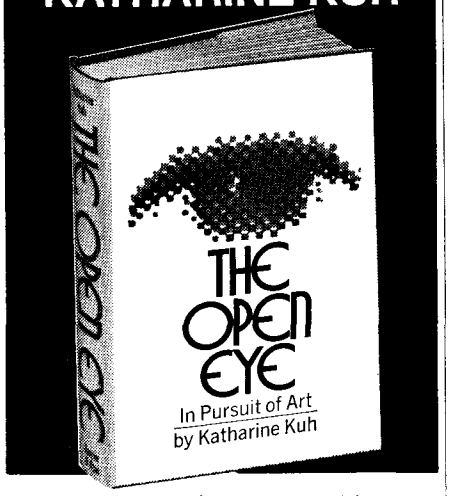

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Parental Perplexity

THEY KEEP COMING, these movies about disaffected youth. They are called *Pigeons*, and *Summertree*, and *Making It*, and *B.S. I Love You*, and they are filled with disenchantment, quick and easy sex, and the kind of coltish misbehavior that puts down the Establishment and all its mean, false, grubby values. Most of them were out of date before their shooting scripts were mimeographed, and most of them give off the same phony ring, not only because they are imitative and banal, but because they are far too obviously and crassly aimed at the kind of box-office jackpots achieved by *The Graduate* and *Easy Rider*.

I expected more of the same when I went to see *Taking Off*, for I had already read a scene from it in one of the innumerable manifestations of *Show* magazine. The scene dealt with members of "The Society for the Parents of Fugitive Children" who, in an attempt to understand their teen-aged runaways, take lessons on how to smoke marijuana. Not very promising. But I should have known better, for *Taking Off* is the first American work of Miloš Forman, the Czech filmmaker responsible for the delightful *Loves of a Blonde*.

Transplantation has dimmed neither his talents nor his sense of rueful comedy. Employing a story not dissimilar to that anguished study of generational conflict in the suburbs, *The People Next Door*, Forman triumphantly demonstrates that it's not so much what you do that counts, but how you do it. His wise, witty mind has gone to work on the contemporary scene, and, with his craftsmanship added, he has given us a wise, witty, and uncommonly entertaining movie.

Forman, contracted to make the film for Paramount, found himself out in the cold because the executives did not like his script. Trying to peddle the project elsewhere, he met more turndowns until he found his support at Universal, a company that may have been feeling guilty over the vast earnings of its *Airport*.

If there is a key or a trick to Forman's method, it lies in the turning-around of inherently pathetic material so that it becomes funny instead. Certainly, there shouldn't be much humor in the story of a sixteen-year-old girl who disappears from her comfortable home, and in the distressed search for her by her parents through the hippie conclaves of the East Village.

But that's merely the frame. Forman takes the camera and his keen eye to an audition for young rock singers and glares uncompromisingly at the exploiters and the exploitees. It's awful and it's hilarious. That meeting of the SPFC is the same. Two mothers of missing kids engage in a girl-talk session, and a dowdy wife reveals the horrendous sexual athleticism of her unprepossessing husband. The girl comes home at last, introduces her rock-folk singer boyfriend, who lugubriously reveals that the fortunes made from his anti-war songs are indirectly supporting through taxes the war he so strongly opposes.

The actors help no end, notably Buck Henry as the well-meaning but perplexed father and Lynn Carlin as the delightfully warm mother, the last one to merit a runaway daughter. Forman keeps it bubbling and hovering on the edge of satire but veers away from cutting cruelly. What a difference warmth and understanding make.

Apparently determined to leap into the *auteur* pantheon was Elaine May, who, for the past couple of years, has been writing, directing, starring in, and editing *A New Leaf* for Paramount. So chagrined was she by the experience that she recently brought suit to have her name removed as the writer and director of the finished film. It seems that Paramount, its patience worn thin, took the film away from her and recut it.

The hour and forty-two minutes that remain were quite apparently written and directed by her, and it amounts to a fable about a rich profligate (Walter Matthau) who, suddenly penniless, decides to rescue his fortunes by marrying a multi-millionairess botanist, played by Miss May in a manner not unlike the nutty professor of Jerry Lewis. Some of the material is funny, but mostly in bits and skits, and, even in its shrunken length (a Paramount executive claimed Miss May had got it down to roughly the running time of *Gone with the Wind*), the film runs long. One reason for this is that Miss May is all but hopeless at making her film visually interesting. But, even though she has been insisting that the film is really the work of Robert Evans, Paramount's head of production, I doubt that either of them is quite ready for auteurship.

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Criminal Record

Continued from page 45

Lucifer Dye is hired by Victor Orcutt, whose specialty is civic corruption—the client supplies the city, Orcutt and associates supply the corruption. The service is based on Orcutt's First Law: "To get better, it must get much worse." What follows is gripping, violent, and masterfully plotted as the author advances the Dye-Orcutt schemes while backtracking to give us Lucifer Dye's pre-Orcutt life story. The novel runs at least 100 pages longer than most suspense fare; it is also much, much better.

The Kissing Gourami. *By Kin Platt. Random House.* $4.95. Believe it or not, Max Roper's assignment is to find a $10,000 dress decorated with plastic bubbles containing live kissing gourami. If you can believe that, perhaps you can accept it when the dress shows up on a starlet at the Academy Awards presentation, with live killer fish substituted for the gourami. I wouldn't swear that Kin Platt means us to take this adventure seriously, but somewhere between the voracious fish and the corpses I had a great deal of fun.

Deadly Hall. *By John Dickson Carr. Harper & Row.* $6.95. Delys Hall, a sixteenth-century manor house moved from England to New Orleans, is the locale for this American Gothic set in the year 1927. The eerie house supposedly contains a hidden fortune, and there is a murder which is a sequel to a death several years before—all elements that should please the author's wide readership. But frankly—and I hate myself for saying this about a man who once had me chewing fingernails late into the night—the pace at times is so maddeningly tedious and the writing so stilted that I found the novel as deadly as the "Hall."

Troubleshooter. *By David Dodge. Macmillan.* $5.95. Mr. Dodge offers two stories, loosely connected, involving John Abe Lincoln of the U.S. Treasury's "Hooligan Squad." The connection is Lincoln's impotence, brought on by overwork as a stud while a prisoner of the Chinese communists. The first story is a courtroom drama, an informal inquiry into Lincoln's time in the Chinese prison, focusing on the crucial question of why he was released; the second takes place in South Africa, where Lincoln is sent to investigate the source of diamonds coming illegally into the United States. The robust action, plus the secondary sexual theme, will please Mr. Dodge's masculine readership.

Haskel Frankel

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

—*Photos: the New York Public Library*

"The First Caress" (crayon drawing) by Mary Cassatt

Worth a Thousand Words

OVER THE YEARS, the New York Public Library has acquired an art collection any first-rate museum would covet. Yet, the average New Yorker, as well as most out-of-towners, knows little or nothing about the distinguished works readily available there. Take the Print Room alone, where a visit is obligatory for anyone interested in original graphics by Dürer, Goya, Cassatt, and Reginald Marsh, or in Japanese and early-American prints, or in nineteenth-century French etchings, engravings, and lithographs. If these top concentrations, representing highlights of an excellent print collection numbering some 150,000 works dating from the fifteenth century until today, seem unconnected, it is because they chiefly came to the library through separate cumulative gifts, which have been continuously and judiciously augmented. Originally, the print collection was not planned; it grew spontaneously.

One might question why the visual arts are featured in a building dedicated to the written word; yet, by providing a mine of original information, they appreciably reinforce the library's resources. It would be helpful if more such institutions were as well endowed. How the print collection came to New York's Public Library is an interesting story. Seventy-one years ago, Samuel Avery, a dealer and an ardent collector who specialized in French nineteenth-century graphics, gave his extensive holdings to the library with the stipulation that a separate print room be established, which, by the way, was to become the first of its kind in New York. Boston's Museum of Fine Arts had earlier set up a print department, though at the time graphics were viewed in America with considerable skepticism. Today, of course, any museum worth its salt devotes increasing attention to the medium.

Mr. Avery, who was a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum, had offered his collection to that institution first, but had been promptly turned down, the official powers pontificating that prints were not "art." Happily, the Public Library was more open-minded. Avery included drawings in his gift, many of them personally inscribed to him, for he had developed friendships with such late-nineteenth-century artists as Daubigny, Whistler, Millet, Bracquemond, and Cassatt. All of which gives his collection an engaging intimacy, a behind-the-scenes informality.

Riches attract riches, and shortly after the Print Room was set up a fine group of Japanese prints plus an extensive early-American collection were added. Next came the Phelps Stokes gift embracing views of American cities and scenes of historical American events, a unique survey of its kind and an incalculable aid to historians. The library wisely continues to enlarge the graphics collection, always with an eye to the needs of its particular clientele. Unlike a museum, this institution occasionally adds works less for their artistic merit than for their subject matter, since it frankly caters to writers, teachers, and scholars who rely on graphics for basic source material. Students are encouraged to visit the Print Room and examine at first hand any works pertinent to their needs. Over the years, an extraordinary number of books have benefited from and given due credit to the New York Public Library for hard-to-find illustrative material.

The library, however, makes clear that the "underlying purpose" of the graphics department "is to form a well-rounded representative collection of fine prints." Yet, it is consistent that rare documentary works are included, even when they are not always of top esthetic quality. Recently, a number of circus scenes were acquired, a theme the library pursues because of wide public interest in the subject. Likewise, a less than scintillating period print showing Lincoln, Grant, and their wives at a momentous White House gathering was snapped up the other day because of its historical significance. For students, this scene offers reliable visual information on the costumes, manners, and White House décor of the period.

When Elizabeth Roth, Keeper of Prints at the library, was asked who specifically uses her department, she ticked off seven overlapping categories covering collectors, dealers, researchers, authors, art historians, artists, and interested laymen. With the last group in mind, she mounts numerous tempo-

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rary exhibitions chosen from the library's own works and, as a rule, devoted to a single provocative theme. The day I was there, three separate shows stressed the collection's kaleidoscopic variety. One, called "The Artist at Work," included prints by, among others, Rembrandt, Goya, Daumier, Whistler, Picasso, and Kokoschka. Each of the eighty-three entries was related to the experience of making art or of being an artist. A second exhibit featured large, up-to-the-minute modern prints—chiefly abstract and concerned with various forms of optical kinetics—while still another show was drawn from the library's splendid early-American material. All were installed with little fanfare and much knowledge, these changing art exhibitions on 42nd Street representing almost the last free ones left these days in any Manhattan public institution.

For New Yorkers working in the neighborhood, even just a fifteen-minute visit during a lunch hour could be refreshing, especially since the library offers a variety of art. On the third floor, in the Berg Exhibition Room, one finds an impressive array of paintings by Gilbert Stuart. No less than eight portraits show the range of his style, from a noble, full-length likeness of Washington (better articulated than many similar Lansdowne-type compositions) to a spontaneous, freely brushed notation of a woman's head. Memorable, too, is a smaller Stuart portrait of Washington that once belonged to Alexander Hamilton and that presumably was a gift from the President himself. The picture remained in the Hamilton family until a grandson bequeathed it to the library. These eight paintings, representative as they are, explain in part why Stuart's work is often collected more for the historical importance of his sitters than for the penetration of his eye. Somehow the interior sensibility that projects a picture beyond its subject is missing.

One need only compare two portraits by Copley hanging nearby, both so authoritative, so palpably incisive as to overshadow everything else in the room, the Stuarts included. Copley's likeness of Mrs. Robert Hooper has the uncompromising honesty that characterizes his work before the years in England when he occasionally capitulated to the artificial elegance of eighteenth-century British portraiture. With candor, sharp light, and a powerful handling of form, he turned his sturdy sitter into the apotheosis of forthright American vigor. Because Copley was more accomplished technically than his contemporaries, because he was a relentless and probing observer, his American portraits—and the one of Mrs. Hooper is no exception—were remarkable for their psychological content, an interior dimension rarely encountered in native paintings of the period.

Other artists represented in the Berg Room are John Trumbull, J. W. Jarvis, Joshua Reynolds, Henry Raeburn, two of the ubiquitous Peales, and S. F. B. Morse with a dashing oil study of Lafayette, thought to be a sketch for the celebrated portrait at City Hall. Quite unexpected, however, is a relatively modern painting of John Quinn, one of the twentieth century's most recondite art patrons. Done by Augustus John and called "The Man from New York," it evokes a tense, withdrawn introvert, an image curiously at home with the earlier portraits in the room. In a much-traversed corridor outside the Berg Room can be found Asher B. Durand's famous "Kindred Spirits," showing the painter Thomas Cole and the poet William Cullen Bryant, both zealous nature lovers, perched on a cliff admiring a romantic Catskill landscape. The picture, dated 1849, is the epitome of mid-nineteenth-century delight in America's unspoiled terrain.

Not too many years ago the library sold a group of fine paintings by such renowned artists as Turner, Gainsborough, Church, Reynolds, Morland, and Constable. Even a drastic money squeeze could scarcely justify the sale, for prices on works by these artists have escalated immeasurably since the canvases were dispersed during the Fifties, leaving the library a loser, alas, both financially and esthetically. We hope that any further disposal will be strictly prohibited and that the public will avail itself of the many top works still remaining.

"Mrs. Robert Hooper" by John Copley

"Anne Woodworth Haven" by Gilbert Stuart

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Beyond Atrocity

Continued from page 25

happening. General Westmoreland gives way to General Abrams, President Johnson to President Nixon, a visibly angry student generation to one silent with rage—and the war, the atrocity-producing situation, continues to grind out its thousands of recorded and unrecorded atrocities. To be more accurate, something does happen: The subliminal American perception of atrocity edges toward consciousness, making it more difficult but, unfortunately, not impossible to defend and maintain the atrocity-producing situation. The widespread feeling of being stuck in atrocity contributes, in ways we can now hardly grasp, to a national sense of degradation and a related attraction to violence, for nothing is more conducive to collective rage and totalism than a sense of being bound to a situation perceived to be both suffocating and evil.

Atrocity in general, and Mylai in particular, brings its perpetrators—even a whole nation—into the realm of existential evil. That state is exemplified by what another GI described to me as a working definition of the enemy in Vietnam: "If it's dead, it's VC — because it's dead. If it's dead, it *had* to be VC. And of course, a corpse couldn't defend itself anyhow." When at some future moment, ethically sensitive historians get around to telling the story of the Vietnam War—assuming that there will be ethically sensitive (or, for that matter, any) historians around—I have no doubt that they will select the phenomenon of the "body count" as the perfect symbol of America's descent into evil. What better represents the numbing, brutalization, illusion (most of the bodies, after all, turn out to be those of civilians), grotesque competition (companies and individuals vie for the highest body counts), and equally grotesque technicizing (progress lies in the *count*) characteristic of the overall American crime of the war in Vietnam.

Mylai is rather unusual in one respect. It combines two kinds of atrocity: technological overkill (of unarmed peasants by Americans using automatic weapons) and a more personal, face-to-face gunning-down of victims at point-blank range. This combination lends the incident particular psychic force, however Americans may try to fend off awareness of its implications. A participating GI could characterize Mylai as "just like a Nazi-type thing" (as recorded in Seymour Hersh's book *My Lai 4*), a characterization made by few if any pilots or crewmen participating in the more technologically distanced killings of larger numbers of Vietnamese civilians from the air.

The sense of being associated with existential evil is new to Americans. This is so partly because such perceptions have been suppressed in other atrocity-producing situations, but also because of the humane elements of American tradition that contribute to a national self-image of opposing, through use of force if necessary, just this kind of "Nazi-type thing." The full effects of the war in Vietnam upon this self-image are at this point unclear. The returns from Mylai are not yet in. Perhaps they never are for atrocity. But I for one worry about a society that seems to absorb, with some questioning but without fundamental self-examination, first Hiroshima and now Mylai.

For there is always a cost. Atrocities have a way of coming home. The killings by National Guardsmen of Kent State students protesting the extension of the war into Cambodia reflect the use of violence in defense of illusion and denial of evil—and the killings of blacks at Augusta, Georgia, and of black students at Jackson State in Mississippi reflect more indirectly that atmosphere. Indeed there is a real danger that the impulse to preserve illusion and deny evil could carry America beyond Vietnam and Cambodia into some form of world-destroying nuclear confrontation. In this sense, as well as in its relationship to existential evil, Mylai symbolized a shaking of the American foundations—a bitterly mocking perversion of what was left of the American dream. Like Hiroshima and Auschwitz, Mylai is a revolutionary event: Its total inversion of moral standards raises fundamental questions about the institutions and national practices of the nation responsible for it.

The problem facing Americans now is: What do we do with our atrocities? Do we simply try our best to absorb them by a kind of half-admission that denies their implications and prevents genuine confrontation? That is the classical method of governments for dealing with documented atrocities, and it is clearly the method now being used by the U.S. government and military in holding trials of individuals. Those who did the shooting and those who covered up the event are being labeled aberrant and negligent, so that the larger truth of the atrocity-producing situation can be avoided. The award of a Pulitzer Prize to Seymour Hersh for his journalistic feat in uncovering the story of Mylai and telling it in detail would seem to be a step in the direction of that larger truth. Yet one cannot but fear that such an award—as in the case of the National Book Award I received for my work on Hiroshima—can serve as a form of conscience-salving token recognition in place of confrontation. Surely more must be faced throughout American society, more must be articulated and given form by leaders and ordinary people, if this atrocity is to contribute to a national process of illumination instead of further degradation.

I am struck by how little my own profession has had to say about the matter—about the way in which aberrant *situations* can produce collective disturbance and mass murder. The psychiatry and psychohistory I would like to envisage for the future would put such matters at its center. It would also encourage combining ethical involvement with professional skills in ways that could simultaneously shed light upon such crimes of war and contribute to the transformation our country so desperately requires. In dealing with our dislocations, we need to replace the false witness of atrocity with the genuine witness of new and liberating forms and directions. The task, then, is to confront atrocity in order to move beyond it.

"Dad, I've been experimenting with life."

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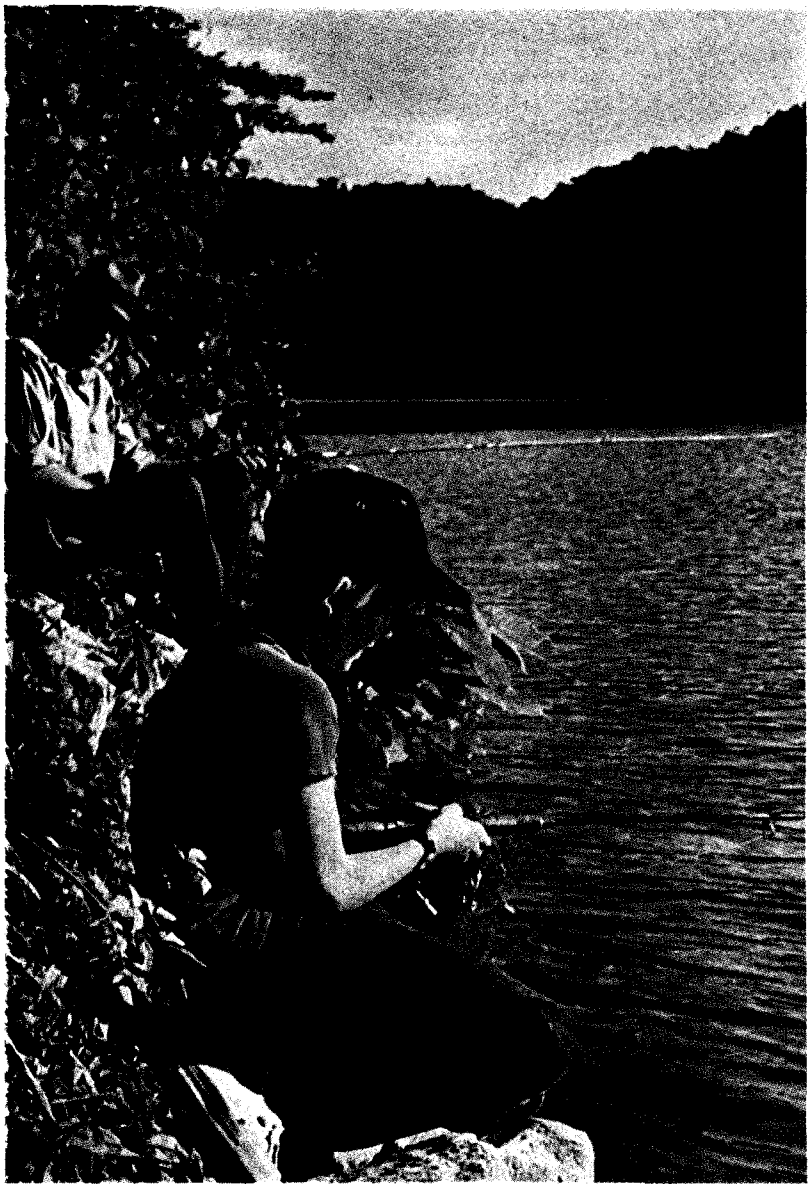
Before Sonny Mullins was born Fishpond Lake was a coal mine



Most of the land for Fishpond Lake and Park was donated by Bethlehem to serve as a recreational area for the people of Jenkins and other nearby communities in eastern Kentucky. The dam and lake were built by the State of Kentucky.

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George Mullins remembers the area before it was surface mined. Here's how he tells it:

"I've lived close to what is now Fishpond Lake all my life. In the late forties when they began surface mining the area here, I thought: 'Boy, these old hills have had it.' But I was wrong. Before they removed the coal, the land just sort of laid there . . . pretty but not much use to anyone. But now that these hills have been mined and reclaimed, they're just as pretty as ever. And we've got something we never had before: a lake for fishing and swimming . . . and acres of restored land for picnicking. Now I'm glad they mined this land. Look what we've gained."

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1946. First airline to fly the great circle route to Tokyo.

1963. First airline to operate pure-jet freighters.

1935. First airline to fly the Pacific.
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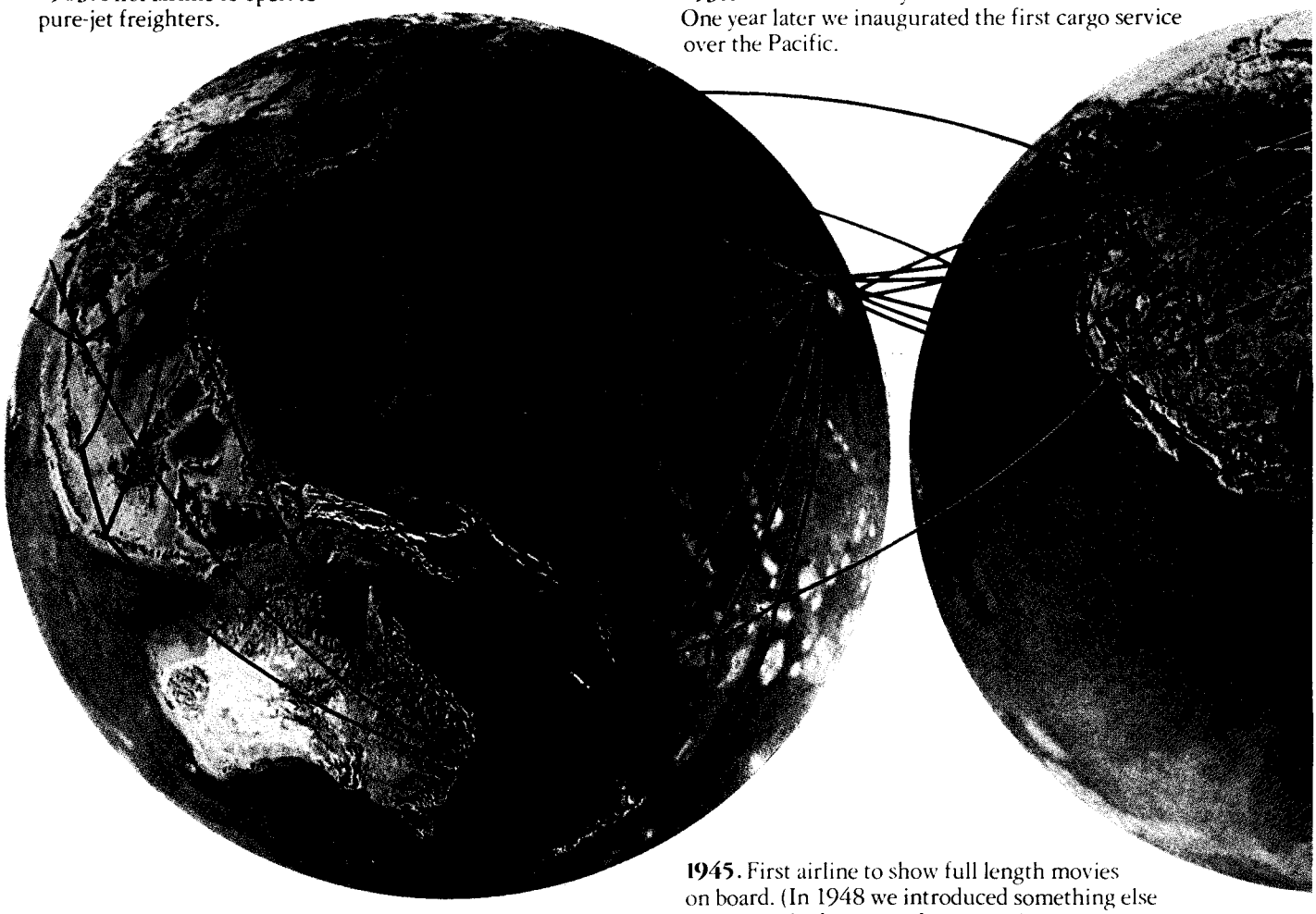

1945. First airline to show full length movies on board. (In 1948 we introduced something else you now take for granted: menu selection.)

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1939. First airline over the Atlantic with passenger and mail service.

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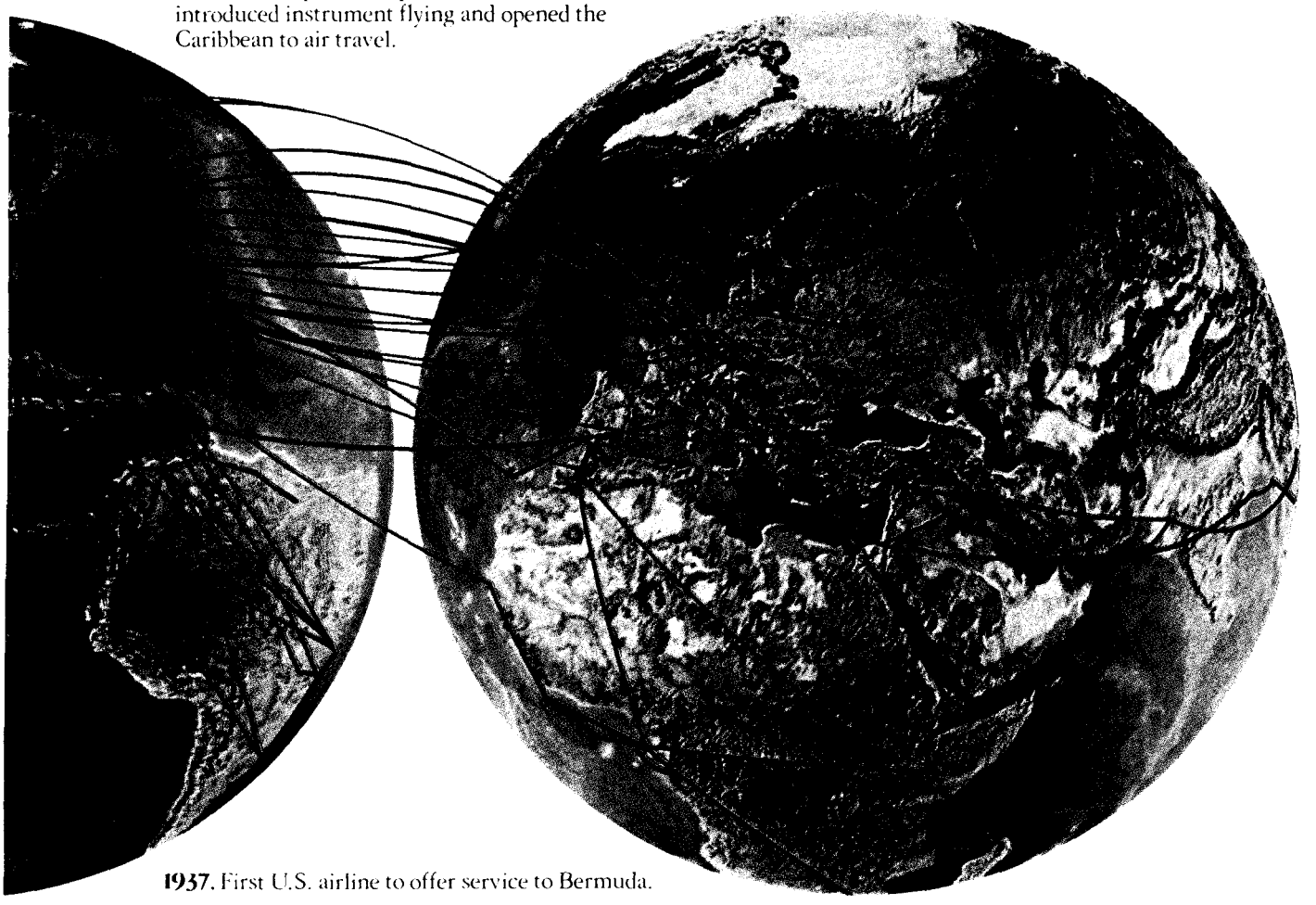

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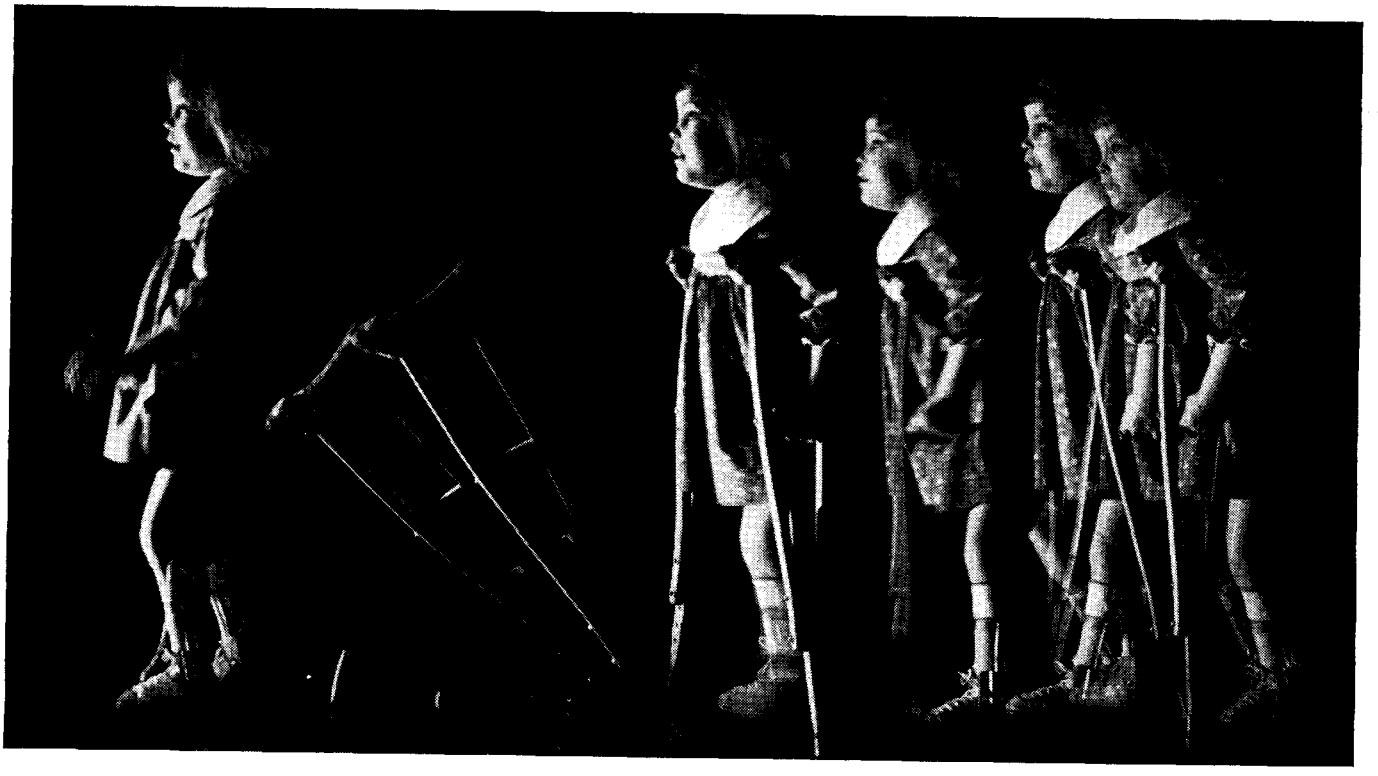

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David Butwin

The Chic of Araby

IF THE REVOLUTION ever comes to Palm Springs, the 22,500 townsfolk won't even know about it. They will be ensconced behind high white fences and screens of oleander, splashing about in their 4,000-odd pools (one for every two buildings) and picking at clusters of dates, or out on the city's twenty-seven golf courses, slicing up the greenest lawns ever planted in a desert.

As for the revolutionaries, they'll be driven to dissension trying to cope with the machinery of a fanatically public-spirited government. They won't be able to wave a sign or shout a slogan without breaking some municipal ordinance. In the end they'll be given a hearing before the mayor and city council, granted certain concessions within the system, and offered free transportation down the road to Los Angeles.

I scarcely exaggerate. The revolution occurred in microcosm a few weeks ago at a time when the country's favorite Middle-Americans—Spiro Agnew, Bob Hope, and Arnold Palmer—were in Palm Springs to lend their imprimaturs to the Bob Hope Desert Golf Classic, an annual $100,000-plus bash. On the same day that the Vice President shanked two consecutive tee shots into a crowd of spectators—hitting a total of three people—the normally docile local daily, *The Desert Sun*, played a page-one story headed AREA BLACKS UNLEASH ANGER, FRUSTRATION. Glaring out from the top of the page was an angry black dissenter in dark glasses and white headband. The picture looked as incongruous on the front page of *The Desert Sun* as would one of Liz and Dick on the cover of *Field & Stream*.

Two days earlier a group of young blacks had staged a sit-down in the middle of Palm Canyon Drive, the city's main thoroughfare, to dramatize demands for more jobs, better housing, and a louder voice in community affairs. The group had insisted on seeing the mayor, Howard Wiefels. He couldn't be raised, but a City Hall spokesman came out and promised to call a special council meeting the following day. And so the blacks—supported by a few local white citizens and several Indians—got up and left. Next day, Wiefels and the council heard the blacks in chamber for two hours and eventually moved to appoint an exploratory committee. The demands, if I have correctly divined life and the law in Palm Springs, will largely be met.

This was the last city, as I told a local tourist promoter my first afternoon in town, where I expected to find outcroppings of 1970s dissent. "It might have surprised me too—a few years ago," he said. "When I moved here in 1967 from Las Vegas—a real political caldron—I came to a city whose biggest controversy was whether traffic should go up or down Indian Avenue and what color the sidewalks should be. Right away I knew I was in some kind of fairyland, a place of minimal urgency."

Strangely, this trim little oasis 110 miles due east of Los Angeles has kept astride or ahead of the times in many ways. Its concern for the quality of life predates the national trend in that direction—a fact that begins to sink in the moment a visitor gets off a plane at the Palm Springs Airport. Even on that most hectic weekend of the winter season, the terminal was quiet, orderly, barely astir in the warm afternoon sun. The Vice President's *Air Force 2* jet relaxed without notice on the apron nearby. Palms, flower beds, and neat hedges seemed to sprout from all sides of the angular, dark-paned building.

Arriving by airplane is the cleanest, simplest way to approach Palm Springs, but only one out of every five visitors flies into town; the others, mostly from Los Angeles, cross the desert by car and have to put up with neon and signboard commercialism en route. Once inside the Palm Springs city limits, though, the only eye-jarring sights are the steep and sere San Jacinto Mountains thrusting upward to 10,000 feet at the very edge of town—or a view of such part-time local citizens as Truman Capote, Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Liberace, Jack Benny, Laurence Harvey, and the Gabors.

Construction is so closely regulated and scrutinized that what goes up usually is cloaked with stone or greenery so it can't be seen from the street. Palm Springs has no hamburger havens or quick-order drive-ins. A sign ordinance prohibits moving, flashing, or neon signs, and the planning commission must pass on the size, design, and content of all signs. The Kentucky Fried Chicken parlor has the customary basket out front, but it's not permitted to revolve. Recently, a wig shop, a hotel, and several other businesses have challenged the sign ordinance on the grounds that it interferes with freedom of speech.

There is also a shadow ordinance, which outlaws the construction of a building that would cast a shadow on the public thoroughfare or a neighbor's property. Deathly afraid of the tacky tourist onus, Palm Springs does not permit the word "motel" to grace the fronts of buildings that are strictly that—motels. "Motor hotel" is preferred.

Movie stars and other untouchables

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first repaired to Palm Springs in the mid-1930s, when Charles Farrell built the Racquet Club to fetch his friends from Hollywood and beyond. For years the budding village in the dunes was known strictly as a hideaway for princes, playboys, and presidents. But the truth today is that most residents live in apartments, trailer courts, and housing tracts—not on flowering estates. I was surprised to find a black population, let alone an angry black population, and yet Palm Springs claims that its "ethnic minority groups" make up 10 per cent of the citizenry. Evidently, the blacks, the Indians, and the Mexican-Americans shield their quarters just as effectively as do the rich wintering whites, for the slums don't show.

At the top, Palm Springs is controlled by men of wealth and influence, conservative in habit but not necessarily in political thought. Any threat to the local environment provokes immediate and full-fledged opposition followed by an outpouring of funds. A year ago the city formed the Regional Air Pollution Authority to fight the building of an oil refinery in the San Gorgonio Pass, through which escaping Los Angelenos and, occasionally, drifts of smog arrive from the west. The move worked, and now the authority, injected with $50,000 in local donations, is taking on other forms of ecological pollution, including noise, air, water, automotive, and visual.

Industrial blight is kept to a minimum because, simply, Palm Springs supports no industry—that is, unless you count tourism, which forms the local economic base. Actually, there are two other somewhat esoteric industries, neither of which causes much pollution. Dr. Forrest M. Bird, an aeronautical engineer, oversees the research, development, and manufacture of the Bird Resuscitator, used in most hospitals across the country. If Forrest Bird sounds a fictitious name, what about Irving Krick? He is a leading meteorologist who not only predicts weather trends out of his Palm Springs headquarters but lets himself out on contract to alter the weather in certain desperate climes. A modern-day rain dancer, Krick will, for instance, sign on with drought-ridden prairie provinces in Canada to seed the clouds and induce rainfall.

People clearly come to Palm Springs to get away from things, not to *do* things. There may be twenty-seven golf courses, but the truth is that the best ones are private and seven that are open to the public are hackers' alleys. Walter Annenberg, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, has a private nine-hole course, its fairways so obscured by varied flora that the local tourist office was all but blunted in its effort to get a photograph of President Nixon touring the links on a recent visit. "In order to get a shot," a city flack told me, "I had to mount a camera on the platform of a station wagon and have my wife drive while I looked for the President. We came up over a hill and I could hear him saying through the oleander, 'I think it's over here. I think it's over here.' I finally got the picture."

Visitors, presidential or otherwise, can put out as much as $200 a day at the Canyon Hotel, and the Riviera holds 450 tourist rooms, but most Palm Springs hotels have about twenty-five rooms and charge only $16 a day. I bunked at the Tiki Spa, a modest and congenial place favored by retired couples on long winter holidays from Chicago, Philadelphia, and other points east. It was like having a dozen sets of parents. They all made sure that my plate was filled during poolside snacks, that I picked out the right bicycle, that I should know their granddaughters were eligible.

"This is the easy life," said a visitor from Philadelphia, "and when I say easy, I mean we don't even need a clock. All you have to know is that when the sun goes down behind the mountain it's time to go in, and when dinner's over it's time to go to bed."

Although Palm Springs boasts a few

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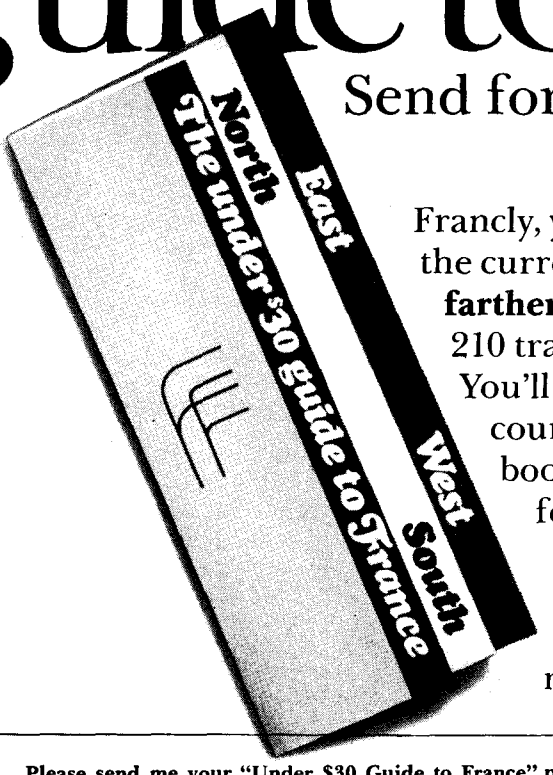

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the tiny hamlet can not feed
all her children.
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of mist and sun,
the smell of pine
the feel of
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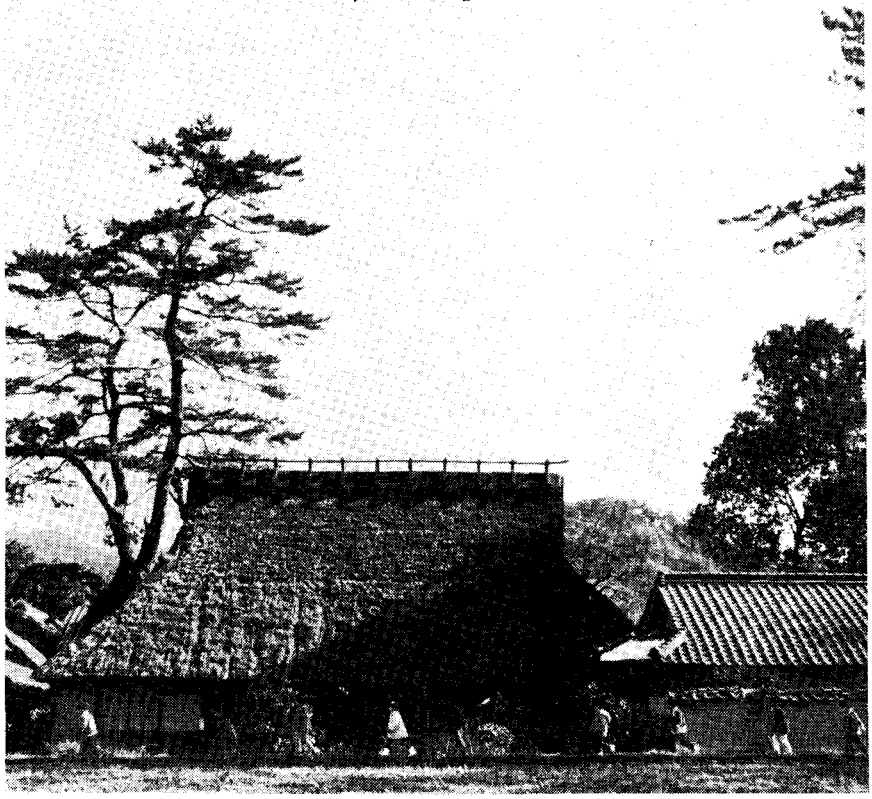
That is their heritage of
beauty and strength.



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nightclubs, such as Jilly's, the Red Baron, and Howard Manor, the town does not throb much after dark, for young or old. But, after all, the best attraction in winter is a day when the sun is low and warm but somehow, even with the temperature climbing into the eighties, never too scorching. Residents abandon tennis courts and bicycles during the warming hours, but a refugee from the februaries of New York drives himself through the hottest period, thanking the omnipresent sun for every ray.

On a bicycle, carefully selected by my board of directors at the Tiki Spa, I pedaled the breadth and width of Palm Springs, always setting my direction by the near and far mountains. One morning I eased the bike along Indian Avenue and then Palm Canyon Drive, the city's two parallel, one-way streets. Saks Fifth Avenue is there, and Woolworth's, too. Crowds of visitors huddle at all hours in front of a little diner called Louise's Pantry, which may not have a *Holiday* stamp but somehow is never empty. Three-fourths of the country's dates come from nearby Indio; the most fabled date outlet in the desert is run by a man who used to call himself Sheik Xram. The last name is Marx spelled backwards. After the Six-Day War, he labeled his date packages and shops—one on Indian Avenue, the other on Palm Canyon—Ex-Sheik Xram. Although Palm Springs is a little slow to adopt pop and mod trends, it does have Bookland, a shop on Palm Canyon that carries underground and porno works.

High above the city, in the San Jacinto Mountains, are some clear, cool streams; hordes of young people used to hike up there and swim nude until the police cracked down, made a mass arrest, and closed off the area. The local magistrate threw out the case against the naked bathers because he didn't find their nudity offensive—just another reason why one can't easily pigeonhole the politics of Palm Springs. Young people still bathe in the streams, out of the law's reach, and friends promise to take me up there on my next visit, no matter what the restrictions. I can't think of a lovelier place to get in trouble.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Kg, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*; 2Jh, *Evangeline*; 3Ho, *Barbara Frietchie*; 4Ak, *Flammonde*; 5Lj, *Bells*; 6Mi, *Paradise Lost*; 7Bl, *Sonnet 27*; 8Nf, *Night Piece*; 9Eb, *Song*; 10 Dd, *Hollow Men*; 11 Gn, *As Toilsome I Wandered*; 12Fa, *Ancient Mariner*; 13 Oc, *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*; 14 Ie, *Elegy*; 15Cm, *Sweet and Low*.

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THEATER

ARENA STAGE: FULL SPEED AHEAD

by HENRY HEWES

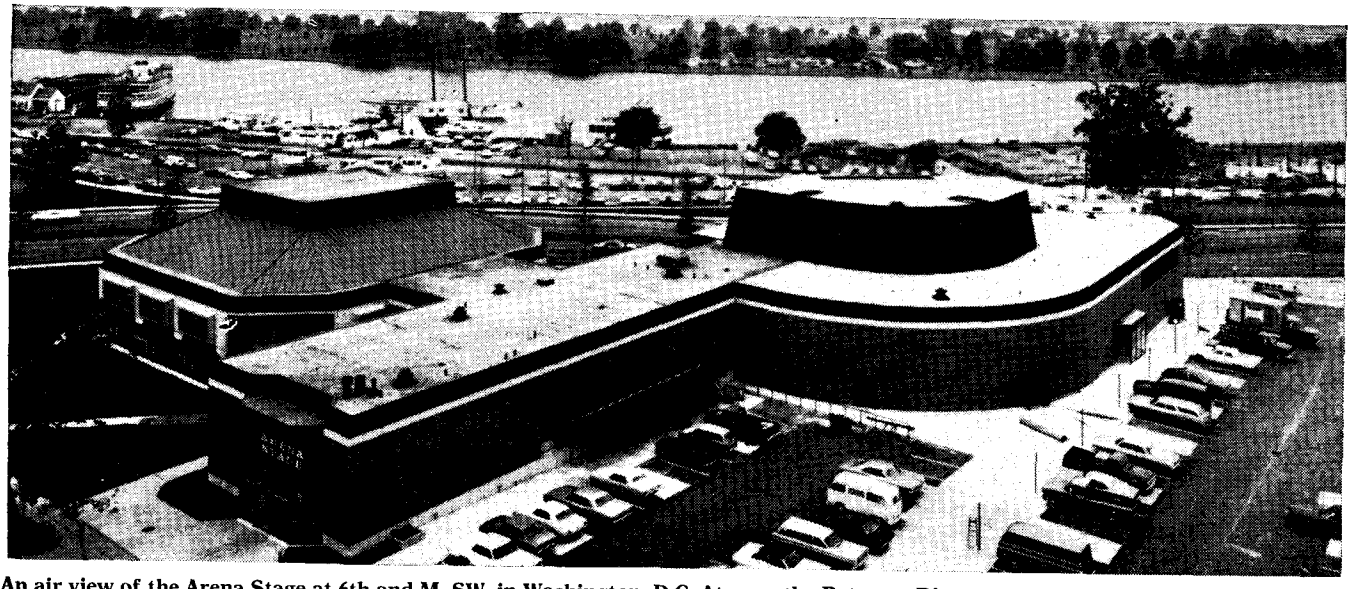
WASHINGTON, D.C.

The record of Arena Stage is splendid. Although its national reputation owes a great deal to the fact that two of its recent productions (*The Great White Hope* and *Indians*) happened to go on to win high acclaim on Broadway, a critic who has followed Arena Stage's progress since its inauguration in 1950 is more impressed by the consistency and daring with which this company has risked its future solvency to reach out for the very best.

For Arena has raised its production standards to a quality unsurpassed by any American producing organization. Its activities have widened progressively from year to year. And its facilities have evolved from a 247-seat converted moviehouse to a 500-seat renovated brewery to a handsome new 811-seat theater of its own.

The current offering in the present facility, a documentary drama about the *Pueblo* incident, is a stunning demonstration of the theatricality that can be achieved in an arena where the audience completely surrounds the playing area. When we enter, we can hear all around us the foreboding pulse of the ship's turbines. Through the stage floor's inlaid grillwork radiates the infernal glow of the engine room. As the play begins, sections of the floor rise up to become the Captain's bridge. And above this area are suspended catwalks and ladders, which not only suggest the totality of a naval vessel, but also provide dynamic acting areas that director Gene Frankel has used to add a vertical forcefield of interplay to the action.

In this superbly dramatic atmosphere, Stanley R. Greenberg objectively retells the *Pueblo*'s story by alternating between the two formal hearings—one naval, one Congressional—and a chronological re-enactment of the events themselves. Shepperd Strudwick portrays Commander Lloyd Bucher, whom he strikingly resembles, with controlled conviction. He emerges not as a by-the-book officer, but as an extraordinarily patient protagonist whose sentimental consideration for his men may be more deeply



An air view of the Arena Stage at 6th and M, SW, in Washington, D.C. At rear, the Potomac River, and beyond it, the National Airport.

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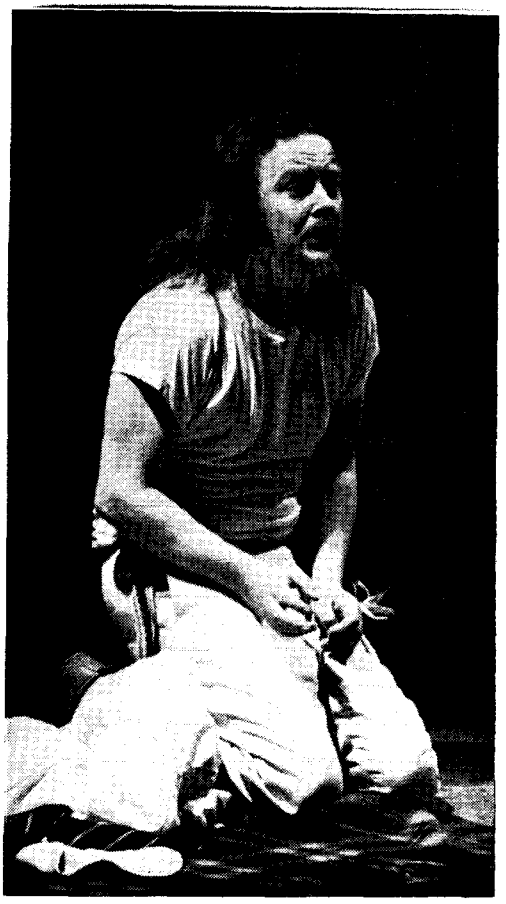

(Above) Douglas Rain as the Earl of Gurney in "The Ruling Class"; (below) James Earl Jones as "Jack Jefferson" in "The Great White Hope."

American than the official pragmatism of our political and military leaders.

Where *Pueblo* is less successful is in its attempt to counterpoise these two philosophies with clear dramatic impact. To do this would require more delineation of what occurred in secret Washington deliberations, and these are excluded because Greenberg has chosen to use only those words and events available in print. Nevertheless, we do leave the theater with a fresh awareness that our government and our military establishment are operating under dangerously schizophrenic conditions. And we recognize that the decisions of Commander Bucher and his men are symptoms of a currently insoluble American dilemma.

Because all plays do not thrive equally well in a large theater-in-the-round like this one, Arena Stage has just built and unveiled an adjacent 500-seat proscenium stage, which is named the Kreeger Theater. Eschewing caution, Arena's founder and artistic director, Zelda Fichandler, opened the Kreeger with the American premiere of a most difficult work, Peter Barnes's *The Ruling Class*. The play had won its blasphemous young author the critics' award as the most promising playwright of the 1968-69 season. But because it had not been a commercial success in the West End, no New York producer proved willing to attempt it.

Oddly enough, the production here better realizes Mr. Barnes's strange and remarkable play than did the one in London. Credit for this must be shared. First of all, the drama benefits from the intimacy of the theater itself. The Kreeger has a fine semi-thrust audience-stage relationship, somewhat similar to the one that makes New York's Theater De Lys so satisfying.

Then to assure the optimum performance of the work, Mrs. Fichandler has imported British director David William and two Canadian actors, Douglas Rain and Eric House, to play the two leading roles. They are marvelous. Mr. Rain, who recently finished a long and highly acclaimed London stint starring in *Hadrian VII*, is completely at home as another religiously deluded Britisher, the fourteenth Earl of Gurney, who believes he is both Jesus Christ and God. His eccentricity, which proves less troublesome to his family than does his sincere espousal of Christ's philosophy of love, is made hilariously entertaining by Rain, who superbly combines eloquence and vulgarity, as he cautions skeptics, "Please remember, you're dealing with the Big One." But Rain also totally convinces us of the sincerity of his belief, so that Barnes's challenging argument is emotionally and intellectually supported.

When the Earl's family consults a psychiatrist and he is able to cure the Earl of his delusions, Rain nicely makes the transition to the more horrendous but more socially acceptable eccentricities of an ultraconservative member of the House of Lords. With the same fanaticism that he followed the God of Love, he turns to the God of Justice, and he becomes a moralizing avenger, a Jack-the-Ripper who stabs any woman who offers him love.

Mr. House is delightful, too, as a British butler who breaks into a vaudeville dance at the solemn reading of a will that bequeaths him a small fortune. And the rest of the cast, from the regular Arena Stage company, blend beautifully into this most original work.

To accept two such large theatrical challenges and emerge as successfully as Arena Stage has done reflects both a shrewdness of judgment and a remarkable efficiency on the part of its leadership. But this is only part of the reason for Arena's national eminence. It has, in a surrounding where community spirit does not noticeably flourish, made itself a responsible, functioning part of Washington life.

An important part of Arena's community service is a children's theater program, which is startlingly different from the old-fashioned, innocuous stuff Americans have come to associate with the genre. Called Living Stage and led by Robert Alexander, an inspiring and committed spokesman for the capacity and wisdom of today's children, the company consists of six performers who are expert at improvising. Sometimes they go to high schools, and sometimes small parties of youngsters are brought into a large rehearsal space at Arena. The performers encourage the kids both to become involved in exercises where each of the audience uses his own creative imagination and to make suggestions for scenes they would like the actors to improvise, indicating how they would like them to come out. There is no censorship as the actors level with the kids and insist that the kids level with them.

Is this expansion into a second theater and the maintenance of a public service children's program practical for an organization that in the fall of 1972 will find it most difficult to raise the $300,000 needed annually to cover its deficit? That deficit is currently being supported by a Ford Foundation grant, but the subsidy was awarded with the understanding that Arena is to expect no further support from Ford beyond this point. Administrative Director Tom Fichandler doesn't minimize the problem, but he hopes that some revenue may be gained by booking visiting attractions into the Kreeger

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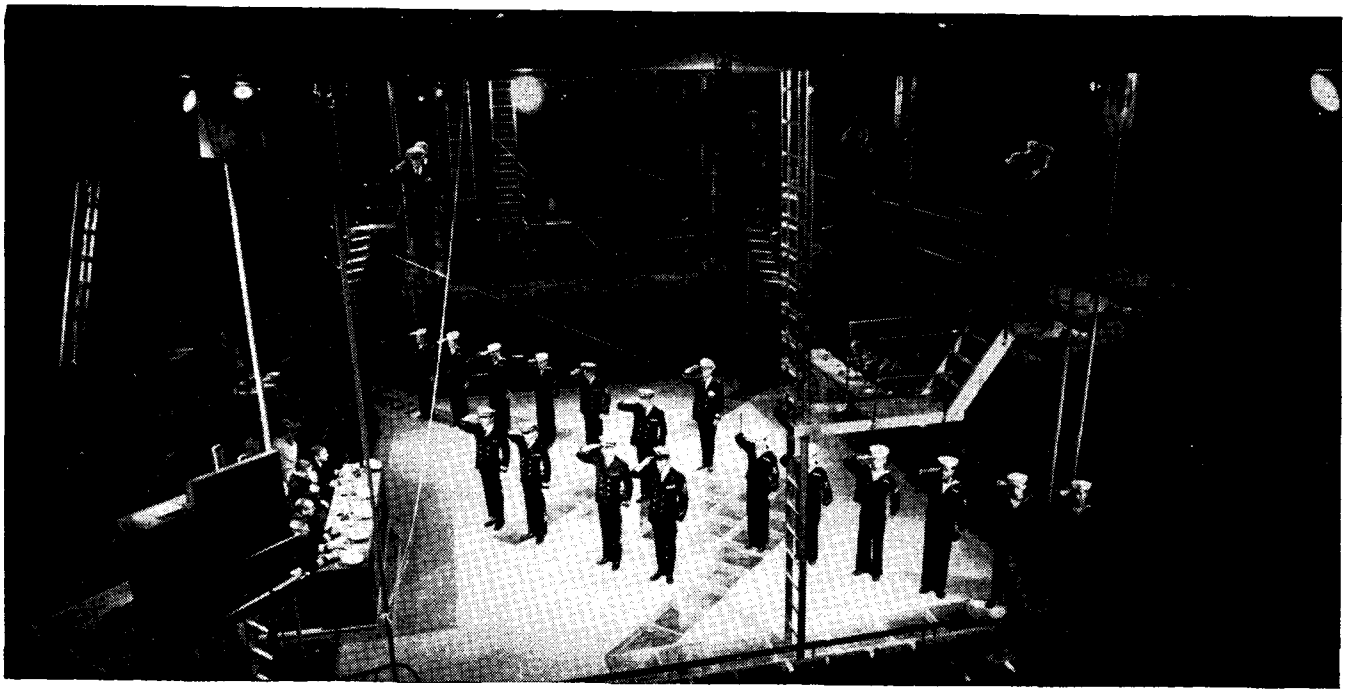
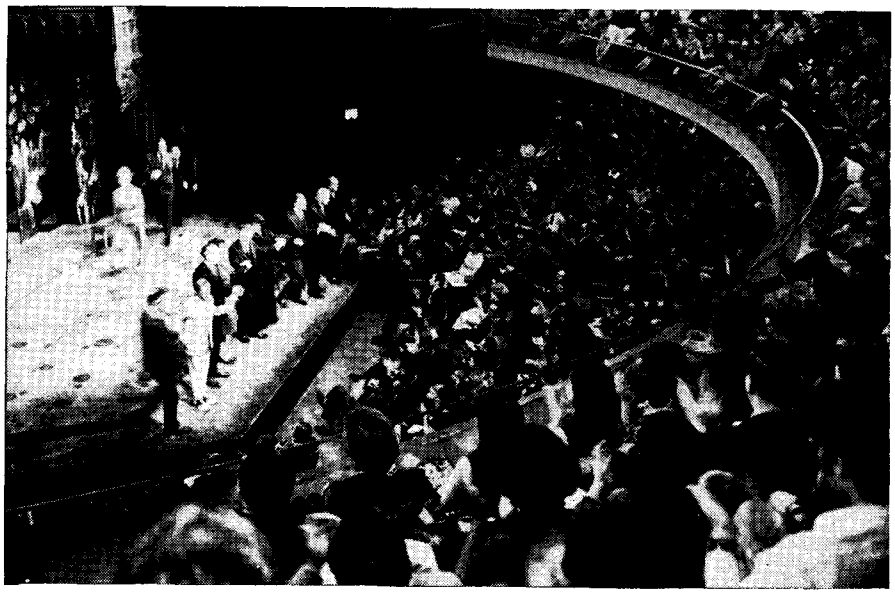


The crew of "Pueblo" faces the court-martial panel. The scenic conception uses ladders and ramps to make a ship of the stage area.

at those times when the company is not performing there. Conceivably, the Kreeger could become a plus item.

Indeed, there is a possibility that smaller theaters will be most in demand in the future. For gathering together in such an intimate atmosphere to share a genuine theater experience may be an ideal change of pace from the nightly viewing of TV masterworks in the living room.

Whatever happens, Arena Stage is proceeding full speed ahead, as if its board were going to be able to raise $300,000 annually in the District of Columbia, where there are no industrial corporations capable of giving substantial financial assistance. If the funds are not forthcoming, the Fichandlers insist they will not continue on a smaller budget with reduced standards and activities. It is a proud attitude, but their twenty-one years of dedicated work entitles them to it.



The cast of "The Ruling Class" takes a bow in the new Kreeger Theater. The thrust platform is temporary; the stage area can be altered to suit the needs of a given production.

Members of the children's theater working with their charges in a rehearsal room of the Arena Stage.

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CASSETTE-TV

"A" IS FOR ABACUS

by IRVING KOLODIN

What may eventually take rank, in the new world of cassette-TV, with Thomas Edison rasping "Mary Had a Little Lamb" at the birth of sound recording or *The Great Train Robbery* in the lore of cinema, is *The Abacus*, which Videorecord is showing these days to a favored few of the laity as well as to some of its prospective professional clients. Of too modest a length to qualify even as a featurette, it is nevertheless an impressive little Opus 1 that shows the technical capacities of the EVR system it utilizes and the ability of the cathode-ray tube to assume a new place in the life of the home.

Those alert to the nuances of the new developments in this field will contend that mention of the EVR system takes *The Abacus* out of what is properly describable as "cassette-TV." That is, the EVR developed by Columbia is packaged on a sizable sprocket, rather than in a smallish box. It utilizes film, rather than magnetic tape. But in the sense that "cassette-TV" identifies a means of individually loading the TV-connected player with program material of the viewer's own choice, instead of being dependent on an outside signal (whether by air or by cable), *The Abacus* is a beguiling example of what may be expected to proliferate in numbers and multiply in length when worldwide competitive energies are totally applied.

Why *The Abacus*? The credit apparently belongs to Jim Katavolos, marketing expert of the Videorecord personnel, who was looking for an unexploited subject for use in presentations to businessmen, research consultants, and others who might be attracted to the device for informational, training, or retraining purposes. Everybody knows what an abacus is, but virtually no one knows what an abacus does. This combination of identity and ignorance appealed to his colleagues. Out of their common involvements, as planners, writers, artists, and producers, emerged a product by means of which even a music critic can penetrate such profound mysteries of the Orient as the difference between the "heavenly pearls" and the "earthly pearls."

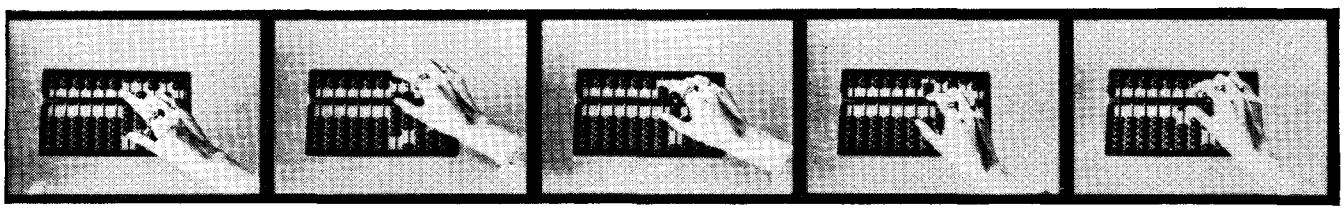
As its interlocutor for *The Abacus*, Videorecord had the happy idea of enlisting Robert Trout, whose voice is agreeable even when subject to the repetitions inherent in any learning device, and whose manner—this time, at least—is neither grating nor coy. The tone for the whole is set by some appropriately plopping sounds (contrived by music consultant John Gilbert of the New York University School of Music). When Trout begins, "I'm Robert Trout and this is an abacus," then glances at the attractive Sino-Japanese in the frame beside him before continuing, "and that is a woman. You can't say we don't start from the very beginning," the message is very clear. Learning and liking to learn have been combined from the outset.

Though the running time, straight through, of *The Abacus* (very prettily colored, too, as viewed on the incredibly responsive Sony Trinitron TV) is not more than fifteen minutes, it embodies a diverting kind of learning process possibly three times as long. This is accounted for by the presence, in the viewer's hand, of an activity book that is an interrelated part of the total procedure. With the trusty abacus on the table before him, the Videorecord unwinding, and the activity book at hand to self-test the amount of knowledge he has acquired, an ambitious Ph.D. could learn how to perform sums in the hundreds of thousands on the abacus in under an hour. A clever child could probably do it in less.

Here, in sum, are the elements that make Videorecord's "software" (as products devised for the new means are being called, in distinction to the "hardware" on which they are displayed) challenging and innovative. It is estimated that to bring to bear a similar amount of information in an ordinary film would take a running time of at least three-quarters of an hour, a much more costly, as well as tedious, procedure. Even the use of an activity book with an ordinary film would not approach the compression of means possible for Videorecord. For the EVR, in common with cassette-TV systems generally, can be stopped and rerun at will, enabling the user to recycle the information to conform to his own learning speed and mental agility. And, of course, it does not require a special projection device (other than the player) or a darkened room or a screen (other than that of his TV set).

Needless to say, those who are novices in the audio-video field, from which these new procedures derive their points of departure, will find themselves beset by a whole new jargon of terminology. The first to be encountered are "on line" and "off line." "On line" is the material contained on the EVR film, that portion of the whole which is seen and heard. "Off line" pertains to the materials that the user has in printed or graphic form before him. He can, of course, expose himself to either independently, or optionally, as a way of accelerating the memory process. But they are conceived to function together, and they perform their mission best when so used.

Reference to Trout and EVR, each identified with CBS over years, suggests an interrelation of forces that both does and does not exist. More than a few of the highly skilled men who make up Videorecord's management group have CBS affiliations in their background. More than a few don't. EVR was adopted because it is a system in being, with Admiral-produced players now available for use, likewise production facilities for processing such programs as *The Abacus* in quantity. Corporate thinking at CBS is to the effect that marketing the EVR product of Dr. Peter Goldmark's agile mind (he was in large part responsible for the LP record also developed in the CBS Laboratories) could be good business. But producing programs for it would tend only to divide the public for commercial TV, which is CBS's prime source of revenue. So why produce programs? Thus, those at CBS who were fighting the battle of "soft-



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ware" turned elsewhere to further their ambitions—"elsewhere," in the first instance, being Videorecord.

As was pointed out in Hollis Alpert's "The Cassette Man Cometh" (*SR*, January 27), Videorecord has positioned itself to serve institutional and business clients at this beginning point of its career for the soundest of reasons. A): They can afford the present high costs of equipment when, as in the case of Equitable Life, such programs are selling tools for increasing yearly income. B): Serving this market provides all-important revenue to finance experimentation and the development of skills that, at an appropriate time of consumer demand, will enable Videorecord to meet such broader purposes with maximum resources.

At Videorecord's Westport, Connecticut, atelier (over the Baskin-Robbins Ice Cream dispensary), a new Videorecord project was going forth late in March. Seated at a table in front of a video camera was a lady impersonating a nurse. On the chair beside her was a saleshand of Videorecord, impersonating a patient. He was having his blood pressure taken, as part of a cassette-TV project designed to teach this skill to paramedical personnel. When the test had been made, it would be taken to a Bridgeport medical center for scrutiny and analysis of its procedures. After such critical judgments had been exercised, the test would be taken back and reshot before a final production was undertaken.

James Lieberman, a former Assistant Surgeon General of the United States and director of the National Medical Audiovisual Center in Atlanta (he also holds the rank of rear admiral), is a Videorecord vice president specializing in materia medica. He is much concerned about the need for training personnel to perform functions for which medical degrees are not needed and which consume time that doctors could apply more productively to other aspects of patient care. "We tend to use too many three-hundred-and-fifty-horsepower engines to do the work that could be done as well by a fifty-horsepower engine" is the way he puts it.

Taking blood pressure, for example. When Videorecord has completed its "How to take blood pressure without giving a patient high blood pressure" project, it can be viewed and reviewed, no doubt with the aid of an activity book, by any intelligent layman (or woman) as slow or as fast, as often or as infrequently, as the individual's needs dictate. It requires no central studio or other facility for viewing, no operator to service a projector, no teacher whose own precious time can be better utilized. It is one among fifty programs that Videorecord has set as its creative goal for 1971, out of a total catalogue of 500 subjects (many derived, of course, from existing materials adapted to EVR) that it proposes to have in existence a year hence.

Today *The Abacus*, tomorrow the world. Today "High Blood Pressure," tomorrow "How to Play the Rebeck" or "The Realization of Figured Bass." By 1973, Videorecord may even take over the space of the ice cream parlor.

—*Bridgeport Sunday Post, Fred Schulze*

Dr. Stewart Kranz, of Videorecord, conducting a test of "The Abacus." At rear, the player; at left, the program displayed on a TV screen. At right, student learning proper method of handling the abacus.

FILM

BITS AND PIECES

by GERALD WEALES

A good many reviewers, faced with *Five Easy Pieces*, have singled out Helena Kallianiotes for praise for her performance in the brief role of the tough Lesbian hitchhiker. I suspect these critics of succumbing to something more than the simple pleasure of watching a good performance. Whenever a small role in a film attracts applause (Lee Grant's pickup in *Divorce American Style*, for instance, or Sylvia Miles's classy broad in *Midnight Cowboy*), it is likely to be a carefully defined character turn, almost a caricature, in which a reasonably vivid performer can suggest the human being behind the type. The response to such bits must be partly nostalgic, a longing for the bad old studio days of the 1930s and 1940s, when a resident company of character actors spotted every picture with neat little turns. I detect this nostalgia even in commentators too young to have known the period except as history.

The analogy between the kind of contemporary role mentioned above and, say, Grady Sutton's carnival trainee in *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man* (1939) is not an exact one. The character actor in Hollywood's great days was an established personality, a recognized type with a voice, a face, and a collection of mannerisms that told the audience what to expect as soon as he stepped on the screen. The ordinary moviegoer might not have known the actor's name, but the face was familiar. The interest lay in two things—the way the speciality fit into a particular film and the admirable skill with which these specialists performed. Sutton is a good example. A big man with a face like a suet pudding, a voice that rose to a high strangulated note, and a manner that teetered on the edge of effeminacy, he always played a variation on the innocent Southern country boy—even when he adopted an air of snappy sophistication, as in *Hot Saturday* (1932), in which the script let him go in for some heavy necking. At the court of Catherine the Great in *A Royal Scandal* (1945), as a cabal-created candidate for lover to Tallulah Bankhead, he was the same old Georgia boy, although

(Continued on page 77)

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Guide to European Music Festivals—1971

PRELIMINARY FORECAST

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
April 17-May 7	Oxford, London, Great Britain	English Bach Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC.	English Bach Festival Trust, 15 South Eaton Place, London S.W.1. Tel. (01) 730 5925
April 30-May 16	Bordeaux, France	Festival of Music	OPERA: *Turandot* (Puccini), CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC, BALLET; DRAMA. Soloists include Hephzibah Menuhin, Cochereau, Delmotte, Souzay, et al.	Commissariat du Festival, 252 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 8. Tel. 924 97 28
April 30-June 30	Florence, Italy	May Music Festival	OPERA: *L'Africana* (Meyerbeer), *Cenerentola* (Rossini), *Turandot* (Puccini), *Der Jasager* (Weill), *Padmâvati* (Roussel); CONCERTS: Berlin Radio Symphony, Budapest Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic, London Sinfonietta; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA.	Teatro Communale, Corso Italia 16, Florence. Tel. 262 841
May 1-May 31	Wiesbaden, Germany	International May Festival	OPERA: *Barber of Seville, Turandot, Boris Godunov*; CONCERTS: Berlin Philharmonic; BALLET: Bolshoi, Béjart, Nikolais; DRAMA.	State Theater, 6200 Wiesbaden, Postfach. Tel. 06121-370991
May 12-June 4	Prague, Czechoslovakia	International Music Festival "Prague Spring"	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Leningrad Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic, et al. Soloists include Gilels, Grumiaux, Janis, Michelangeli, Starker, Szeryng, et al.	"Prague Spring," House of Artists, Alesovo Nabrezi 12, Prague I. Tel. 635 82
May 20-June 5	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Ballet and Opera Festival	OPERA: *Ritorno d'Ulisse* (Monteverdi), *Porgy and Bess, Marriage of Figaro, Wozzeck, Trovatore, Eugen Onegin, Simon Boccanegra;* BALLET; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA.	Royal Theater, Tordenskjöldsgade 3, DK 1055, Copenhagen K. Tel. (01) 14 46 65
May 22-June 20	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival Weeks	OPERA: World premiere of *The Visit* (Von Einem); CONCERTS: Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Berlin Radio Symphony, et al. CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA; MIXED MEDIA. Soloists include Milstein, Entremont, many others.	Wiener Festwochen, Rathausstrasse 9, Vienna I. Tel. 43 3257
May 26-June 9	Bergen, Norway	International Grieg Festival	OPERA: *Transformation* (Bäck); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA. Daily performances at Grieg's home. Soloists include Berganza, Nilsson, et al.	Festspillene I., Sverresgate 11, Bergen. Tel. 30 0 10
May 28-June 6	Bath, Great Britain	Bath Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA. London Symphony, New Philharmonia, Amadeus Quartet, et al. Soloists include Horne, Evans, et al.	Bath Festival, Linley House, 1 Pierrepont Place, Bath. Tel. BAth 22531
May 23-August (early)	Glyndebourne, Great Britain	Glyndebourne Opera	*Queen of Spades* (Tchaikovsky), *Rising of the Moon* (Maw), *Ariadne auf Naxos* (Strauss), *Così* (Mozart), *Calisto* (Cavalli)	Box Office, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Lewes, Sussex.
May (late)-July (early)	Zurich, Switzerland	Zurich June Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA. Soloists include Kogan, Menuhin, et al.	Internationale Festwochen, Postfach 8023, Zurich. Tel. (051) 27 12 56
June 4-June 20	Strasbourg, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; BALLET. Soloists include Grumiaux, Weissenberg, Menuhin, Stich-Randall, Haefliger,	Festival de Strasbourg, 24 rue de la Mésange, Strasbourg 67. Tel. 32 43 10
June 5-June 27	Aldeburgh, Great Britain	Aldeburgh Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS.	Box Office, Festival Office, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
June 10-July 8	Lyon, France	Lyon Festival	OPERA: *La serva padrona* (Pergolesi), *Bastien and Bastienne* (Mozart), *Boris Godunov* (Mussorgsky); CONCERTS; RECITALS; BALLET.	Festival de Lyon, Hôtel de Ville, 69 Lyon. Tel. 28 50 31
June 15-July 9	The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands	Holland Festival	OPERA: World premiere of *Spinoza* (De Kruyf), *Tales of Hoffmann* (Offenbach), *Die Soldaten* (Zimmermann); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA.	Holland Festival Office, Haarlemsestraat 14, Scheveningen. The Hague: Tel. 55 87 00

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June 24- July 11	Spoleto, Italy	Festival of the Two Worlds	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA.	Spoleto Festival, Via Margutta 17, Rome. Tel. 686 762
June (late)- July (early)	Granada, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET.	Festival Office, Palacio de la Madraza, Calle de los Oficios, Granada. Tel. 22 52 01; 22 52 13
July 10- July 31	Aix-en-Provence, France	Open Air Festival	OPERA: World premiere of *Beatris* (Charpentier), new production of *Magic Flute, Così, Falstaff*; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS.	Festival International de Musique, Aix 2 bis, Boulevard de la République, Aix. Tel. 26 30 33
July 10- August 25	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia	Festival of Music, Drama, and Folklore	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA; FOLKLORE.	Dubrovnik Festival, Od. Sigurate 1, Dubrovnik. Tel. 6350; 6352
July 14- August 6	Munich, Germany	Festival Weeks	OPERA: New productions of *Clemenza di Tito* (Mozart), *Il re Teodoro* (Paisiello), *Simon Boccanegra* (Verdi), *Die schweigsame Frau* (Strauss), *El Cimarron* (Henze); performances of *Marriage of Figaro, Abduction, Zauberflöte* (Mozart); *Lohengrin, Die Meistersinger* (Wagner); *Oedipus Rex* (Stravinsky); *Capriccio, Salome, Ariadne auf Naxos* (Strauss); *Wozzeck* (Berg); RECITALS.	Opera Festival, Bayerische Staatsoper, Brieffach, 8 Munich I. Tel. 21851
July 15- August 15	Verona, Italy	Verona Summer Opera	OPERA performances in the open air arena. *Macbeth, Aïda.*	Ente Spettacoli Lirici Arena, Piazza Bra No. 28, Verona. Tel. 235 20
July 15- September 26	Athens, Greece	Athens Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA: Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.	Athens Festival, 1 rue Voukourestiou, Athens. Tel. 230 049
July 22- August 22	Bregenz, Austria	Bregenz Festival	OPERA: *Daughter of the Regiment* (Donizetti), *Porgy and Bess* (Gershwin); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Tel. 697 0651
July 24- August 27	Bayreuth, Germany	Richard Wagner Festival	OPERA: *Der fliegende Holländer, Parsifal, Die Meistersinger, Ring Cycle, Lohengrin.*	Ticket Office, P.O. Box 2320, 8580, Bayreuth 2. Tel. 57 22
July 26- August 30	Salzburg, Austria	Salzburg Music Festival	OPERA: New productions of *Wozzeck* (Berg), *Don Pasquale* (Donizetti), *Orfeo* (Monteverdi), *Mitridate* (Mozart); plus *Abduction from the Seraglio, Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart); *Otello* (Verdi); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA. Vienna Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic, Israel Philharmonic. Soloists include Ludwig, Berry, others.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Tel. 697 0651
August 1- August 31	Santander, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; BALLET.	Plaza de Velarde, Apartado 258, Santander. Tel. 22 425; 27 382
August 1- September 21	Ghent, Brussels, Bruges, Belgium	Festival of Flanders	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET. Visiting opera groups, including Bayerische Staatsoper, Cologne Opera, Vienna Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, Israel Philharmonic, Leningrad Philharmonic, Concertgebouw, et al. Soloists include Du Pré, Werba, others.	ET 92, Eugeen Flageyplein 18, Brussels 5. Tel. 02 496782
August 14- September 7	Lucerne, Switzerland	International Festival of Music	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA. Swiss Festival Orchestra, Lucerne Festival Strings, Berlin Philharmonic, Israel Philharmonic, Collegium Musicum Zurich, Amadeus Quartet, et al. Soloists include Ashkenazy, Fischer-Dieskau, Menuhin, Perlman, Rostropovich, Watts, Zukerman, many others.	Tourist Office, Schweizerhofquai 4, Lucerne. Tel. (041) 225 222
August 22- September 11	Edinburgh, Scotland	Edinburgh International Festival	OPERA: World premiere of *Love's Labors Lost* (Nabokov); performances of *Abduction, Die Walküre, Cenerentola;* CONCERTS: Chicago Symphony, Israel Philharmonic; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA.	Edinburgh Festival, 29 St. James's Street, London S.W.1. Tel. (01) 839 2611

—HEDY D. JELLINEK.

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Recordings in Review

Joaquín Rodrigo as Chef and Waiter

RODRIGO: *Cuatro danzas de España; A l'ombre de Torre Bermeja; El vendedor de chanquetes; Pastoral; Preludio al gallo mañanero; Sonada de adiós; Sonata de Castilla (B minor); Sonata de Castilla (en fa sostenido menor). Joaquín Rodrigo, piano. Gran marcha de los subsecretarios. Joaquín and Victoria Camhi de Rodrigo, piano, four hands.* Odeon mono, LALP 581, $5.98 (available from King Karol, 111 West 42nd Street, New York).

DEVOTEES of Joaquín Rodrigo, which is to say those who became acquainted with his creative art through the recordings of Segovia, Bream, Behrend, and other masters of the guitar, will need no urging to avail themselves of this opportunity to experience his work in another métier. Others will find in them an introduction to the Spanish composer who is regarded by some as the legitimate heir of and successor to Manuel de Falla.

Perhaps that attribution overstates somewhat the case for Rodrigo. But until the broad range of his work is better known than it is today, the specialized instances bear constant evidence of such a possibility. Perhaps if Rodrigo had been permitted the same kind of participation in the general cultural life of the world as Falla, there would be no doubt at all of his stature. He has, after all, achieved the very considerable position he occupies (among guitarists and enthusiasts for the music they make) though he has been sightless from the age of three.

Recurrently in these works (which date to creations associated with his studies in Paris such as the *Sonada de adiós* of 1935 in memory of Paul Dukas), one hears the refined melodic sense, the sophisticated kind of harmonic coloration, and the discriminating choice of rhythmic means that underlie the guitar concertos. But in the totality of the *Cuatro danzas* there is a Ravelian range across the keyboard that could well command the interest of virtuosi looking for new additions to their repertories. Rodrigo plays them well enough, demonstrating a tactile sense not altogether common in composer-pianists.

The identification of three works of Side 2 as "sonatas" may confuse some accustomed to associating the term with compositions of Germanic length and substance. To Rodrigo, "sonata" is a term derived from the works of Domenico Scarlatti, whose manner is reflected in the pieces so named here. How much or how little of their melodic content is folk-related only a specialist in the subject could accurately declare. For those who are content to accept the Castilian characteristics, however derived, as nourishing and sustaining, the contents of this disc will be a feast in miniature, a banquet in brevity, faultlessly served by the chef himself. The recording is prestereo, but altogether suitable for the content it conveys.

Joaquín Rodrigo—"a feast in miniature, a banquet in brevity."

Forrester on Brahms and Wagner

BRAHMS: *Vier ernste Gesänge.* WAGNER: *Wesendonck Lieder. Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano; with John Newmark, piano.* London stereo, STS 15113, $2.98.

MEZZOS WHO MUSTER sufficient proficiency in the somber "Serious Songs" of Brahms to record them are hardly numerous; those who interest themselves in the *Wesendonck Lieder* of Wagner, all but unknown. Considering that Miss Forrester prefers to bill herself as a "contralto," her double ploy gives her a distinction not matched by such colleagues, past and present, as Kathleen Ferrier, who recorded the Brahms but not the Wagner, and Marilyn Horne, whose discs include the Wagner songs but not the Brahms.

The properly proud possessor of one of the most beautiful tone qualities now to be heard from any singer, Miss Forrester attracted more than a little attention by declaring in a recent interview that she tended to agree with critics who had, for years, contended that she was a beautiful but boring singer. This was due, she acknowledged, to her disposition to subordinate articulation of the text to the most ravishing sound she could produce, with an inevitable decline of interest for those who consider the word and the note, in such music as Miss Forrester habitually sings, not merely indivisible but a totality separate from either alone.

For the reader eager to learn whether these performances embody the objectives of the newish Forrester, the answer would be—up to a point. She makes, clearly, a conscious effort to articulate such Biblical texts as Ecclesiastes 3:4, and 41, and I Corinthians 13 in a manner to make audible every syllabic reason why Brahms chose them. She succeeds beautifully in the second of the sequence ("Ich wandte mich"). Here she also lightens her tone appealingly, to suit the movement implicit in its *andante* marking. But the habits of a lifetime are hard to break, and, at some other points, the throbbing *vox humana* in her throat attains no greater verbal identity than any other *vox humana*.

The Wagner settings of verses by Mathilde Wesendonck pose fewer specific difficulties for Miss Forrester, but one inclusive liability. Articulation of the texts is not so urgent, for the Wesendonck words are atmospheric rather than literary, more poetizing than poetry. However, she cannot (as in the case of the Brahms songs) sing them in the written keys. They must be transposed down a tone to conform to her register. This would not ordi-

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narily be a matter for more than a quibble. But in this instance there is legitimate cause for complaint. The *Wesendonck Lieder* are famous as "sketches" for *Tristan und Isolde*, settings in which the *Tristan* idiom begins to grow and expand. When they are pitched as low as they are here, they sound less like sketches for Isolde than for her handmaiden, Brangaene. Newmark does his work well.

Berg, Szeryng, Martinon, and Kubelik

BERG: *Concerto.* MARTINON: *Concerto No. 2. Henryk Szeryng, violin; with Rafael Kubelik conducting the Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio.* DGG stereo, 2530 033, $6.98.

THE PERIOD (1963-1968) that Jean Martinon spent in Chicago as conductor of its orchestra may turn out, in the long reach of his career, to have been as atypical of his true inclinations as the comparable period Eugène Ysaye spent in Cincinnati or, for that matter, Gustav Mahler with the New York Philharmonic. For this Concerto (dating from 1961) is anything but the work of a conductor who was also a composer, but rather of a composer of considerable skill and resourcefulness who could make a living as a conductor if need be. Indeed, it is altogether likely that his Chicago earnings will keep him in music paper for some time to come.

Created on behalf of its present interpreter, who first performed it in Selb in 1961, with Martinon conducting, it is an extraordinarily songful work, with a dipping, rising, far-ranging solo line of considerable melodic interest. Rhapsodic is a word that comes easily in describing it, likewise violinistic. It is made to the measure of the sizable virtuosity Szeryng commands, by a composer who knows the instrument thoroughly (my impression is that he played it himself) and has a precise idea of how he wants it to coordinate with the orchestra. The texture is, for the most part, light and luminous, a tribute not only to the compositional ideology Martinon derived from his studies with Albert Roussel, but from practical experience on the podium.

The passage of time that has retired the Berg Concerto from the status of novelty to classic has done nothing to blemish its beauty; rather, it has contributed only to the creation of a patina that enhances everything it contains. In its strength and assurance, the version of Szeryng recalls the excellent one (on Angel) in which André Gertler was the exemplary soloist and Paul Kletzki the comprehending conductor. Szeryng applies his beautiful sustained sound with exquisite justice to the needs of the work, especially in the upper register of the instrument. Kubelik has the Berg texture completely under control, resulting in a version of singular comprehension and well-balanced sound.

Hark to Lortzing

LORTZING: *Der Wildschütz (excerpts). Gisela Schröter, Peter Schreier, Tom Krause, Ruth-Margret Pütz, and Arnold van Mill; with Paul Schmitz conducting the Gewandhaus Orchestra and Radio Chorus of Leipzig.* London stereo, OS 26181, $5.98.

FOR THOSE who enjoy Mozart's *Così* as well as his *Entführung*, the first scene of *Fidelio* as well as the grimmer matters that follow, Weber's *Freischütz*, and such Marschner as may have come their way, chances are good that they also will find pleasure in these excerpts from Lortzing's *Der Wildschütz*. The clear indications are that, if the whole is faithfully represented by the parts herein displayed, all of the above are contained within Lortzing's esthetic.

It may be verging on the pompous to allude to Lortzing in terms of an esthetic, for he plainly wrote to delight the musically unlettered of his time (1801-51) as well as to interest the more sophisticated. But, like such another composer as George Gershwin—whose audience was made up of similar elements—the sophisticated were beguiled by the freshness of his melodies as the unlettered were stimulated by their "newness." In both cases, the flow and freedom of the writing reached out beyond barriers.

In these excerpts, for example, there is always something to interest the mind as well as to jog the spirits. The subject matter may be of no great consequence, but Lortzing's way of embellishing an incident, or pushing on from one ensemble to the next, is not without learned credentials. The present cast is only moderately distinguished, but Paul Schmitz's direction has qualities that communicate to the performers as well as to the listeners. The best voice strikes me as that of Gisela Schröter (Countess), with the others on a level of acceptability. The bass voice of Arnold van Mill, as Baculus, sounds to have deteriorated since it was being heard regularly on recordings a decade ago.

Ilana Vered—"power to vitalize the non-vital."

The Pianistic Art of Ilana Vered

MOSZKOWSKI: *Etudes (Op. 72); Etincelles; En automne; Valse brillante; Siciliano; and Guitarre. Ilana Vered, piano.* Connoisseur stereo, CS 2023, $5.98.

IF ILANA VERED, a pianist of Israeli birth, plays everything, or anything else, as well as she does these études of Moritz Moszkowski, she is a pianist of qualities above and beyond the ordinary. For with only a marginal kind of assistance from the composer, she makes music that ebbs and flows, sings and soars, because those qualities are hers to convey. That she has a virtuoso technic may be expected from her credentials as a first-prize winner at the Paris Conservatory, but it is what she does with it that attracts the ear and detains the attention.

The études, and the briefer pieces associated with them, are fluent, well disciplined, and stylistically derived from the example of Chopin. Reference to this composer's name recalls the mention, in Faubion Bowers's well-written commentary, that "Moszkowski once actually shook Chopin's hand." As most reference sources agree that Moszkowski was born in 1854 and Chopin died in 1849, one can only inquire, "Where?" The pieces provide the interpreter with a ground plan of keyboard execution, a blueprint of arpeggios, *leggiero* passages, and connecting melodies, but it is largely his responsibility (or hers, as in the instance of Miss Vered) to erect a structure from them.

That what she does with the materials is sufficient to retain interest speaks its own story for Miss Vered's resourcefulness and insight. Given such unmistakable power to vitalize the non-vital, it would seem a wise investment for Connoisseur to provide Miss Vered with a proper opportunity for a full-scale demonstration of her talents. The piano sound is very well reproduced.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Charpentier: "Depuis le jour" (*Louise*). **Puccini:** *"Un bel dì" (Madama Butterfly);* "In quelle trine morbide" (*Manon Lescaut*); "Si, mi chiamano Mimi" and "Addio" (*La Bohème*); "Chi il bel sogno" (*La Rondine*). **Massenet:** "Death of Thaïs"* (*Thaïs*); "Obéissons quand leur voix appelle" (*Manon*). **Youmans:** "Great Day." **Kern:** "Why Was I Born?" **Romberg:** "Wanting You."* **Gershwin:** "The Man I Love." Dorothy Kirsten, soprano. RCA Victrola mono, VIC-1552, $2.98.	Dorothy Kirsten sang Mimi in *La Bohème* at her debut at the Metropolitan on December 1, 1945, and again within recent weeks, which gives her rank as a performer with a career extending over twenty-five years, though in more than a few of them her appearances were infrequent. Almost all the material on this disc predates 1950, which is to say that it shows the voice in its period of brightest promise rather than in the years of sometimes incomplete fulfillment. Technically, it is unfailingly well accomplished, though the sentiments (especially in the Puccini excerpts) conveyed are close to the surface of the material. Vocally, the color varies little, whether the heroine of the moment is Louise or Thaïs, Manon or Butterfly. In the items marked by the asterisk, her partner is baritone Robert Merrill.
Reger: Serenades in D (Op. 77a) and G (Op. 141a). John Wion, flute; Laurance Fader, viola; and Stanley Ritchie, violin. Lyrichord stereo, LLST 7217, $5.98.	Those accustomed to associating Reger with the contrapuntal structures of such works of length and complexity as the "Hiller" and "Mozart" Variations will doubtless regard a serenade by him with some misgivings. Those who also know him as the composer of a waltz once recorded by duo-pianists Whittemore and Lowe will grant, at least, the possibility of something engaging. As it turns out, the Serenades are much more in the spirit of the latter than of the former, sprightly in a kind of learned way. The means (borrowed from the Beethoven Serenade, Op. 25) are used to diverting ends that might suit the needs of dinner music on Mount Parnassus. The able performers (all of whom have been, at one time, members of the New York City Opera Orchestra) are as responsive to the animation of the pieces as they are to their carefully wrought texture. The reproduction is uncommonly good.
Satie: *Les Pantins dansent.* Aldo Ciccolini conducting. *Prélude de la Porte héroïque du ciel.* Ciccolini, piano. "Tendrement," *Quatre Petites Mélodies.* Nicolai Gedda, tenor. *Ludions.* Mady Mesplé, soprano. *Trois Poèmes d'amour."* Gabriel Bacquier, baritone. *Choses vues à droite et à gauche.* Yan Pascal, violin. *Le Piège de Méduse.* Ciccolini conducting members of the Lamoreux Concerts Orchestra. Angel stereo, S-36713, $5.98.	The continuing representation of Erik Satie, for which Aldo Ciccolini is in large part responsible, has done more to define his place in musical history than anything undertaken since his death in 1925. That is not to say that everything on this disc, and on the five that have preceded it, is of equal quality. Far from it. But the aural perspective thus provided enables anyone with the interest to range across a considerable segment of the Satie literature and to decide for himself what the sum of it is. Of the music on this disc, I am particularly partial to the pre-Poulenc "Tendrement," perfectly sung by Gedda, and the little-heard *Le Piège de Méduse,* in which the four performers are Pierre Bertin in the title as Baron Méduse, Hubert Deschamps, Joseph-Marie Falcucci, and Marie Laurence. The sound here, as in the previous issues, is of top quality.
Sibelius: Concerto in D minor. **Tchaikovsky:** Concerto in D. Kyung-Wha Chung, violin; with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn. London stereo, CS 6710, $5.98.	The serene yet impassioned sound of the opening measures of this performance of the Sibelius Concerto could be the product of an interpreter of either sex, rooted in one of half-a-dozen population centers, East and West. That it is produced by a female violinist born in Seoul, Korea, in 1948 is another proof of the extent to which the concepts and canons of Western music have proliferated around the globe. It may be that the gloss on the sound and the more than ladylike dig of the bow into a Tchaikovsky melody are the products of her Juilliard instructor rather than a total expression of her own personality, but the order of expertness Miss Chung has developed is impressive. Previn's orchestral effort is sometimes more massive than her sound can penetrate; indeed, there are constant suggestions that her true inclinations might flourish better in works of less virtuoso character than these. Excellent sound.
Stevens: Concerto. Mitchell Lurie, clarinet; with the Crystal Chamber Orchestra conducted by Akira Endo. **Foss:** Concerto. Bert Gassman, oboe; with Endo conducting. Crystal stereo, S-851, $5.98.	Though Halsey Stevens is best known as a teacher and author (his biography of Bartók is standard for the subject), he is also a composer of taste, ingenuity, and resourcefulness. The ideas of his Concerto have a distinctive profile, and the elaboration of them is forceful and fulfilling. Lurie has been principal clarinetist of both the Pittsburgh and Chicago Symphonies. As those who have heard him in solo performances on the West Coast are aware (he now lives in the Los Angeles area), he has few superiors in this country. Others will discover, in this recording, clarinet playing of power, eloquence, and assurance, all to the advantage of the work he is performing. The Foss work belongs to 1948, and is neo-Baroque in its clarity, simplicity, and balance. It is beautifully performed by Gassman, solo oboist of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Both works are skillfully conducted by Endo, a Mitropoulos Competition winner now associated with Ballet Theatre. The sounds that suggest "live" recording are not intrusive enough to mar quality results.
Walton: Concertos. Yehudi Menuhin, violin and viola; with Sir William Walton conducting the New Philharmonia (Viola Concerto) and London Symphony Orchestras. Angel stereo, S-36719, $5.98.	This recording with its interesting "double" (Menuhin could only surpass himself if he had, somehow, found the means to master the Walton Cello Concerto) and with the composer conducting shows the kind of creative thinking that converts a disc into a document. Menuhin's qualities as a violist have been previously defined in his participation in *Harold in Italy* (on Angel S-36123), which means that the sound he produces here is not as large as that of some others who specialize in playing the instrument. But the identity of musical viewpoint that prevails in the two works, and the mediation of Walton in both, bring about an artistic consistency not too often heard. In both works the content is intimately related to the inherent character of the solo instrument, a condition by no means common in the works of the mid-twentieth century. —Irving Kolodin.

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Murray Allen owns one of the world's keenest ears. He played sax and clarinet with big name bands like Skitch Henderson's and Bobby Sherwood's before becoming an engineer. And has done sessions for Bobby Melton, The Hi-Lo's, Julie London and many other famous names. Murray was one of the first to experiment in multi-track recording and recently pioneered in the use of 16-track. He is now with Universal Recording Studios where he engineers records and commercials, including the Schlitz and United Air Lines television campaigns which are currently on the air. He was also Audio Consultant to Science Research Associates.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: *Stolen Moments.* Davis, tenor saxophone; with thirteen-piece band. Prestige stereo, 7834, $4.98.	Prestige is wisely giving us a second chance—in stereo—at some of the better albums it recorded a decade ago. Formerly entitled *Trane Whistle,* this is one of them, and it is recommended. One of Davis's favorite ballads is "You Are Too Beautiful," and he plays it here with much feeling and invention in an Ernie Wilkins arrangement given him by Count Basie. The Basie spirit is also evident	in another Wilkins arrangement entitled "Jaws," on which the three trumpets get competitive. The four other numbers were arranged by Oliver Nelson, whose moody "Stolen Moments" is especially successful. Davis is at his best on the relaxed "Walk Away," which also features a brilliant Clark Terry solo. Ensemble playing and sound are excellent throughout.
Dizzy Gillespie: *Reunion Big Band.* Gillespie, trumpet; with fifteen-piece band. MPS stereo, 15207, $6. (Postpaid, Saba, 724 Seventh Street, Allentown, Pennsylvania 18102.)	Gillespie's regular quintet was augmented for these performances at the 1968 Berlin Jazz Festival by ten congenial musicians, mostly Americans. The remakes of "Things to Come" and "One Bass Hit" are exciting, although they inevitably lack the element of surprise that distinguished the originals. There is a ten-minute version of Gillespie's	"Con Alma," and nearly eight minutes of a new original, "The Things Are Here," a title which suggests that yesterday's revolutionaries are indeed today's conservatives. The band is together and drives energetically as Gillespie blows with his customary crackling enthusiasm.
Benny Goodman: *Benny Goodman Today.* Goodman, clarinet; with big band. London stereo, SPB-21, $11.96. (two discs). **Maynard Ferguson:** *M. F. Horn.* Ferguson, trumpet, flugelhorn, and valve trombone; with sixteen-piece band. Columbia stereo, C-30466, $4.98.	The first set was recorded live in Stockholm last year by the British band with which Goodman so successfully toured Europe. The recording is good, the playing crisp and clean. There are old favorites in the program, such as "Stealin' Apples," "Big John Special," "Roll 'Em," "Blue Skies," "Anything for You," and "Sing, Sing, Sing," as well as new items like "Dear Dave" by the band's fine pianist, Bill McGuffie. The enthusiasm of the Swedish audience proves the enduring appeal of the old Fletcher Henderson and Mary Lou Williams arrangements. Goodman features his musicians generously, and introduces some of them verbally, but unfortunately none of them	—and none of many photographs—is identified in an accompanying booklet of rare stupidity. The other album avoids this error, full personnel, arrangers, and soloists being detailed in model fashion. The band again is British, for Ferguson has been resident in England several years. The arrangements are imaginatively designed to display his virtuosity, and they also give him opportunities to express himself with quietly assured musicianship on his different instruments. The band is impressive as an ensemble, and there are attractive solos by saxophonists Pete King and Danny Moss.
Houston Person: *Person to Person.* Person, tenor saxophone; Virgil Jones, trumpet; Sonny Phillips, organ and electric piano; Grant Green, guitar; Jimmy Lewis, electric bass; Idris Muhammad, drums; Buddy Caldwell, conga. Prestige stereo, 10003, $4.98.	Much of the material here is dire, and the record as a whole is not up to Person's usual standard, several balladic interpretations tending toward the corny sentimentality and hysteria found in so much teen-age rock. Those contemporary abominations, the electric piano and electric bass, will also increase almost any listener's distress. The brightest moments are provided by the dependable Grant Green, and despite the over-	prominent conga, an agreeable amount of excitement is whipped up on a blues entitled "Up at Joe's, Down at Jim's." Green performs the same service for Fat Theus, another tenor saxophonist, on *Black Out* (CTI stereo, 1005), a better album by a group of similar instrumentation, including the same bassist and drummer, but with the addition of a *saw* player!
Bessie Smith: *Empty Bed Blues.* Bessie Smith, vocal; accompanied by piano, duo, trio, and quartet. Columbia mono, G-30450, $5.98 (two discs).	This is the third volume in Columbia's comprehensive program of Bessie Smith reissues. It contains one of her most famous records, the two-part "Empty Bed Blues," and it places some emphasis on trombonist Charlie Green, who is heard accompanying her first in 1924 and then four years later. There is often a ribald quality in his playing, yet it does not detract from the sensitivity with which he echoes, underlines, and completes her phrases. "Weeping Willow Blues" and "Bye, Bye Blues," with	Green, Joe Smith, and Fletcher Henderson in attendance, have always been recognized as outstanding sides, but an advantage of this kind of presentation is that forgotten or long-neglected records are heard again. "Yes, Indeed He Do!" and "Devil's Gonna Get You" on the last side, for example, are relatively lightweight, but they are well turned, the clarinet-saxophone duo of Bob Fuller and Ernest Elliot being both appropriate and enterprising.
Willie "The Lion" Smith: *Live at Blues Alley.* Smith, piano. Halcyon stereo, HAL-104, $4.98.	It was a good idea to record The Lion "live" at Blues Alley, the Washington nightclub, because he is always responsive to an appreciative audience such as he had there. The recording has plenty of presence, and his still powerful left hand is caught particularly well, as are his hilarious vocals, whimsical an-	nouncements, and philosophical observations. The program contains many familiar items, but their treatment is interestingly varied. In sum, the set seems to catch The Lion's charmingly imperious personality as well as any he has ever made.
Stanley Turrentine: *Sugar.* Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Lonnie Smith, Jr., electric piano; Butch Cornell, organ; George Benson, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Billy Kaye, drums; Richard "Pablo" Landrum, conga. CTI stereo, 6005, $5.98.	There is generally a welcome absence of gimmicks and compromise here. Not many records of serious intent by "modern" jazzmen (that is, the predecessors of the "avant garde") are being made today. Turrentine is a unique figure, incorporating as he does tones and idioms of musicians as different as Ben Webster and Sonny Rollins, whose voices	are now seldom heard in the land. Carter's bass playing is always superior, and he seems to have quickly established a rapport with drummer Kaye, so that there is a constantly inspiring rhythmic underlay. Benson contributes several masterly solos, and Cornell is yet another organist worth nothing. —STANLEY DANCE.

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POP

THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC—II

by ELLEN SANDER

James Taylor [see *SR*, Sept. 12, 1970] is being touted as the coming prototypal superstar, with enough cover stories to paper bathroom walls, hit singles ticking one by one up the charts, and so much flurry that even his performing brothers and sister can come along for the ride. Taylor is a pleasant enough singer; the production on his albums is tastefully understated; moreover, he is an impressively consistent and prolific composer. His talent and presence can hardly be faulted on any count; the danger is in overrating them. It is dangerous, first because he has already become a phenomenon impossible to live down in performance, though his performances are warm and compelling; second because the Taylor hype would tend to obscure other performers in the same genre of equal and even more imposing talent, such as a John Sebastian, a Paul Siebel, or a Jesse Winchester.

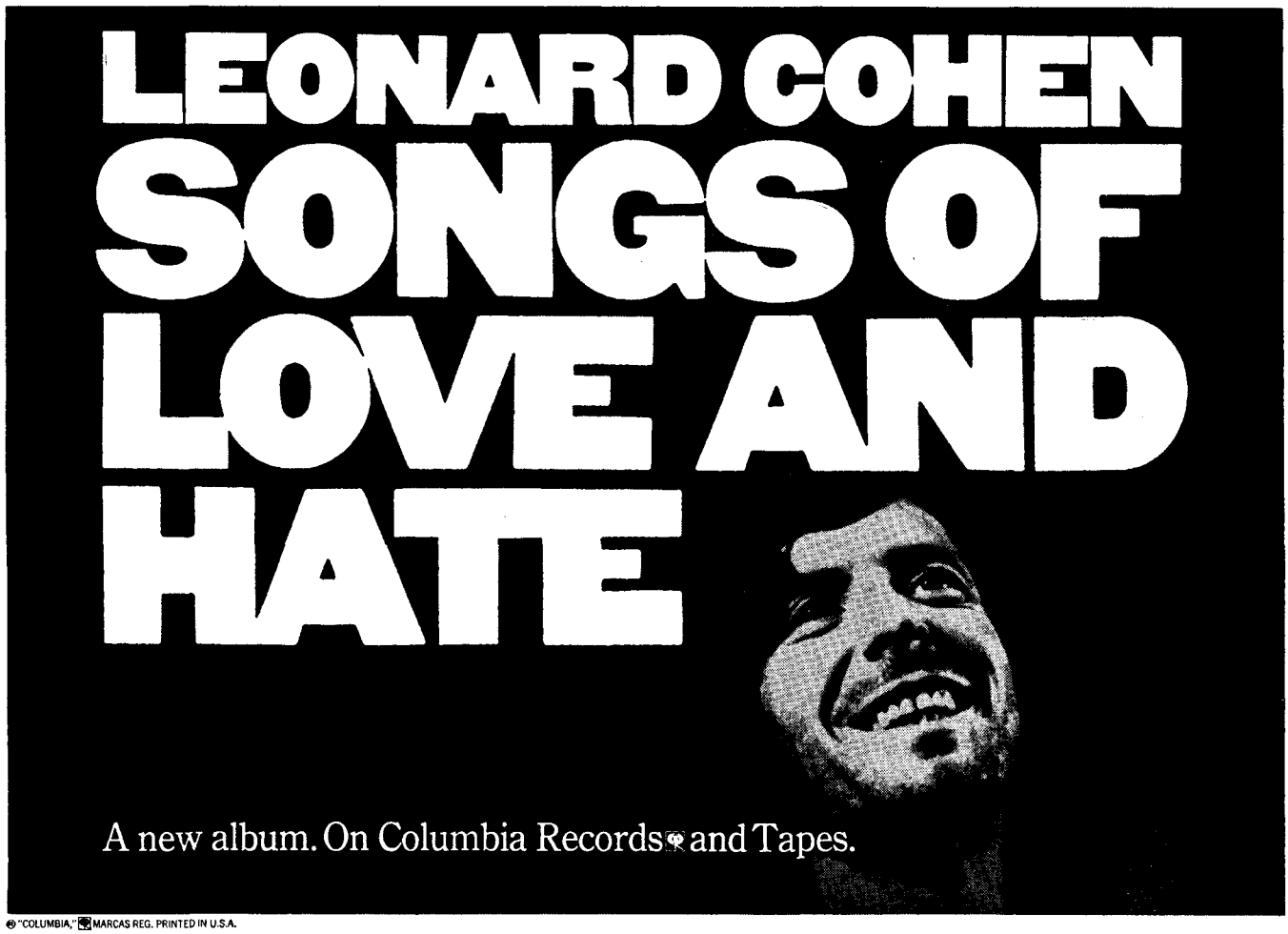
For the moment it does seem that solo performers are recovering ground, receiving their long-past due, which happens in pop whenever groups temporarily flounder. Solo albums by refugees from various groups (Beatles, CSN&Y) are also evidence of this, as are the inevitable "jam" albums. It should not undermine the constant stable of loners who have always held their own behind the dazzle of front-running groups. Nor should it get in the way of groups that are lesser-known.

The funk and soul of blues and gospel, transfigured by San Francisco, are the joyous turbulence that accounts for the incandescence of *Feel It* by the Elvin Bishop group. A humbly presented album, it's nonetheless a spectacular one, whose roots are so deep it should live forever. It hasn't had much impact in terms of either recognition, influence, or sales, but it certainly goes a long distance in a short time when you hear it. Not a popstar in the group: It can be done. Let's face it, superstardom and popmusical radiance often coincide, but they don't have to. Like parallel lines, they may seem to meet only on the horizon.

Elton John's first American album was the only out-of-left-field, surprise pop album of 1970. In collaboration with writer Bernie Taupin, John builds music that is organic, intensely human, and capable of an elusively intimate effect. The second Elton John album, *Tumbleweed Connection*, moves at a rocking-horse tempo, is graced with affectionate melodies, dazzling showmanship, and disciplined musical approaches. Alternately, the tracks of *Tumbleweed Connection* display undertones of old-timy spirituals and lyrical enchantment. Everything about it is pop; some of it is even rock 'n' roll. The sum of its parts obliquely ignores any resemblance to popular demand, thereby creating, defining, and materializing its own hugely deserved success. It says something very affirmative about itself and from whence it came (viz., England).

The Bee Gees have surfaced with a

(*Continued on page* 78)



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THE ELECTROSTAT THAT ISN'T

by IVAN BERGER

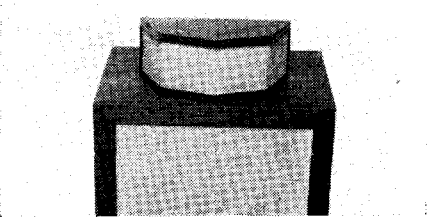
The principal virtues of a product aren't always the most obvious ones. For instance, when Micro/Acoustics lent me a pair of Microstatic tweeters (their maiden product), I expected to hear more highs, and I did. But even more dramatically, I heard more "air"—an increased spaciousness around me and the instruments. The effect was less one of turning up the treble than of enlarging my room, as if I'd switched to omnidirectional speakers. And, in a limited sense, I had.

The Microstatics contain four cone tweeters in a pentagonal cabinet, angled to spread their treble frequencies smoothly over a 180-degree arc. (The cabinet shape—like that of some electrostatic tweeters of the past—and the Microstatic name may make you think this, too, is an electrostatic unit; but it isn't.) This wide treble dispersion is one of the principal virtues of omnidirectional speakers, too (and of such multidirectional systems as the Bose). The sound becomes more uniform throughout the room, and you don't hear more highs in some areas than in others.

Both the omnidirectional and Microstatic systems claim, too, that you can place them with more regard to visual appearance and with less need to worry about sacrificing sound quality. I've found this true of some omni's, but not of others. But since the Microstatics are designed as add-on units for existing speakers, and since my existing speakers are already well-placed in my room, I didn't check this claim out.

The spatial effect that a speaker system with a Microstatic yields is not that of an omnidirectional, but one of a conventional system improved. The orchestra does not surround you, but sits clearly up front in your room. The echoes slip around you, rather than billow like those from the omni systems. And the instrument positions seem not just more solid but more sharply defined in space (omnidirectionals, by contrast, sometimes stretch a violin halfway across a wall as if it were a grand piano).

So far, I've really talked about only the results of the Microstatics' wide



Microstatic tweeter—"the sound becomes more uniform throughout the room."

treble dispersion. That I found this improvement so marked is quite a tribute to the system, for the main speakers I used them with—AR-3a's—already have one of the best dispersion characteristics I've heard in conventional speakers. And that the difference was less noticeable as a treble increase was a tribute to the flat, extended treble response of the AR-3a's. (Over the years, I've seen more electrostatic tweeters mounted on AR's than on any other speakers—not because the AR's need them more, but because no lesser lily would be quite so worth the gilding.)

The small difference in apparent treble is also a comment, though less complimentary, on the recordings I listened to. The Microstatics cannot enhance highs that aren't there, though they can still enhance the ticks and pops and hiss and surface noise; with my older recordings (and un-Dolbyized cassettes), I preferred to listen with the Microstatics off. Newer recordings, though, can come alive to an unsuspected extent. This showed most dramatically on listening to a fifteen-inch-per-second dub made from a Dolby master by a friend at one of the record companies; but good, contemporary discs and Dolby cassettes showed noticeable enhancement, too.

Because I'm a reviewer, Micro/Acoustics gave me a handy, if unattractive, switch that let me cut the Microstatics in and out from anywhere in my listening room, the better to assay their effects. If you listen to tape (especially cassette) a lot, or have a 78-rpm collection, I'd recommend that you install an on-off switch as well. Cutting out the Microstatics cuts out a lot of surface noise and tape hiss without sacrificing as much treble content as a tone control or filter would. Micro/Acoustic makes no such switch (mine was especially cobbled together for the purposes of this review), but you can easily add an inexpensive switch in series with each of the Microstatics in your system.

Aside from that, I found only one drawback in the Microstatic systems: their price. At $77 each, I don't think anyone will buy them except to add to an already exceptional speaker system. Which is, all things considered, as it should be.

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Continued from page 67

this time he wanted to go back to the Urals.

Let's take another country boy of a rather different kind—Slim Summerville—as an example of the way a familiar bit can stick in one's mind. In *Love Is News* (1937), a fast and fragile comedy in which a working reporter (Tyrone Power) finally wins the rich girl (Loretta Young), Summerville played a country judge. When I saw the film on television a few years ago, I found that Summerville's brief appearance was all that I remembered from having seen the movie when I was twelve; the intricacies of the plot, the crisp backchat, even such a grand character man as Walter Catlett, had slipped away. The Summerville I knew in the 1930s was a lanky man, all angles and elbows, with a long, unshaven face, perennially sad, even when he smiled. Like the basset hound he resembled, he was clumsily loving and protecting, firmly on the side of young lovers and small children. As was so often the case with character actors, Summerville could be displayed successfully not only in scenes with the stars but in contrast to other supporting players. For instance, in *Captain January* (1936), that salt-sea saccharine tablet of Shirley Temple's, Summerville's stick figure alongside Guy Kibbee's butterball, his drawling concern balancing Kibbee's explosiveness, set both men off to advantage. By the way, if *Three Men on a Horse* (1936) were not one of the most impressive collections of character-actor turns ever filmed, it would still be worth seeing just to watch Guy Kibbee get angry. Summerville's character, which developed out of the rube he used to do in Mack Sennett silents, was already taking shape in *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930), where the context made something serious of what was to become funny in the movies mentioned above.

In the same way, the mannerisms —the fluttering hands, the spaniel eyes—that were to make Zasu Pitts, Summerville's partner in *Bad Sister* (1931), Hollywood's most successful comic spinster, can be seen in embryo in her performance in Erich von Stroheim's *Greed* (1925); the voice, that tired, surprised whine, provided the finishing touch to Miss Pitts when the talkies came in.

To give the ladies their due, let's consider Florence Bates, a relative latecomer to the character ranks. I am long past sitting through *Rebecca* (1940), but I still tune in the movie (whenever it is on television) long

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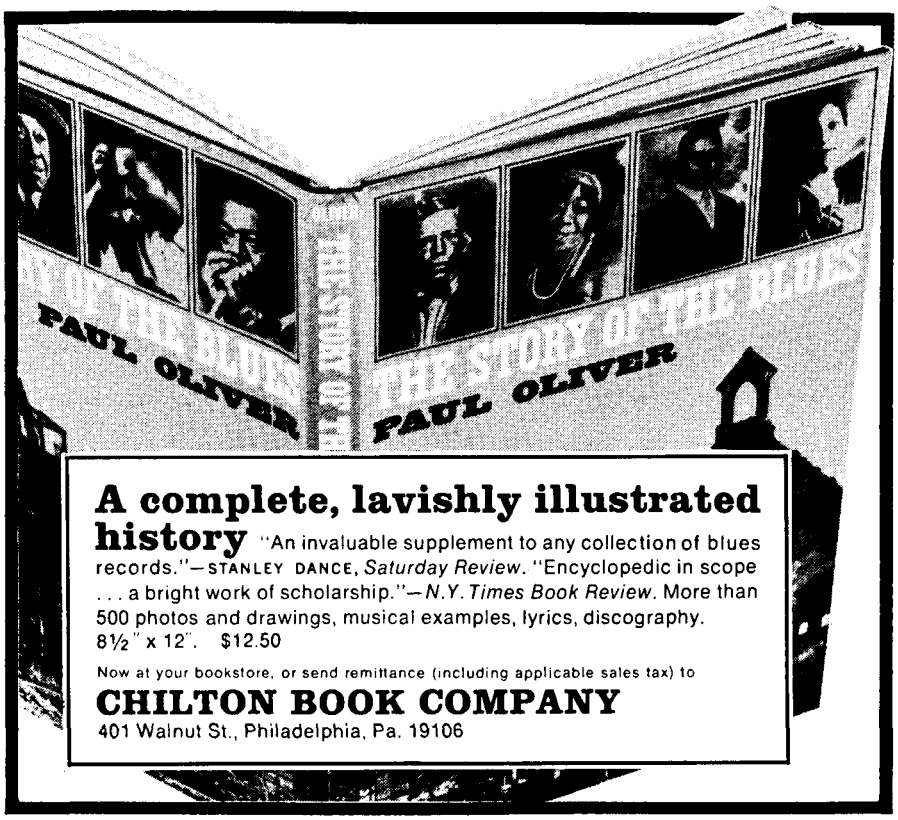

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enough to see Miss Bates as Mrs. Van Hopper, so grotesquely nasty a female that Mrs. Danvers seems almost lovable when she finally glides into Manderley. A pouter pigeon of a woman topped with a hatchety, outsized head, Miss Bates could convey fashionable vacuity in both its bitchy and nonbitchy varieties as impressively as any of Hollywood's gaggle of society ladies.

Why am I going on about Sutton, Summerville, Bates? They are only three examples—and not necessarily the ones I love best—out of hundreds that I want to call to plead my cause. They include Frank Morgan and Raymond Walburn, those bombastic medicine men of slightly variant styles; Charles Butterworth, who raised hesitancy to ritual; prissy Franklin Pangborn trying to bring order to an unwilling universe; apoplectic Charles Winninger bouncing like an irate volley ball; oleaginous Sidney Greenstreet, always about to melt into pools of evil; Edward Everett Horton, the king of the double take; henpecked Charles Ruggles being smothered by the marvelous Mary Boland; Billie Burke, who could have mislaid a kingdom without looking very ruffled; Reginald Owen with his mouth full of English flannel; Donald Meek matching personality to name; Margaret Hamilton, the world's all-time favorite witch; even—may the blacks forgive me—Stepin Fetchit, who brought more art to his shuffle and mumble than half the performers, black and white, I find myself watching today.

In identifying these actors with their personae, I do not want to dismiss them as amusing personalities. They were artists of great talent, able to play for nuance within the fairly broad roles they assumed. When Jane Darwell, everybody's mother, put aside her cookie jar to become Ma Joad in *The Grapes of Wrath* (1940), and Minor Watson, everybody's judge, finally got down off the bench to play Scratchy in *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky* (1952), they testified to the versatility hidden in those stereotypical hills. But the real triumph of these character actors is that they decorated movies, good and bad, with turns, comic and serious, that provided one of the deepest delights of my early moviegoing.

When someone asks me if I found anything to like in *The Angel Levine* and I say that Barbara Ann Teer did a nice bit as a welfare interviewer, I am not suggesting that Miss Teer has found or ought to find a stereotype in the 1930s tradition. I am simply paying my respects to the nearest contemporary equivalent to that deep delight so amply and broadly provided in simpler days when moviemakers were more sophisticated.

Child Is Father—II

Continued from page 75

new album, *Two Years On*, which is a sonic experience. Their production approach to album-making is refined and spare, their songs balanced and rich in content. They have come with another album that concerns itself with meticulous styling and construction, leaving the songs to nest in their settings like quiet jewels.

If anyone should be intimidated into believing that James Taylor and family are securely covering the base generally referred to as "where it's at," let him listen to Cat Stevens, an English singer-composer of Greek descent, whose style and intonations are so strong as to be almost tactile. He is a different fruit out of the same orchard, basically a sophistication of your garden-variety troubadour, but with such scope and subtle power that his best album, *Mona Bone Jakon*, is irresistible. His lyrics can be endearingly simple:

> I wish I knew, I wish I knew
> What makes me me, what makes you you.

And his many-shaded renderings can bring them in so close. The gentler, more specific music and musicians, usually misidentified as "folk," will always wonder where they're bound, and their wanderlust will take us to the source. Cat Stevens is just about the most intriguing exponent of it.

The Grateful Dead's *American Beauty* extends and elaborates on *Workingman's Dead* with music that is concise, natural, and very gratifying. Neither skyrocketed in immediate and overwhelming sales, but in time they will be heard by as many and be felt more meaningfully than any one of those. Members of the Dead are extraordinary pop musicians, and they make extraordinary pop music. Their new material has the same aspect that always amazed me about Beatle songs: They have deceptively facile surfaces but powerful insights beneath. Listen carefully.

Much of what is running through the most satisfying contemporary pop is greening and getting softer, working on more personal levels, and generating a more thoughtful response. Pop should and does say something significant, but it can speak softly and still touch very deeply. It took a lot of noise to jolt an apathetic generation into awareness and activism; now perhaps it's a time for reflection. There is still a great deal to be done before '72.

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RECORDINGS

"TAMERLANE" AND "JULIUS CAESAR"

Always, when writing a review, I would much rather be searching my mind for unhackneyed words of praise than bringing back the much more tarnished words of blame and damnation. In hand are recordings of two Handel operas. Listening to them attentively has occupied nearly eight hours. I wish I were able to report that the experience brought me a decent return on that investment of time. Alas, I cannot. These recordings, each in its own way, appear to me to demonstrate precisely how not to perform a Handel opera in the hope of achieving the distant, difficult goal of bringing it to renewed life.

Cambridge Recordings has produced a four-disc, three-and-a-half-hour version of *Tamerlano* (CRS B2902, $23), which Handel brought out at His Majesty's Theatre, London, on October 31, 1724, after which it proved only a middling success despite the presence in its cast of two excellent and very popular singers: the soprano Francesca Cuzzoni (Asteria) and the alto castrato Senesino (Andronico). A note to the reviewer enclosed in the set received makes clear that the producer, Charles Fisher, cherishes a determined respect for musicology. But the performing instrumentalists, singers, and, especially, the conductor remain too chary of drama, too remote from vividness, to back him up. That lesson for reviewers assures us of the rightness of "the *secco* recitative simulating realistic dialogue, with authentic instrumentation and performance style . . . the vitality of adequately ornamented *da capos* . . . the brilliance achieved with mezzo-sopranos in the castrato roles—in proper balance with the orchestra because the voice line is in its correct stave."

The trouble, the very grave trouble, is that neither John Moriarty, conducting the Chamber Orchestra of Copenhagen, nor any of his cast—Sophia Steffan (Andronico), Alexander Young (Bajazet), Gwendolyn Killebrew (Tamerlano), Carole Bogard (Asteria), Joanna Simon (Irene), and Marius Rintzler (Leo)—performs with the theatrical brilliance or the technical mastery absolutely essential to an "operatic" (and therefore stylistically appropriate) rendition of the text so painstakingly assembled. Although not one of Handel's greatest operas, *Tamerlano* includes much latent theatrical vividness, which here remains latent. To revive genuinely such an eighteenth-century opera is not easy. The two performance elements chiefly required, conducting of informed flair and singing of the first rank, here are absent.

The Deutsche Grammophon recording of *Giulio Cesare* (2711009, $27.92) brings us one of Handel's richest operas, which was sung first at the King's Theatre on February 20, 1724, with a glittering six-star cast that included Cuzzoni (Cleopatra), Senesino (Giulio Cesare), and Anastasia Robinson (Cornelia). On these records, we get conducting and singing on a considerably higher level than those of the *Tamerlano*. But Karl Richter's conducting is of a Teutonism so intense as to make what is heard sound like a German oratorio translated into Italian. Of the principal singers—Tatiana Troyanos (Cleopatra), Julia Hamari (Cornelia), Peter Schreier (Sesto), and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Giulio Cesare)—only Miss Hamari is singing a role for which her vocal range is suited.

From the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra, his instrumentalists, and his singers, Richter obtains exactly what he asks. But what he, the producer, and the casting director asked is at war with Nicola Haym's libretto and Handel's splendid score. Almost every number is taken too deliberately; nothing is properly ornamented; the recitatives become earnest sermons. Further, the three roles (Giulio Cesare, Tolomeo, Nireno) composed for alto castrati are sung mystifyingly by two baritones and a bass; the soprano brilliance of Cleopatra is meaninglessly entrusted to a mezzo, the equally soprano role of Sesto to a tenor; and—to quote Harold Rosenthal in *Opera*—"even the two small roles of Achillas and Curius, originally two basses, are now taken by a baritone and a tenor." The "edition," in truth, is a travesty of Handel's original and second intentions, so that (to quote Mr. Rosenthal again) "what Handel intended to be a bright-sounding work becomes a dark, gloomy one." Who can reconstruct the mental processes that went into the complex, extremely difficult task of recording this wonderful opera in a way that goes against its grain at almost every turn? Unsatisfactory as the RCA-Victor recording of *Giulio Cesare* is in many ways, and especially in the matter of the "edition," the conducting of Julius Rudel and the singing of Norman Treigle and Beverly Sills make it infinitely preferable to this well-meaning but dead performance.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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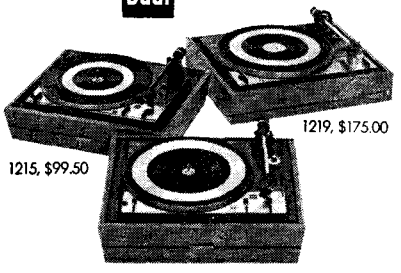

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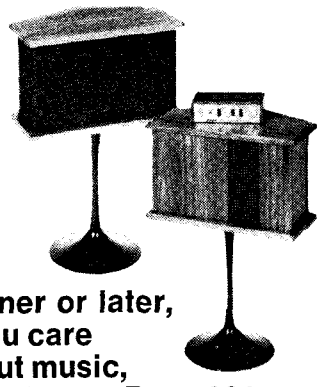

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Answer to Wit Twister, page 78
leafs, false, fleas.

Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

Sills vs. Lucia

RE: IRVING KOLODIN'S review of *Lucia di Lammermoor* [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, *SR*, Feb. 27]. Mr. Kolodin and I see eye to eye on the above-mentioned subject (I also heard his comments on the WQXR program *First Hearing*). I miss in this interpretation the inestimable, rare beauty and shimmering excitement of a Sutherland, whose voice also has that big tone that gives her roles a heroic character (she did hope once to be a Wagnerian singer).

The present version with Miss Sills, although it has the surprisingly good high notes, is basically a "girlish" warble that (developed as it is today) is usually uninteresting and does not bear repeated listening. Few singers of this type carry their careers the distance that Miss Sills has or with her admirable effort and persistence; still, the voice is not the kind of stupendous *bel canto* soprano a listener gets so excited over that it lifts him out of his seat and life itself or leaves him helpless.

GEORGE P. BEECH,
Boston, Mass.

MR. KOLODIN DOESN'T know what he is talking about. Beverly Sills is one of the three or four greatest coloraturas, in *all* categories, in the world today.

MARTIN NALDI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Terry on Béjart

I WAS GLAD to read Walter Terry's vindication of Maurice Béjart's choreography [WORLD OF DANCE, Feb. 20]. Being one of the "young" generation who applauded Béjart's Ballet of the 20th Century (although I reject the clichéd identification with Woodstock), perhaps I can offer at least a partial insight into his appeal. In an era when an eminent Buddhist scholar and a Christian monk (Suzuki and Merton) can perceive analogies between their respective theological traditions, one is not "disconcerted" by a move from Bach to the *Bhagavad-Gita*.

"The grown-ups of the press," the "analysts," were comparing Béjart's dances to the accepted concepts of popular choreographers, but the audiences were immediately experiencing the visual rhythms Béjart had evolved passionately. *Bhakti*'s seductive intensity could not have been generated from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and Coney Island (St. Denis's sources); in this work, as in *Le Sacre du printemps*, one sensed the organic rhythm of primitive religious ritual, the very source of the dance. (Béjart's dance translation of St. John of the Cross's mystical poetry had this same quality when I saw it in Avignon, France, in 1969). The sensuous images of these dances produced multi-level responses that were totally involving. (I don't think they were "much too long"—the ravishment of art can free one temporally.)

Susan Sontag remarked that the most liberating value in art, and in criticism, is the experience of the luminousness of the thing in itself; perhaps the audiences differed with the "critics" because they implicitly agreed with Sontag's call for, not a hermeneutics, but an "erotics of art."

J. M. DEREN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Shakespeare in Verdi

MAY A LONG-TIME contributor just discovering that he has been both maligned and overpraised in LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR [Dec. 26, Jan. 30] interpose a few words on the subjects broached? My "ignorance" of "anything" (that's the word that wounds) coming from Spain could be argued, but that I "show a complete . . . scorn" for anything Spanish is a statement approaching libel. I greatly cherish music by—to name only six Spanish composers—Victoria, Soler, Bretón, Chapí, Albéniz, and Falla. In these pages, some years back, I fought a campaign in favor of the best *zarzuelas*; I consider Usandizaga's *Las Golondrinas* a foolishly neglected near-masterpiece; I have translated books on musical and other matters from Spanish into English. I did not need James H. Abbott to tell me that Piave's libretto for *La Forza del destino* was derived mostly from a play by the Duque de Rivas (I say "mostly" because one part of it clearly came from Schiller's *Wallensteins Lager*). But I do want to thank John M. Gehl III for his excessive praise, and most particularly for reminding me of what I had forgotten—that at least one aria in that opera may have been transferred there by Verdi from his never-completed *Re Lear*.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK,
New York, N.Y.

MultiMedia, Pro and Con

AN EARLY assessment of *SR*'s new *Multi*-Media section: In a word, or four, I don't like it. Judging from the first two samples, the whole thing smacks of McLuhanism.

Its most glaring drawback is the evident downgrading of the classical music reports. In the February 27 issue, classical music gets a bare column or two more than pop and jazz.

Even more capricious, however, is the section devoted to "Cassette-TV." I wonder how many *SR* readers actually own these Swiftian (Tom) gadgets. Perhaps more relevant: Do we really need them any more than we needed stereo discs? Just as it is no longer possible to buy a plain monaural recording, the day may come when the industry won't let us purchase an aural recording without its video track.

SR's MultiMedia section appears calculated to abet the conspiracy. ("This section combines the best that can be heard with the best that can be seen—all with a view toward the emerging sight and sound revolution in *home diversion*.") I didn't

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expect such a slick approach in my favorite periodical.

J. E. VACHA,
Lakewood, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Stereo is here to stay, and so too will cassette-TV be, in its turn.*

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of *SR*'s MultiMedia section was probably the deciding factor in the renewal of our subscription to *SR*. We took it for a long time and liked it, and then, for a strange reason, we felt we had so much in the way of reading for our later years, we had to drop some—and *SR* went the way of the lost—but how we have missed it! So we are back in the fold again.

JOHN P. WILLIAMS,
Montreal.

MacLaine and the Academy

THANKS ARE due Hollis Alpert for his article on the multi-talented Shirley MacLaine ["The Diversification of Shirley MacLaine," *SR*, Feb. 27], but he should have spared us from "She is . . . at a level of acting craft high enough to have earned her three Academy Award nominations." Most serious cinema students have long since learned what *Playboy* magazine has pointed out, namely, that latter-day Academy Awards for acting bear no necessary relation to the nominees' or the winners' ability or craft, nor to the year's period for which they are presumably given. The sad fact is that the awards no longer symbolize excellence; they are bankrupt of integrity and do not deserve serious consideration.

DONALD B. RINSLEY, M.D.,
Topeka, Kan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Academy can't be wrong all three times.*

Annos and Anniversaries

THE EXCELLENT coverage devoted to the Beethoven bicentenary, "Beethoven in Retrospect: 1770-1970" [*SR*, Nov. 28], confirmed that 1970 was not only pre-eminently but almost exclusively *anno beethoveniano*. It is unfortunate that the year-long focus on one great composer should have eclipsed the centenaries of many lesser men.

As far as I know, the only recipients of centennial attention were Oscar Straus (1870-1954), Josef Strauss (1827-1870), and Franz Lehár (1870-1948). Were there other centennial celebrations in 1970? Were there, for instance, any festivities in honor of Michael Balfe (1808-1870), Howard Brockway (1870-1951), Antonio Caldara (1670-1736), Cornelis Dopper (1870-1939), James Hewitt (1770-1827), Anton Reicha (1770-1836), Florent Schmitt (1870-1958), Giuseppe Tartini (1692-1770), and Louis Vierne (1870-1937)?

PAUL ELLIOTT,
New York, N.Y.

Haydn and "His" Orchestra

MRS. GEIRINGER and I are regularly reading with great enjoyment the very interesting and informative Music Material in *SR*. In the January 30 issue, I was pleased to find Irving Kolodin's reference to the fine work my good friend and former pupil Robbins Landon is doing.

It surprised me, however, to find on page 52 a picture purporting to represent a contemporary view of Haydn and his orchestra. As I have been in the Haydn business for close to forty years, this statement has greatly puzzled me. The painting certainly does not belong to the small number of authenticated eighteenth-century Haydn pictures. (Cf. Somfai's *Haydn Iconography*, New York, 1969.) To me, it looks like a very sweetish Victorian representation done some 100 years after the date of 1770 given in *SR*.

KARL GEIRINGER,
University of California,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The source was* The Golden Encyclopedia of Music, *edited by Norman Lloyd. It cites its source as The Mondadori Press.*

The Real Raff and the Riff Raff

IN REFERENCE TO YOUR LETTERS TO THE MULTIMEDIA EDITOR of February 27, I would like to inform you that even Scribner's *Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians* is fallible. Enclosed is a photograph of Joachim Raff taken around 1880, which is about the time of the Saint-Saëns photo. To my knowledge, Raff never had a beard as full as that of Saint-Saëns.

Our Raff photo is to be used on the cover of a forthcoming release of Raff Piano Music.

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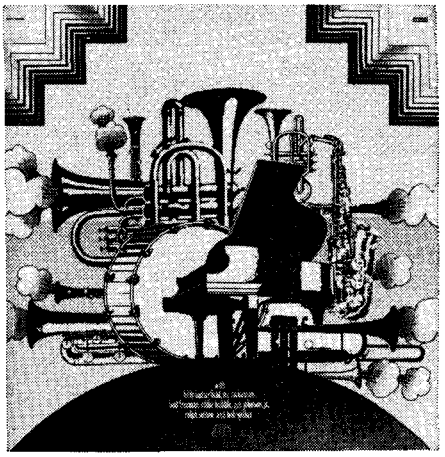

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(Continued on page 86)

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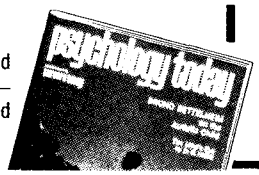

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(Continued from page 82)

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WORK IN ENGLAND, Ireland, Australia or New Zealand this summer. International Student Employment eliminates the red tape involved in seeking a summer job abroad. You may find your own job or have a job prearranged for you. Write Council on International Educational Exchange, Dept. W-7, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 150,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $6.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for new 1971 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.)

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 87)

INTERPRETER, bilingual French/English, experienced in simultaneous and consecutive interpretation, for Federal Civil Service position in Washington, D.C. U.S. citizenship required. $12,615 per year. Send resume to Robert Wrin, Professional Talent Search, Agency for International Development, Washington, D.C. 20523. Phone 703-557-5478. EOE.

COUNSELORS-TOP MAINE BOYS' CAMP. Swimming (WSI), canoeing, riflery, nature, tennis, crafts, dramatics, fencing, general (younger boys), 20+, single. Beautiful surroundings, excellent salaries. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025. 212-UN 5-0925.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

LONDON—secretaries/typists—work: Spring, Summer or Autumn. Applicants pay own fare. Send 30¢ in stamps, Miss Liberty, Inc., 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212. (Add 30¢ for work/study literature.)

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P42, Orinda, California 94563.

ENGLISH TEACHER, dramatics, girls' country boarding school. Private school background preferred. Box A-484.

EXCITING JOBS IN AUSTRALIA—All professions. Free transportation. Keep your U.S. citizenship. Most complete Australian information anywhere, $1.00. Employment directories: U.S. businesses there, $1.00. Australian businesses, $1.00. All three, $2.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CA, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

TAKE YEAR OFF from school to be part of exciting family living one hour from NYC. Father innovator in preschool education. Mother educational designer, works at home. Four children. Starting salary $75 weekly. Bonus after year. Help with children and simple housework. Full board, private room, share bath and chores with second student. 5½ day week. Driving license required. State age, goals, interests, background and experience with children and housework. Box A-461.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

OPPORTUNITY to apply your skills and experience as Business Manager of nonprofit Residence and Program Center for Foreign/American graduate students in NYC. Send resume, including salary requirement, to Box A-458.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

FIRE ISLAND, Ocean Bay Park. Living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen. 20' X 30' enclosed sundeck, brick fireplace. L. B. Kaye, 212-TE 8-9330.

MEXICO—2 bedrooms, baths, fireplaces. Overlooks San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato. $27,500. Airmail J. Maiken, Apartado 102.

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS—Unique, architect-built, 3 level mountain house on 3 wooded acres. $23,500. Write: 2604 North 24th Street, Arlington, Virginia 22207. 703-524-5924.

VERMONT—Farms, Acreage, Country and Town homes. Free photo lists. Andersen Realty, Realtor, 27 South Main Street, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

For Sale—Furnished

JAY PEAK, VERMONT—Excellent frame house, fireplace, furnished; additional two story ski dorm. 3 acres, woods, brook. Edge Montgomery Center village. $17,500. Mark Dimock, 2650 Dorking Place, Santa Barbara, California 93105.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale/Summer Rental

YEAR ROUND VICTORIAN HOUSE with character, on water, Dark Harbor, Maine. Furnished, modern kitchen, 16 rooms. SR Box A-448.

For Rent—Furnished

NEAR AVIGNON: large Provencale 5 bedroom house in charming, isolated village. Fully equipped, Bechstein grand. $685 monthly, beginning April. References. 714-624-9912, or write Kubik, 586 West 11th, Claremont, California 91711.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box T-851.

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior furnishings, 3 bedrooms. Large pool, beach privileges, ocean view. Staff, three. Ideal six persons. $400 per week until December 15th. SR Box A-481.

BENNINGTON, VERMONT — Modern farmhouse. 400 spectacular acres. Ponds, trails. Art, music, drama area. SR Box A-453.

ST. THOMAS VILLA—9,000 square foot private home. 4 twin bedrooms with private baths. 200 foot private waterfront. Short walk from St. Thomas Yacht Club. Pool. Meals optional. Cottage also available on Cooper Island. Boats. Johnston, The Place, Cowpet Bay, St. Thomas, U.S.V.I. 99081.

VERMONT HIDEAWAY with pond available Summer, 1971. Reasonable. Michaelides, 18 Arch Street, Keene, N.H. 03431.

For Summer Rental

CENTERPORT, LONG ISLAND. North shore, water view, near swimming, boating, railroad. 40 miles city. 516-261-5213.

IDAHO MOUNTAIN RANCH—Snowcapped peaks, horses, fishing, backpacking, wilderness area. Comfortable cabins sleep 16. Ideal one or two families. Box Z-411.

MONTANA WILDERNESS CABIN—Secluded 150 acres on trout river by Glacier Park. 2 bedrooms, bath. Store/post office 3 miles. Box 1089, Menlo Park, California 94025.

SQUAM LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Pleasant house, unsurpassed panoramic view, beach, privacy. SR Box A-503.

IDEAL FAMILY SUMMER—Charming 1806 Vermont farmhouse. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, playroom, terrace overlooking pond. 700 acres private woods, fields, brooks, trails. Facilities six horses (rentable). Near Marlboro music, golf, tennis, restaurants. Box A-497.

PROVINCETOWN, JULY—4 bedrooms, 2 baths, living room, dining room, new kitchen. Parking space, secluded garden. Call 212-EN 2-8829.

QUEENS, N.Y.—Charming, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. July-August $700. SR Box A-468.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY to rent beautiful 18th century Georgian house. This cool, comfortable home is located 100 miles from New York in rural Connecticut. Near golf course, 20 minutes from beaches. 14 acres, woods, streams, ponds, tennis court. 12 room house includes 4 bedrooms, large dormitory, 3 baths, 2 lavatories, porch; completely equipped. Grand piano. Available June 15th through Labor Day. $3,000. Highest references required. Box A-455.

TRURO, CAPE COD, waterfront cottage, Pamet River. Fireplace. Sleeps 5. August. SR Box A-493.

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

ASPIRING YOUNG CONCERT PIANIST, wife seek country house convenient NYC. Prefer negotiate caretaker/rent arrangement. 212-348-6546.

HOUSE/APARTMENT WANTED

For Summer Rental

FEMALE ART TEACHER desires summer rental of furnished living/working quarters in Colorado or New Mexico. Box A-490.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home, Box A-460.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

SEEKING TENANTS—Take excellent care beautifully furnished 8 room apartment facing park, fine building. Central Park West, NYC. One year beginning July. SR Box Z-645.

TORREMOLINOS, SPAIN. 2 bedroom apartment, top floor. Magnificent sea view. Available June through September. $165 monthly. Write J. Kazas, 56 West 65th, NYC 10023.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—200' lakefront, cottage, guest house, furnished, 2 boats. $15,000. Box A-17.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4287.

11 SCENIC EVERGREENED ACRES. Fine view, good road, electricity. Price $3,500. Others—Free Brochure. Corti Real Estate, Walden, Vermont 05873. Telephone 802-563-2261.

FLORIDA, DUNNELLON—Lovely subdivision, near everything. Acre corner lots. $3,000. SR Box A-471.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO—For sale in the heart of town, beautiful Colonial garden hotel including restaurant, bar. A proven money-maker, for $130,000 cash including excellent licenses, easy transfer. Write M. Pineda, Aptdo Postal 1301, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

WANTED: Couple who like people, farming, woodworking to lease small, well established inn in Vermont hills. Write Knoll Farm, Waitsfield, Vermont 05673.

BOOKSTORE adjacent to Claremont Colleges in village atmosphere. Ideal as a couple-operated business. Curtis Real Estate, P.O. Box 13, Claremont, California 91711. 714-626-1261.

FREE BOOK describing book, "999 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 428-W, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

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CAMP FOR RENT

HIGH SIERRAS, near Tahoe. Ideal for private schools. Director available. Box A-384.

CAMPS

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP. Eastern Maine, Canada. 75 boys, 12-17. Six age groups. 7 weeks. Survival, ecology. Quaker leadership. Allagash, St. John, St. Croix, Machias Rivers. Quebec trip, advanced campers. A.C.A. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP is designed for young people who wish to respond wholeheartedly to work, to encounter significant issues of our time, and to explore their relationship to the current scene. Coed. 13-17. Write c/o The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

WILL YOUR CHILD BE HAPPY at camp? Make lasting friendships; have challenging, creative and varied program; visit cultural centers of Berkshires? We help with highly skilled, sympathetic, superior staff. Noncompetitive. Special reading program available. Coed. 85 miles New York City. Write Camp Kenico, 1 Sunnyside Avenue, Hempstead, New York 11550.

OGONTZ WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP for girls 7-17. On private lake near Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. Swimming (Red Cross Water Safety), Sailing, Water Skiing, Golf, Riding, Tennis. Arts and Crafts. Nature Study. Dancing, Music, Dramatics. Outdoor Cooking. Mountain Trips. Typing. 650 acres wood and meadows. Expert staff, Special program for Juniors. 49th year. Miss Bette Huber, Owner-Director, Lisbon, N.H. 03585.

SAILING FOR BOYS—Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod. Elementary and advanced Seamanship and Racing; ages eight to fifteen. Water Safety, Tennis, Baseball, Expeditions. June 24th; season, $800. VIKING, Orleans, Massachusetts 02653. 617-255-2739.

BEACON CAMP—July. Ages 7-10. $100. Certified teacher. Box 148, Wildwood, N.J. 08260.

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools; summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 347-page 30th Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

WOODSMANSHIP AND WILDERNESS SURVIVAL taught in the Idaho primitive area. Boys 12-15. Wilderness Ventures, Box 481, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities for boys and girls, 14-18. Creative thinking through literature, drama, history, music. Work projects; forestry conservation. June 27th-August 8th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278

MEXICO—Hacienda Del Solar, Taxco. Coed 12-16 (6 weeks). Combines creative cultural athletic camp program with travel. Enrollment limited to 28. C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. 914-337-4394.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coed. Boarding. Ages 9 through 16. Excellent language skills instruction. Under direction of professors. Reading and testing specialists. Fine camping and recreational program. June 27th through August 7th. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963. Phone: 215-862-5505.

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories Unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

CAMPS

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for 8th, 9th or 10th grade students. Combine a summer at camp with a chance to learn a new language . . . or polish one you already know . . . and live with a family abroad. Learn French in Vermont, speak it in Canada or France. Learn Spanish in Mexico, speak it there. For details, write: Language Camps, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($90 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

FREE, VALUABLE GUIDE to 50 midwestern camps for boys and girls. Write Midwest Private Camps, 1945 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

CAMP BIOTA. Outstanding Natural Science. Boys 8-14. Six weeks. Small enrollment. Horses, canoes. Dr. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER, Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard, all instruments. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMP. Boys. Private forest, lake, trout stream, Adirondack Canadian canoe trips. Riflery, mountaineering, nurses. 46th year. Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Coastal Maine. 34th year. The Girls' Camp—with the French accent. Happy, productive summer for girls 5-18. Casual, congenial, creative fun. A-1 staff, excellent facilities. Elective program; majors in FRENCH, ballet, music, art, drama, riding, tennis, sailing and swimming. C'est magnifique! Mrs. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 10119.

EXPLORERS' CARAVAN. Travel-camping and outdoor adventure for high school youth: wildwater kayaking; wilderness pack and canoe trips; mountaineering; wild-river raft trip; fine fishing; wildlife, ecology, and survival. Small coed group. 8 weeks. Professional adult staff. Dr. Richard S. Stultz, RD 1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 12-17, arts, science. Become working, contributing, decisive member of responsive community. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

THEATRE SUMMER. Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-736-1660.

"THE STOWE WORKSHOP"—Community of practicing craftsmen and woodsmen. Seventy boys, ages 9-13. Brochure, Tom Hirchak, Box 73, Stowe, Vermont 05672. Phone 802-888-4662 or 802-253-7731.

OCEAN PARK SEASIDE CAMP—Maine Coast. Coed. Oriented to exploring relationships: God, Man, Environment. Lifestyle development, Ecology, Marine Biology, Creative Crafts, Expressive Arts, Surf and Pool Bathing. Nondenominational. Grades 4-9. Leadership Development Grades 10-12. New England Baptist Council, Ocean Park, Maine 04063.

YOUNGER BOYS ONLY, 8-12. 50% discount second boy same family. Skills stressed for all land and water sports. Horses, tutoring. Southern Wisconsin. Day Cho Lah, 1430 Granville, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

VACATIONS

LARGE NEW COTTAGES directly on ocean. Electric heat, stone fireplaces, picture windows. Open May 1st to November 1st. Dan & Edith Thompson, New Harbor, Maine 04554. Tel. 207-677-2317.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable, year round. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

PUERTO RICO BEACH HOUSE—Costa Azul at Luquillo. 3 bedrooms, yard, terraces. Fully equipped kitchen, linens, washing machine. Comfortable, private, convenient to other resort areas. For rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 610 West End Avenue, New York, New York 10024.

ON FORESTED LAKESHORE. Private, nonhousekeeping cottages on Long Lake. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals, lobster bakes. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

THOUSAND ISLANDS FAMILY VACATION, meals, congenial, reasonable. Brochure, McGarry, 45 Callingham, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. 716-467-2164.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

OGUNQUIT—Famous summer vacation center. Finest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, tea rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Dept. 15, Information Bureau, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies, Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 10 days - $245. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

THE OLD TAVERN at Grafton, Vermont. The most elegant little Inn in all New England. For information write Wilf & Lois Copping, Innkeepers.

VIRGIN ISLANDS private home. Murray, 111 New Road, Kendall Park, N.J. 08824. 201-297-0420.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

ESCAPE TO VERMONT? Write Lyons Associates, Box 561, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND. Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Brochures. Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleep away or day. 1 counselor to 3 children. Pony. ADULTS: sailing, canoe trips, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, Dartmouth. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 89)

LESLEY FROST has rooms with board or kitchen privileges for families, couples, single persons wishing to vacation in SPAIN. Language study and travel available—not included in cost. Write 129 East 10th Street, NYC, 10003.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel: 215-297-5661.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly-no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

VACATION PLUS! For Your Greatest-Ever Family Summer—Vacation, for a few days or many, in the clear, clean, mile-high air of Arizona's unique Prescott College. Mid-June to Labor Day. Attractive private unit dwellings on rolling, tree-covered 640 acre ranch-type campus. American, European Plan, moderate rates. Auditorium, meeting rooms, conference facilities, conventions welcome; child care. PLUS—Sunny days, cool nights; spectacular scenery; swimming, tennis, golf, hiking, fishing: English, western riding instruction, roping, chuckwagon cookouts. One to three day trips to Grand Canyon, other unique Arizona points of interest. Write for brochure. Director, Western Resources, Prescott College, Prescott, Arizona 86301. Or phone: 602-445-3254, ext. 277.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing. Fasting. Rejuvenation. Delightful foods. Pool. Solariums. Boats. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita, Florida 33923-SR.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS and 2nd Honeymoons. Unique 165-acre resort on Lake Champlain. Inn, Cottages, Heated Pool, Riding, Water Skiing, Sailing, Tennis (nearby Golf) AND Complete Programs, Separate Dining, Teens to Toddlers. Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 266, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

CHALLENGE: VOYAGEURS NORTH. Beautiful B.C. 12 day canoe camping with mountaineering, ecology. Write above, Twisp, Washington 98856.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner *RICHARD ROBBINS*, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

WORKSHOPS

2nd SOUTHEASTERN WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Novels, nonfiction, poetry, short story, photo-journalism, TV. Miami, Florida. April 15th-18th. Nationally-known consultants, all fields. Applications, registration information: Box 1097, South Miami, Florida 33143.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 26th-July 17th. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

EXODUS TO WILDERNESS—Ecumenical Retreat Center summer seminars. Solitude, conversation, worship. Riding, hiking, camping. Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

UNIQUE ECOLOGY-ORNITHOLOGY COURSE. Week in June, Sweet Briar College, 3,400-acre campus; second week by correspondence. College credit. Write Dr. Ernest Edwards, Sweet Briar, Virginia 24595.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

SUMMER MUSIC, ART SEMINARS in Italy. Organology, Director: Clemente Terni; Opera Workshop, Director: Tito Gobbi; Christian Iconography; Romanesque Architecture and Sculpture, Director: Dr. Mario Bucci. June 21st-July 30th. Villa Schifanoia, Graduate School of Fine Arts, Florence, Italy. Information: Coordinator of Study Abroad, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois 60305.

FRENCH RIVIERA—Innovative summer cultural program. Academic credits. CFA, 4874 Cote des Neiges, Montreal, Canada.

SUMMER SESSIONS ABROAD ®. 21st season. $295 at University of Madrid, Florence, Paris, Athens, London, Salzburg, Garmisch. 1 month sessions July and August. Includes room, meals, tuition, credit, choice of courses in language, art, music, dancing, painting; sightseeing, etc. All for $295. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10017. 212-661-8900.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1929

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Strait between Sweden and Denmark	60 80 83 94 100 173 5 12
B. Serranoid food fish, *Epinephelus guttatus*, ranging from the Carolinas to Brazil (2 wds.)	15 24 54 56 68 77 88
C. Arrangement of architectural columns in a straight row	113 30 55 75 84 97 140 168 8 16
D. Sharp, biting	28 46 85 37 130
E. Eng. critic and poet (1906–; "Seven Types of Ambiguity")	134 9 86 106 118 167
F. Agile, active	172 19 79 121 51 137
G. Made very hot	159 39 62 90 135 150 151
H. Irony *(rhet.)*	154 2 7 42 71 92 131 144 162 35
I. Back out, welsh	99 122 6 17 29 38
J. Enterprising, advancing (comp.)	44 72 103 141 160 166 58
K. Former capital of Uganda	61 69 98 125 133 114 163
L. Place of honor or precedence (2 wds.)	111 124 14 21 22 26 32 49 105
M. River entering the North Sea at Berwick	143 18 27 31 109
N. Detective of Taylor's "The Ticket-of-Leave Man"	149 43 64 153 11 89 107 74
O. "Be not her maid, since she is ——," says Romeo.	87 116 126 128 156 152 40
P. Any asteraceous plant of the genus *Anthemis*	4 95 145 91 1 110 136 161 34
Q. Productive of profit or advantage	157 169 115 66 101
R. Irritable, waspish	33 45 117 148 155
S. Port of N Honduras	20 48 67 142
T. Draw breath	146 53 170 78 123 139
U. Gave strength or courage to	73 165 112 138 57 158
V. "Down to —— or up to the Throne,/He travels the fastest who travels alone." (Kipling, "The Winners")	70 127 23 96 47 104 13
W. Spa at the foot of the Alps, on Lake Geneva	3 164 108 52 119
X. Force, power	147 120 93 25
Y. The break-even point *(commerce; comp.)*	50 65 36 41 132 102
Z. Unrestrained expression, as of feelings	76 63 129 59 82 171 10 81

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 P	2 H	3 W		4 P	5 A	6 I		7 H	8 C	9 E	10 Z
11 N	12 A		13 V	14 L	15 B	16 C	17 I		18 M	19 F	20 S	21 L		22 L	23 V	24 B
	25 X	26 L	27 M	28 D		29 I	30 C	31 M	32 L	33 R	34 P	35 H	36 Y		37 D	38 I
39 G	40 O	41 Y	42 H	43 N	44 J	45 R		46 D	47 V		48 S	49 L	50 Y	51 F	52 W	53 T
54 B		55 C	56 B	57 U		58 J	59 Z	60 A	61 K		62 G	63 Z		64 N	65 Y	66 Q
67 S	68 B	69 K	70 V	71 H	72 J	73 U		74 N	75 C	76 Z	77 B		78 T		79 F	80 A
81 Z		82 Z	83 A	84 C	85 D	86 E	87 O	88 B		89 N	90 G	91 P		92 H	93 X	
94 A	95 P	96 V		97 C	98 K	99 I	100 A	101 Q	102 Y		103 J	104 V	105 L		106 E	107 N
108 W	109 M		110 P	111 L		112 U	113 C	114 K	115 Q	116 O	117 R	118 E	119 W		120 X	
121 F	122 I	123 T	124 L	125 K	126 O	127 V		128 O	129 Z		130 D	131 H	132 Y		133 K	134 E
135 G	136 P	137 F	138 U	139 T		140 C	141 J	142 S	143 M		144 H	145 P	146 T	147 X		148 R
149 N	150 G		151 G	152 O	153 N	154 H		155 R	156 O	157 Q	158 U		159 G	160 J	161 P	162 H
163 K	164 W	165 U		166 J	167 E	168 C	169 Q	170 T	171 Z	172 F	173 A					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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